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The
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September 1946

"It's all up to
you, Son..."

SON: But you'd be glad if I studied medicine, wouldn't you?

DAD: Naturally, Son. But it isn't the easiest life, you know...

SON: That's not the point, Dad...

DAD: ...seven years of college, and then you've only begun to study...

SON: But you'd do it again, Dad!

DAD: ...and you won't make a lot of money... scarcely a living at first.

SON: We've always had enough. And it's not the money.

DAD: What's more, there's little time for pleasure... not even enough for home life...

SON: You and mother are the happiest people I know.

DAD: ...because people don't always get sick during office hours.

SON: I've already decided, Dad. You forget my father happens to be a doctor!



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to a recent
Nationwide
survey:

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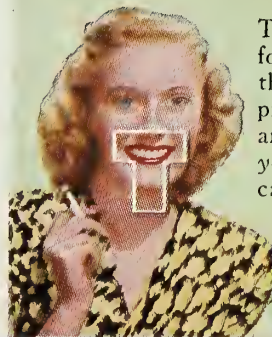
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

DOCTORS in every field of medicine... graduates of every great medical school in the United States... these were among the 113,597 doctors recently surveyed by three leading independent research organizations.

One of the subjects in this nationwide survey was personal cigarette preference. "What cigarette do you yourself prefer to smoke, Doctor?" was the gist of the query. And the brand most named by doctors was Camel.

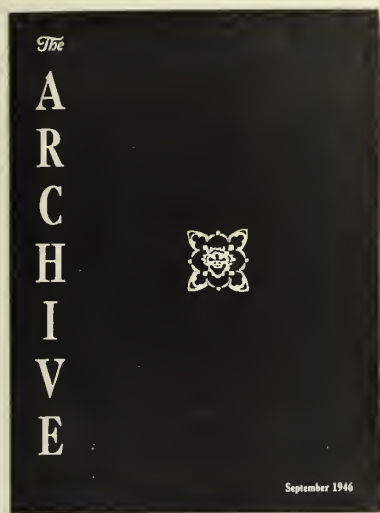
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THE ARCHIVE SEPTEMBER 1946

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DEE GENTNER

This Month

The Archive keeps apace with the rest of the campus this month by having its face lifted. Pat Wimberley created the symbolic gargoyle design and again proves her artistic versatility by the cartoons appearing within the cover.

The fiction was contributed by two Duke alumnnae, both of whom were September brides. Doris Harkey Meriwether, who completed the requirements for graduation over the summer, is a Southerner who dwells on a truly southern problem in her story, "Spill the Milk" on page 10. Beatrix Gross Ramey likewise writes about a locale familiar to her. Of Roscoff she says, "It is one of the small Channel fishing villages in Brittany. Neither the place nor the people have changed much since the time of Mary Queen of Scots. I have stayed in Roscoff twice, and the second time in 1937 I got to know and like the place and the people a great deal." The story that was inspired by the sentiment Beatrix Ramey holds for Roscoff is "The Angelus" on page 6.

Football naturally comes to mind in the fall. Johnny Walker, with the help of the News Service sports expert, Whitie Smith, gives *The Archive's* readers a preview of what may be expected from the Big Blue team this season. "Blue and White Hopes" starts on page 8.

The feature "Archie Speaks" is appearing for the second time, wherein Archie rehearses a well-known complaint.

We've given you an idea of what you may anticipate in this issue. You can now look forward to the October issue, which will contain a few surprises to interest you.

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Concerning—

To Have and Have Not—A journal is an organ of opinion which may be factual or fictional, categorically speaking. This opinion is conceived and instituted by the journal's publishers, whereupon it falls under that non-definitive term, *policy*. Fabulous sums have conceivably been expended in defense of journalistic policy. Publishers have doubtless wasted mean words when in conference to determine the policies of their publications. Consider then how maddening an attempt would be to extract a single policy from a board, formed for that purpose, of some five thousand publishers. If the reader will examine the statement on the opposite page concerning the publication of *The Archive*, he will follow our route of logic. *The Archive* is known as the "oldest collegiate literary journal in the South." Since it has been named thus, it must be so. And we stated before that a journal must have a policy of sorts. Our student-publishers own opinions individually but not collectively. If there are impossibilities, it is certainly one to derive a single opinion from a group of five thousand. As long as the student-publisher is opinionating individually, it is inevitable that the publication will support an ever-changing policy. The editorial feature penned

by Archie is our attempt to reveal the policy of *The Archive*. But even Archie is understandably inconsistent; and the best of columnists are not infallible. Relative to Archie's policy, we can only say that it is another case of "to have and have not."

Suit for Sale—*Archive* readers will be interested to know that the notoriety (we might say in this case) of the magazine has spread beyond our national borders. In last year's April issue there appeared a story by Jill Fothergill called "Altitude." The story concerned a political terror-monger from Ecuador named Estrada. Quite naturally Jill had drawn the story from real life, and she neglected to change the name of the chief villain. In some way, mystifying to us, the real life character Estrada procured a copy of the story and was, to say the least, highly indignant. He felt abused to the point where he was filing a law suit against *The Archive* for slander or some such misdemeanor. Jill and *The Archive* were saved by the bell on the ninth count, the bell being the fact that Jill is not yet twenty-one years of age. Our sincere apologies, Estrada.

The Unveiling—The origin escapes me, but I recall a passage from some tome of

assigned reading which was, in effect, this: "And now as the veil is lifted we see that which we had knowledge of but could never perceive before." This fragment must have had some more profound association than the one which it now brings to mind, although no more fitting one. It seems that a great majority of us here, the women in particular, have "had knowledge of" but have never witnessed before now. This is in reference to the unquestionably collegiate trademarks that have been reinstated at Duke in the last two weeks. The most conspicuous of these indications is the number and variety of automotive vehicles which fill to expanded capacity the West Campus parking lots. From the eastern division of the campus the return of "the good ole days" is noted in the revisions in the co-ed rule book. Some wartime social restrictions have been lifted, as announced by WSGA president, Margaret Taylor; and most welcome of all to the fortunate few is the announcement of double cut privileges for Dean's List students. This is to note only a few of the welcome changes that are now assuming prominence on the campus. No more do we see through a veil darkly, but now face to face.

THE EDITOR.

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Sawyer & Moore
INCORPORATED

Welcome

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Meredith Moore—'32

O. G. Sawyer—'23

The ARCHIVE

Vol. LX

September, 1946

No. 1

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*A Monthly Magazine Published by the Students of Duke University
Durham, North Carolina*

The publication of articles on controversial topics does not necessarily mean that the Editor or the University endorses them.

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Archie Speaks

I HOPE that the following monograph does not affright too many of my more skittish readers who expect a collegiate editorial to be little more than a cheerful blend of coy allusion and cliché, one of those familiar screeds— assembled in last minute desperation from ancient copies of *Esquire*—which endear themselves to all connoisseurs of the commonplace. At this point let it be known that your scribe, harried by what he quaintly prefers to designate as *Dukeschmerz*, has a thing or two to say, and that if the reader has patience he will be either amused or enraged, or both, but will not be distressed by any moribund anecdotes concerning coeds and prurient house mothers.

This heretical document shall doubtless do me unto pillory, but I wish to set forth, many years too late, one of the main causes which make Duke—as a perceptive faculty member put it—“the best second-rate university in the country.” To denominate the University in such an uncomely fashion will likely unnerve some of the students who are new here this semester; but I shall proceed to explain to them in this indiscreet polemic how, in one respect at least, the professor is right, at the same time trusting with incredible optimism that by the time they graduate a better situation will prevail.

The primary consideration, to use a shabby phrase, is that of student self-government. Duke is surfeited to its academic gills with able and outstanding faculty members, equipped hand-

somely with all the various laboratories, instruments, libraries, and other necessary departmental baggage, and veritably drenched in Gothic grandeur; yet all of this collegiate glory is but flimsy stuff when the auspices of student government extend little further than to the appropriating of acorns for the local squirrels.

The idea of the university is, at least in part, that of a community made up of young but allegedly rational-minded individuals who are bound by mutual interests and goals and who, aided and encouraged by their elders, have the right to the management of their affairs. In this regard, I am not referring to certain gargantuan institutions in our largest cities, which turn out erudition like so much canned asparagus. I speak of the true university commune, one of the sort such as Duke will or should approach sometime around the Millennium; where, as at a certain school, unnamed by me, some twelve miles distant, a campus election can be an important and highly interesting event; where self-government—supervised unofficially by the administration—can handle capably each phase of student affairs; and where such a co-operative enterprise makes for a final unity of purpose and mutual profit.

Yet the Duke students at present could not legislate an old, worn-out truss. Were the Administration (and here I sense moist eyes looking at me askance) to give the student government—now as impotent as a three months'

foetus—a direct hand in the management of such business as the dining hall, dope shop, regulation of student conduct, drinking for females (leprous words!), and other matters for the moment outside its scope, I surmise that things might soon look up.

It is no doubt a horrid presumption on the part of your correspondent to state here a method for effecting a solution, but being in an impudent mood today, he suggests the following: that the leaders of the student government (sic), be they so inclined, arrange a parley with the hierarchy of the administration, with the ultimate view in mind of accomplishing some plan whereby the aforementioned student activities and affairs, plus any others, might be ceded to student control. Let us act now, good people, eftsoones we shall be mendicants, grubbing for farthings.

But now that I have exhausted myself in contemplating the political scene I shall ensconce myself in that worthy and venerable tavern, Red's, to retire to my favorite corner by the hearth where, in the warm and flickering light, I shall drink some most noble and heady ale, meditating the while on sundry dear matters with men of good will: my friend Michel of Montaigne, ripe and mellow as old Rocquefort; gentle Bob Burton; and the wise and kindly doctor, Francois Rabelais, who abjures all minds sparse and weedy, and mutters softly, ever and anon, of freedom.

THE BRETON priest climbed slowly up the winding stair to the belfry. The skirts of his black robe snapped briskly about his stout figure as he neared the top and the wind blew through the window slits. His face was red beneath the shovel hat which he held securely to his head with one hand. As he went further the wind blew harder through the open stone frame of the belfry and the bell ropes struck an occasional soft low note as they were blown against the old bronze bell.

Father Jean looked down on Roscoff. The small stone houses seemed a tessellated pattern from the church tower and the cries of the bread vender in the street below came up to him only faintly. At the waterside over near the old castle the women of Roscoff were beating out the town laundry on the black rocks. In the harbour a small English steamship lay alongside the quay dwarfing the fishing boats tied near her. Beyond the harbour lay the sheltering Isle de Batz with its lighthouse. Forneau, the keeper, had not been to Mass in a long time mused the priest. To the left of the island further out smooth waves broke with a flash of white over the huge rocks jutting up in the water. Out in the Channel past them lay scattered the fishing fleet. Somewhere further, hidden in the haze on the horizon, was the English coast.

The rumbling of a vegetable cart on the cobbles below jolted the priest out of his reverie and he turned to the bell. As his hands grasped the strong hemp he threw his weight on the rope and the great bell rang out clearly *to the people of Roscoff*. . . .

Pierre Lefevre frowned as the church bell tolled the Angelus and kept sliding his skinny forefinger down the long columns of painfully precise figures. When he reached the end he noted down the total with deliberate strokes of his pen. Then he pulled off his steel-rimmed spectacles, breathed on them, and polished them with the tail of his shirt. He looked all about the dark little

shop. Finally he nodded shortly to his young assistant who was fidgeting about the goods on the shelves nearest the door. The young man grabbed his flat black hat (his coat was already on, Lefevre noticed), said "Bon soir" politely to the shopkeeper, and went out the shop door with such haste that his coat fluttered behind him. Lefevre grunted disapprovingly as he put the ledger away and opened the wooden cash drawer to count the profits of the day.

With pleasure he stacked the coins in neat piles of ten and counted them. There were not as many piles as usual today, but the crackly new fifty franc note that he had changed for the tourist who bought the pewter measuring cup made up for the lack of silver. He was sure, since this was the house Mary of Scotland had stayed in once, that the tourist thought it was a cup she had drunk from. Americans were like that. He took out a franc and jiggled it speculatively. Perhaps he could buy something for little Marie who was sick. Then he locked the cash drawer and fussed about rearranging the already neat rows of goods even more exactly. Finally he secured the two windows in the store front and, taking a cautious look about him to be sure everything was safe, closed the door. The wind blew the shiny black clothes even closer about his thin body as he locked the heavy door carefully and closed the thick wooden shutters to protect his windows. Then he started off for the patisserie. Some sort of little cake or tart, perhaps with pink or white icing, might help Marie get well. . . .

François Métard cast his second line far out. It jerked in his hand and he pulled sharply back. Then putting the other line between his teeth he hauled the fish smoothly in hand over hand. It zigzagged, the line cutting through the water as it neared the boat, and he flipped a flashing silver mackerel aboard, unhooked it, and tossed it onto the slithering pile in the bow of his sailboat. He

adjusted the little bone lure and threw the line out again. Then he stood with a line in either hand, bracing his great body against the pitch of the boat in the waves. He whistled through his teeth for a few moments and stretched magnificently. Then putting both his lines in one hand he picked up the last mackerel and waved it, shouting to the little man in the next boat, "Quatre-vingt." The other did not answer and Métard repeated, "Eighty in one afternoon! And you?"

"Enough," replied the other.

Métard laughed loudly. Today he, François, must have the most mackerel of any of the Roscoff fishermen. He flung a handful of chopped fish into the water for chum to attract the fish. A good catch today. Perhaps even enough to buy Helene that new lace cap she had been teasing him for. She said she needed a new one for church. He jerked another mackerel into the boat. His wife must be as well dressed as anyone in Roscoff, that is, anyone of course except Madame le Maire. A fine couple, the Métards, they would say. He so strong and handsome, she so devoted. Perhaps even Father Jean would think so, though the holy priest did not approve of one's dressing for appearance in the church, but then. . . . A sharp jerk on one of the lines interrupted his thoughts and he braced himself to pull in. This must be a great fish, a very leviathan. Métard heaved on the line and it came in slowly. Suddenly everything gave with a rush and he stood swearing at the broken end of line that hung dripping from his hand. He knelt on the bottom of the boat to look for another hook and lure and as he did so the strokes of the Angelus bell rang clearly over the water. Métard crossed himself and then pulled in the remaining line. Slipping in his bare feet on the slime and fish scales in the bow of the boat, he pulled up the anchor and hoisted the red canvas sail. He steered well away from a great sub-

(Continued on Page 15)

The Angelus

by BEATRIX COBB GROSS



As Jacques looked at the sea, his old fear swept over him again. Since he was a child he had hated and feared the sea more than anything else.



Wade and Cameron

BLUE AND WHITE HOPES

By JOHNNIE WALKER AND
WHITIE SMITH

WITH sports rising to heights unparallel to any other time in the history of athletics, it looks as if the Devils themselves will have a team that will exceed any other team that ever represented the Blue and White. Material will be flying high and fast at all colleges this year due to veteran stars returning and to high school athletes who have gained fame in the sports world while in the service.

Material will be thick here on the campus this year, but it will be equally thick on educational parading grounds elsewhere throughout the states. But Duke has a great advantage over these other aggregations because Wallace Wade, the "Old Master," is back as head coach for the first time since 1942

when Duke played in the transplanted Rose Bowl against Oregon State.

Shortly after the game, Coach Wade, who was an artillery captain in World War I, volunteered for service and spent four years as a Colonel in the artillery, most of the time being spent where the shells were flying in Europe.

Coach Wade started his career after his discharge from the Army in 1919 at a little prep school in Tennessee. He was then 27 years of age. Now, at 54, as he prepares to return to football, he can look back on a record which certainly is among the greatest of all, if not THE greatest.

His life-time coaching record, covering 23 years of moulding grid machines, is 177 victories, 36 defeats and eight

ties. His 11-year record at Duke before entering the service was 85 victories, 19 defeats and three ties—and of those 19 defeats, 15 have been by margins of one touchdown or less.

Ten of his teams at Alabama and Duke won Southern Conference championships and seven of them were rated from first to fourth in the nation by the various rating systems. His teams have appeared in Rose Bowl contests five times with two wins, two losses and a tie. He, himself, played in the Rose Bowl game of 1916 as a guard for Brown University.

One of his greatest accomplishments as a coach facing the toughest of opposition is his record of never having been beaten "badly." His "worst" de-



Kelley Mote



George Clark



Bill Milner

feats were a 23-0 whipping Syracuse gave his first Alabama team in 1923 and a 25-2 defeat Tennessee handed his first Duke team in 1931.

But Coach Wade is not as much interested in past doings as he is in the future. And, as he returns to his old post, he faces what is generally recognized as the greatest and hardest of all Duke football schedules in history.

The schedule speaks for itself. On consecutive Saturdays, the Blue Devils meet N. C. State, Tennessee, Navy, Richmond, Army, Georgia Tech, Wake Forest, South Carolina and North Carolina.

The "Old Master" is his usual cautious self when speaking of prospects. He says, "Prospects depend on how the returning servicemen come along." A number who played here in past years are expected back.

One of these is Bill Milner, who returns to football after having been in the Marines since the season of 1943.

He was named on many All-America selections at guard that season.

Another is Big Bob Gantt whose last season also was 1943 and he, too, received recognition on many All-America selections. He played end in those days but this spring Coach Wade shifted him to quarterback. He weighs 210.

Still another is George Clark, the brilliant star of the Duke-Alabama Sugar Bowl game in 1945, who received his commission as an Ensign in the Navy in mid-season last year but was still selected unanimous All-Southern halfback and was also named on many of the All-America picks.

Two others are Buddy Luper and Howard Hartley, who were star backs on the 1943 team, and since then served with the Marines and the Navy, respectively. Incidentally, Clark, Luper and Hartley are candidates for the same backfield job. Ben Cittadino, an outstanding end in 1943, is another getting back from the Navy.

Veterans from last year who performed well and are returning include Kelley Mote and Ed Austin, a fine pair of ends; Al DeRogatis, alternate center last year who was shifted to tackle in spring practice and looks like a real find; Jim O'Leary, a big guard who was a third string tackle last season but was one of the outstanding men of spring practice.

Others returning from the service include Clyde Redding, a second team tackle on Wade's Rose Bowl team of 1941-42, Leo Long, sub fullback on the same team, who along with Redding and Gantt are the only men on the squad Wade has coached, Fred Hardison, tackle on the Sugar Bowl team of 1944, Reece Harry, end on the same team, Herman Smith, a reserve end in 1943, Ernie Knotts, a guard who left in mid-season last year for a stretch in the Navy, and Garland Wolfe, a guard who did the same thing midway of the

(Continued on Page 22)

SPILL THE MILK

By DORIS HARKEY MERIWETHER

COLLIER BARNETT kicked the screen door open with a bang. It flopped back against the wall, shuddered noisily, and then swung shut, creaking on its hinges. He shuffled to the edge of the porch and leaned against the grey weathered post. It was warm under his shoulder. The afternoon sun was just going down. The last rays filtered through the trellis at the end of the porch and made crossed patterns with the cracks on the floor. The air was still. The trumpet vine withered in the heat. Up the alley a group of children laughed and splashed tin cans of water on each other, their black arms and legs glistening in the sun.

They got the right idea, he thought as he wiped the row of perspiration from his lip.

Theirs was the only activity. Elsewhere on the alley, the hot, heavy air of mid-July had arrested all motion in the monotony of rocking chairs and in the rhythmic flapping back and forth of funeral parlor fans. It was as if everything in the alley waited with unstinted patience until the heavy burden of the summer air could be lifted by the relief forces of night.

Collier had watched Night come to the alley. It crept cautiously up the bank of the smelly creek that ran behind the row of shacks. It crouched for a moment at the corners of the houses, then moved hurriedly along, seeking cover behind clumps of privet and battered, overflowing garbage cans. At length, Night sprang forward, shattering the sultry defenses of Day. With the coming of Night, life and motion would return to the alley. The leaves of the stunted water oaks, their green

lost in the dust of day, would begin to twitch with the slightest breeze. On the porches, dark, lean shadows would rise in their places, unfold, and stretch to man-like size. Throaty, masculine laughter, entwined with a teasing treble, would ring out, begin to fade, and suddenly become lost in the grass near the creek bank. Night would know her welcome.

Up at the corner, Collier watched the white people swarm past from the grocer's, great brown bags piled high in their arms. They always seemed to be in a hurry—working themselves into a sweat even on the hottest days.

Summer sure wasn't made for white people, Collier mused. They ought to know by now you have to give in a little to hot weather. All they do is work all the time—just working and piling up money. Then along comes a hot day—and plop! there's one of them gone. Just dropped in his tracks. Collier smiled with satisfaction as if he had personally sent another one sprawling to the earth. His mood of triumph was soon shattered by a voice beside him.

"Hey, Collier—what you doin'? Daydreamin' ag'in?" He didn't wait for a reply. "Le's go out to the carnival."

Roy was Collier's best friend. Or at least he used to be. Collier was afraid he wasn't anymore. It was hard to tell him things sometimes. He didn't understand. Like the time he only laughed when Collier said he thought colored people were as good as white people. And some of them maybe better. Roy had said maybe they were, but it didn't do any good to think about it.

"Suits me, Roy." Collier walked

down the steps. Roy moved on ahead of him along the path, then stopped suddenly and faced Collier.

"Jus' one thing. You got any money?" His eyes twinkled, betraying his mock seriousness.

"It's Sat'day, ain't it?" Collier grinned. "Well I got money."

Digging his hands deep in his pockets, Collier felt the smooth coins oily against his fingers. His billfold bulged in his hip pocket. With every step he took, he could feel the hard, fat wallet press his body. Of course, they were all ones. But it made you feel a lot richer to have all ones, instead of a five and a ten. Mr. Grove always smiled a little when he asked to be paid in one dollar bills. Fifteen dollars wasn't much for a week's work, but it was good money for curbing. Besides, the hours were good. He could go out the University mornings. And there was always a good bit of extra money in tips. The Drive-In was located in the wealthiest section of town.

Collier matched his step to Roy's and they walked toward the corner. In front of the last house Roy stopped. It was the finest house on Grayson Row. It was an old house like the others on the alley, but the steps were sturdy and the shutters secure.

"Aren't you going to take Nona?" Roy asked.

Collier looked toward the house. The front door was open and her little brother was playing on the porch.

"Naw, I don't guess so. She probably isn't home from work yet anyway," he said.

"You crazy, man? You know she's

home now. She don't never work in the afternoons."

Collier stared past him with pretended interest in a mottled cat, padding along the street.

"Say, Collier?" Ray began again. "What's between you and Nona these days? You been gettin' those funny ideas ag'in?"

"Naw, Roy. It's nothin'. Guess I just forgot. Wait for me out here."

Collier walked slowly up the steps. Nona was his girl, wasn't she? She'd been his girl ever since they moved on the Row. Why should he be afraid to ask her to go? Little Joe put down his toys and ran to call her.

Inside the house it was cool and dark except for the lamp burning on the table. It felt good to be out of the heat. Collier thought the room was like Nona—cool and dark. She wasn't actually dark. She was a yellow. But her moods were dark and impenetrable. And then

they were light and he could see right in. They understood each other. They wanted the same things.

As soon as Nona came in, he knew why he had been afraid. She was wearing her uniform—the black one with the white starched cap and the frilly little apron. Even the simplicity of the style could not hide the round fulness of her body.

"Hello, Nona." He went on, not waiting for her to speak. He wanted to avoid any awkwardness. "Roy and I are goin' out to the carnival. Wanna come?"

Nona's eyes met his only for an instant. "I'm working again tonight, Collie." She turned to the mantel and moved a vase a little nearer the edge. "Mrs. Cameron's having another party tonight. She needs me."

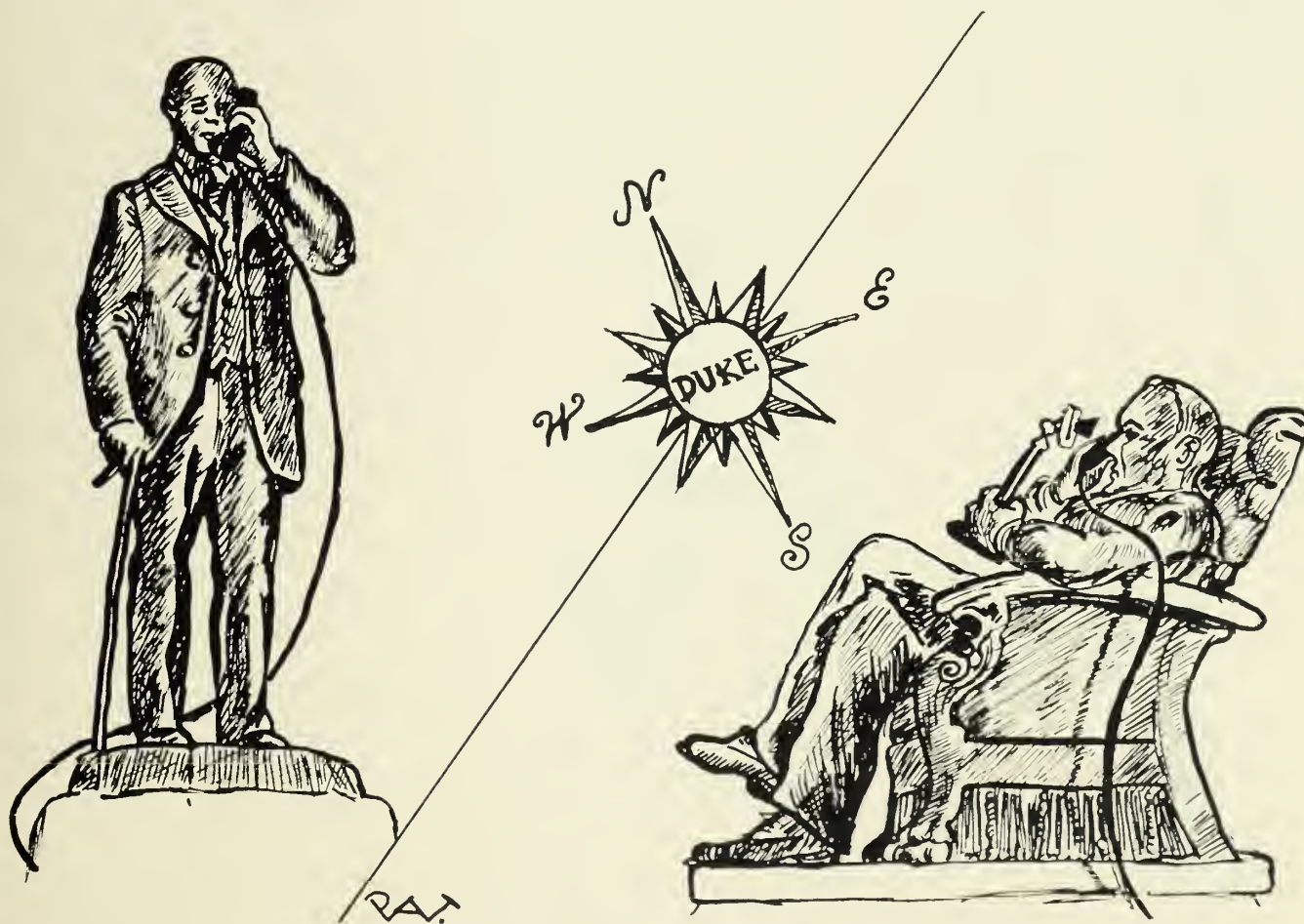
The Camerons were the richest people in town. Nona had been working there almost a year. She used to tell

Collier about the grand parties they had. They were like the ones you saw in picture shows, where the women wore long dresses and the men white jackets and everybody drank liquor from little glasses with long stems. The only difference was that everybody got drunk—not funny drunk, but disgusting drunk. The things they did made Collier know that they weren't any better than colored people. He had begged Nona not to work there. He didn't think it was the kind of place for her. But she could never make so much money anywhere else.

Nona faced him again suddenly. She was smiling now and there was that light in her eyes that he could never quite understand.

"Oh, Collie, I wish I could go with you." Her hand rested on his arm. "Bring me something. Will you? One of those little painted dolls maybe."

She moved her hands lightly along



"Say, W'ash, isn't it about time we got together?"

his arms and raised her eyes to meet his. Her voice was low.

"You do understand, don't you, honey? And we can have all day tomorrow together."

"O. K., Nona, sure. Sure, Nona. And I understand," he added.

Collier started down the steps. I understand all right, he thought. Sure, she can send me out to play like a good little boy. I understand.

Nona watched him from the door, then called him back. She pulled him inside and put her arms around his neck, drawing his body close to hers. "Why did you go away like that?" Her voice was teasing. "Who you love, big boy?" she whispered, pushing back to look at him. Her dark eyes were intimate. Their light was shaded and familiar. Everything was all right now. Collier knew it was.

The fairgrounds were already thronged with people. The midway writhed with dancing lights and chaotic sounds. Collier had been to carnivals many times, but there was still something that made them new, exciting. It was like watching a parade and feeling the drums pound in your stomach when the band passes.

He closed his eyes and tried hard to

remember everything to tell Nona. He could still see the bright lights of the Ferris Wheel revolve slowly against the night sky. And the sound of the Merry-Go-Round spinning out its sad song in a boyish voice made something stick in his throat. He was glad when they had got down to the end of the midway where it was not quite so noisy and whirling.

A barker near them was gathering a crowd. Each word seemed to come easily, mechanically; but his voice was husky from too much use. "S-s-step right up, folks! See the most amazing show on the midway. I-i-in this tent—we will show you—the *fish* boy. He has no feet. He has no hands. Only fins like a fish. Yes, folks, it's the fish boy."

Somewhere in the crowd a man jeered. "Fish boy, huh? Where you get a license to catch that kind?" And the crowd laughed with relief. He was a sport in a cheap tweed jacket and his hair slicked close against his head.

Roy nudged Collier. "Hey, Collie, let's go in. I'd like to see this." Inside, the crowd lined the canvas square in muted silence. A small tow-haired boy sat at a table, coloring pictures in a book. He held a crayon in two tapering pieces of boneless flesh. His legs ended

in the same meaty prong. The man who had mocked the barker outside quickly jammed his hands in his pockets and walked out.

Collier turned away from the scene. "Ready to go, Roy?" He felt ashamed for having come, and for all the people who stared with dumb, expressionless faces. Outside the barker was gathering another crowd. The man with the slick hair stood on the edge of the crowd, not looking at anything. The two walked on in silence. A sailor and his girl passed and she laughed foolishly as he brushed a wisp of cotton candy from her nose.

"You know, Roy," Collier said at last, "carnivals are a lot of fun. You can do anything you want to. It doesn't make any difference at a carnival."

"What you talkin' about anyway?" Roy asked.

"I mean like there's no back doors in these tents and no back seats on the Ferris Wheel."

"Now listen to me, Collie. Don't you get started on that tonight. We're out to have a good time. Let's ride the Ferris Wheel. Back seats or front seats. It don't make no difference to me."

It was getting late when Collier remembered the doll for Nona. They began to look in all the booths for the prettiest one. Roy stopped short in front of a booth with a gay red and white striped awning. A man was throwing balls at a stack of wooden bottles.

"Collie, why don't you win her something? She'd like that better 'an anything you could buy."

"Yeah, that's a good idea." Collier looked at the prizes. There were rows of pastel blankets hanging across the back of the tent. And three shelves of big, expensive prizes. There were two clocks left. Brown mantel clocks with cheap faces. "Maybe I could win her a clock. That would be much better than a doll—and better than anything Mr. Cam——." Collier stopped and looked at Roy. But he was watching



"Ha! Ha! I thought so!"

the big white man knock all the bottles down and had not heard. "That would be better than a doll," he finished.

The barker held three balls extended in his hand. "Who'll be next, folks? Ev-r-ree body gets a prize. The gentleman going there has just won a clock. Who'll be next? A clock if you get 'em all down with one! A lovely blanket if you get 'em all down with two. Everybody wins a prize. Only twenty-five cents for three balls. There's only one clock left. Who'll be next, folks?"

The crowd stood watching his antics. No one moved. Finally Collier stepped forward. "I'll take three, mister." He gripped a ball in his right hand and the crowd stepped back to give him room. The first ball squashed in a dead thud against the canvas. Well, he'd lost the clock. And he didn't want the blanket. Might as well take a practice shot, though. Two toppled off with the second ball.

Roy watched intently. "Now you've got it, Collie. Ask him for three more." He didn't win on the next three. But the practice was good. His aim was much better. There were three more and then three more. "Just three more, mister. I'm gonna win this time. I want that clock."

The crowd had gotten bigger now. They were silent, tense, wanting the colored boy to win his clock. Collier stepped back and took careful aim. The muscles were taut under his shirt sleeve as he followed through the windup. It was a sure winner. The bottles crashed to the ground. But two remained teetering in position. A sigh of disappointment went up from the crowd.

The barker stepped close to Collier. "Hey, boy—I'll tell you a secret." His breath was hot and stale in Collier's face and his red rimmed eyes jumped nervously. "You gotta aim to hit on the right side just between the last two bottles and up a little. See—like this." All the bottles fell. "That's the way you spill the milk."



"How was I to know the difference between Gothic and Georgian architecture?"

"I'll take three more." Collier reached for his money, but he had spent his last quarter. Roy handed him one.

The crowd took heart once more and pressed closer. Collier surveyed the stack of bottles. Spill the milk, huh? He'd show him. And he'd knock 'em all down without hitting between the last two on the right. He could feel the crowd behind him, straining as if to help. Sure, he'd win. This time he couldn't lose.

The ball sped from his hand and hit the bottles dead in the center. Collier's arm dropped to his side and his chest heaved with satisfaction. The barker was quick. He thrust a painted walking stick with a silk tassel at Collier. His voice boomed. "A-a-and the boy wins a prize. Everybody wins a prize. Who'll be next, folks? It's ver-ry easy. Just spill the milk. Only a quarter—twenty-five cents for three balls."

He glanced at Collier still standing before him. "Go on, boy," he scowled under his breath. "You got your prize. Clear out."

"I want the clock," he said. "I won it." He turned to look at the crowd watching silently. Most of them had

already begun to move away. They had wanted him to win, but they didn't care about the prize. A change had come over the ones who were left. They were smiling, but it was not regret or sympathy. On the face of the entire crowd there was a fixed, triumphant smile, a snarl.

A man in front spoke up. "You heard him, bud. Be on your way. You can take your pretty little walking cane. A few years from now you'll be glad you got it"—he turned to the crowd—"if you live that long," he sneered. They laughed coarsely and he exulted in their approval of his joke.

Roy watched Collier's jaw tighten and saw the vein begin to swell at his temple. "Come on, Collie. Le's get the walking stick and go home." He picked it up from the ground where the man had thrown it. He pushed Collier ahead of him and the crowd separated for them to pass.

The boys walked home without speaking. Collier left Roy at his house and walked on toward the Row alone. It was late and no one was on the street. From the corner he could see a dim

(Continued on Page 21)

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The Angelus

(Continued from Page 6)

merged rock about which the tide was swirling and eddying and sailed for the Roscoff harbour, jeering at other fishermen less quick in starting. . . .

Old Hyacinthine Lamond rubbed his leathery neck with one hand and spat into the harbour. He was sitting on the end of the quay watching the boats in the harbour. Just below him, on the steps leading down from the quay, young Michel was gingerly tossing sea urchins from his father's skiff and on the shore someone was painting a sailboat that was propped on crossed stilts, a bright yellow, probably for the regatta races next week.

A small boat with a brown sail rounded the channel marker and came about snappily. Lamond raised his hand solemnly in reply to the wave from the young man in a red cap and faded jersey who sat in the stern. Lamond opened his tobacco bag and shook a few grains into a paper to roll a cigarette. As he licked the edges together he watched the young man make the little boat fast just under the stern of the English ship towering above. He looked at the numerals painted on bow at different levels. She was riding high. The cargo of onions must be only half loaded. He wondered what the propellers looked like on this ship. He must remember to look early tomorrow morning when the tide was low and the children were running about the harbour bottom without wetting their ankles. It always seemed odd to him that at low tide they could walk where at high tide a ship could come in with water to spare.

This ship was about the size of that one Hyacinthine's father had saved the twenty men from years ago. An English ship that too. *Ces Anglais!* He spat toward the ship of the English. Not the sense to get a pilot which the insurance companies demanded and always being wrecked in the channel between the Isle de Batz and Roscoff har-

bour. His father had swum to that other ship with a line in a big storm one night. Legion of Honor, Victoria Cross. A good harbour pilot. But the Lamonds had always been good pilots. Hyacinthine, his father and grandfather, and now his son, all pilots for Roscoff. He glanced at the young man in the red knit cap and spat approvingly. Yes, Charles was a son to be proud of. The bell in the tower struck the Angelus. He looked up at the tower and watched the bell swinging. After a few minutes of thought he spat again, waved to his son, and walked along the quay toward his house. He must finish supper early so that there would be time to play at bowls with the Roscoff team on the courts back of the Hotel D'Angleterre. . . .

Jacques Forneau, lighthouse keeper for the Isle de Batz, yawned and sat up sleepily on his feather bed as he heard the strokes of the Angelus bell echoing across the water from the mainland. He rubbed his eyes with the heels of his hands and shook his head to clear it. He splashed cold water on his face and combed his tousled hair and stubby beard before a small distorting mirror over the washstand. Then he put on his warm trousers, a jacket, and a black beret, stepped into his straw-filled wooden sabots, and walked outside. His wife had been weeding the artichokes and was tossing a few that were ripe into a wooden wheelbarrow. Now she stopped and stood with arms akimbo looking across the narrow stretch of water to the Roscoff church tower. "The Angelus, Jacques. I must fix your supper," she said, as she gathered up her long black skirts and started for the door of the old brick lighthouse.

Forneau nodded and lit his pipe. "I'm going for a walk, Madeleine." He kissed her on the cheek and strode toward the rocky point. He passed a crucifix set on a pyre of rocks. A little further on he stopped and looked to-

(Continued on Page 18)



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Oct. 19—Duke	Richmond
Oct. 26—Penn	Navy
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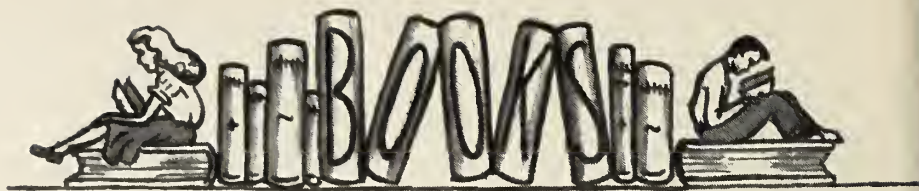
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AN ALMANAC FOR MODERNS

By Donald Culross Peattie

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Although this unpretentious and delicately-written book was first published over ten years ago, and despite its insipid reception on the part of the reading public, *AN ALMANAC FOR MODERNS* bids fair well now, after a decade of small but steady sales, to become some sort of an American classic.

To those only acquainted with Mr. Peattie through his somewhat sanguine articles on the American scene in the *READER'S DIGEST*, this book will reveal a different writer altogether, a poet-naturalist in the tradition of Thoreau and Huxley whose intense preoccupation with Nature has found expression in a prose style of genuine beauty.

The book is a collection of short essays, one for each day of the year, in which the author describes the seasons, their changes and manifestations, through the eyes of a biologist, yet with a poet's sensitivity and perception. Mr. Peattie's concern, however, is not only with the physical aspects of Nature, but also with the biological inquiry into the mystery of life itself—a subject in which he deals with neither dogmatism or bluntness, but with a humanist's sympathetic regard for beauty which lurks in the most prosaic of things. Though his interest generally centers around Nature's obvious phenomena—the migration of birds, the society of ants, and the stars—some of the author's most interesting and charmingly written digressions have to do with such widely diverse topics as the lives of great naturalists, evolutionary theory,

and the controversy between mechanist and vitalist.

"You are ignorant of life," he says, "if you do not live it or some portion of it, just as it is, a shaft of light from a nearby star, a flash of blue salt water that curls around the five upthrust rocks of the continents, a net of green leaves spread to catch the light and use it, and you, a handful of supple earth and long white stones, with sea water running in your veins."

Such is the author's remarkable trust in life, a trust which involves every facet of the world about him, and which he expresses tenderly, lyrically, and with a conviction born out of wide knowledge and understanding. In these days of wreckage, gloom, and neuroses, when impotence and despair seem to keynote most of our writing, it is indeed a heartening experience to read a book so fraught with hope and faith, with assurance uttered in such words as these: "Now how may a man base all his faith on Nature when in Nature there is no certain end awaiting the ambition of his race? When all is flux and fleet, the great flood tides of spring that are like to drown him, and the final rip tide of decease? How take comfort from the brave new greening of the grass, when grass must wither, or in the first eerie whistle of the meadow larks, saying that life is 'sweet-to-you, so sweet to you?' For life is not sweet to all men. It brings some blind into this world and of others requires blood and tears. The sun toward which man turns his face is a brief candle in the universe. His women and his children are as mortal as the flowers.

"But it is not life's generosity, so capricious, that makes one man happy.

It is rather the extent of his gratitude to life.

"I say that it touches a man that his tears are only salt, and that the tides of youth rise, and, having fallen, rise again. Now he has lived to see another spring and to walk beneath the faintly greening trees. So, having an ear for the uprising of sap, for the running of blood, having an eye for all things done most hiddenly, and a hand in the making of those small dear lives that are not built with hands, he lives at peace with great events."

—William Styron

SO THERE!

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Joe: "God loves you and your mother loves you and you can sit on your hands."

—Purple Parrot.

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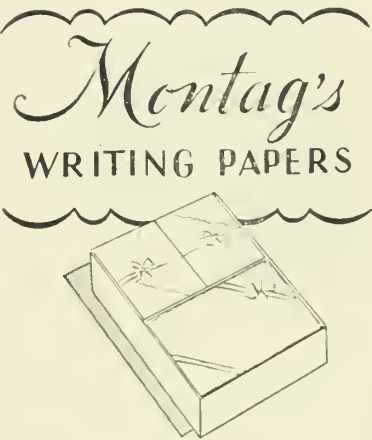
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The Angelus

(Continued from Page 15)

ward the point. The long swells from the Channel were smashing against the great rocks of the island tip, throwing up high fountains of spray. Some of the spray was carried by the wind to the place where he stood and he turned his pipe upside down to shelter it from the wet. Across the water the sea was darkening in the distance and the large waves seemed black and ominous. He shivered a little and continued to stare, fascinated at the giant waves breaking on the stubborn rocks, sliding back with a rattling of pebbles, and then breaking again. . . . The sea tearing at the rocks and the rocks thrusting back the sea over and over. It seemed perpetual and yet he knew that in the end the sea would wear away the rocks and the island and the lighthouse. As Jacques looked at the sea his old fear swept over him again. Since he was a child he had hated and feared the sea more than anything else.

It was because of this that he had not become a fisherman with the other men of Roscoff, but had brought Madeleine with him away from the friendliness of the town to the lonely Isle de Batz lighthouse, where he warned the ships at sea off the treacherous rocks of the Breton coast. He could see the fishing boats now, scudding for the mainland. Métard, Gerard, and the rest, all going home with a good day's catch. The sun was low now, and, shaking off his gloom, he turned away from the sea and started back toward the lighthouse. At the crucifix he knelt and prayed for a time. As he got up and walked on, his sabots clattered noisily and he hummed cheerfully to himself as he went to light the old light and keep his lonely watch in the cold dark, listening to the noise of the waves on the rocks.

Father Jean let the bell rope go. For a time the belfry was filled with the resonant sound from the bell gradually dying away. Then it was quiet and the

(Continued on Page 22)



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Today was D-Day on our green, path-worn campus. The advancing hordes were prepared to invade the sacred portals just adjacent to the laundry.

Yes, it was induction day at Publications Row, a day which hundreds of eager students—many of them veterans in the latest of a series of wars (To Be Continued)—had been anticipating. Many are the foot-sore servicemen who spent their grimy fox-hole careers dreaming of the day when they could return to a democratic Duke and procure a job on a democratic *Archive*. In fact, that's why we won the war. Even brass and braid like Doug and Chet—we know them intimately—had dewey-eyed aspirations on *Archive* editorships when the lights went on again, but were disappointed at the last minute when this poverty-stricken but proud University turned down their applications for admission due to bourgeois deference to the Duke ex-G.I.'s. Always for the little man.

Anyway, we walked down to the *Archive* office today with the traditional spring in our step and the traditional confidence in our hearts. We were going to apply our multitudinous literary talent to the *Archive* and help it along on its traditional road to success.

So we were totally unprepared for the scene that met our four eyes. Wedging our way through a maze of *Chronicle* copy-boys, we stumbled into the smoke-filled *Archive* office. Approximately twenty happy students, mostly of the male and female gender, were sitting, lying and hanging in various attitudes of repose around the spacious room.

A casual glance to our right rewarded us with an eye-filling view of Dee

Gentner's legs, the likes of which we had never seen in our combined thirteen semesters at Duke. She was swinging said legs provocatively, meanwhile engaging a pop-eyed male audience in sprightly conversation. We nudged each other, mopped our brows, and decided then and there that this was the outfit for us.

Sprawling luxuriously on the couch was Joe Di Mona, the quiet and unobtrusive *Chronicle* wheel of years back. He was completely enveloped by women, but that did not daunt our Joe. He expounded on subjects usual and unusual, quite remote from *Archive* business, the while dallying with a full-blown co-ed on his left. Tears of joyous nostalgia filled our eyes. Things hadn't changed while we were away.

Also on the overloaded couch set a very attractive girl who nevertheless had quite a businesslike attitude. She whipped out two file cards, eyed us critically—and, it seemed, with some trepidation—and proceeded to fire questions in our general direction.

(During this time three freshmen, all former high school editors, burst into the room demanding *Archive* jobs, Di Mona got slapped, a girl laughed, and Fick broke into song.)

Dee continued to swing her legs dangerously.

We attempted to answer the personal questions of our fair cross-examiner who, incidentally, was the Nth degree in distraction. We learned that her name was Virginia Gunn, the editor of *The Archive*, and immediately made another entry in our already-crowded date book. Ginny, as we now familiarly call her, wrote down our names, addresses and other pertinent in-

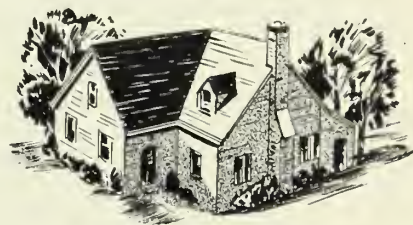
(Continued on Page 23)

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Spill The Milk

(Continued from Page 13)

light burning in the back room of Nona's house. That was Nona's room. He was glad she was still up. He would tell her about the carnival and she would understand about the doll.

He walked toward the house. Then he saw Mr. Cameron's car parked in the back. He was not surprised. He had seen it there twice before. One night he had waited in the bushes to watch Mr. Cameron leave. He had got a good look at him then. A rather short middle-aged man, clumsily hurrying to get in the car before anyone could see him. It had made Collier remember the time he and Roy had been caught swimming naked in Mr. Johnston's pond.

He watched the lighted window blindly, clinching his jaw at the thought of her cool body under a white man's hands. He didn't know Nona after all, he guessed. How could she want anyone else? The high school girls came out to the Drive-In on Sundays. He used to look at their long, soft hair and wonder how it would feel to run his hands through it. And he always noticed the fine shape of their legs under their silk dresses. But he had never wanted one of them. Not the way he wanted Nona.

Nona's rich laughter floated from the window and mocked him standing there. His hands gripped the walking stick he was still holding. The tassel brushed his wrist in a soft, silken caress. His head was spinning and he wanted to be sick.

He turned from the house. If that was Nona's decision, he had one, too. She hadn't fooled him this afternoon with her loving ways. Crouching behind the car, he waited. His hands clinched the walking stick until his knuckles ached. But it felt strong, very strong. The man at the carnival had been wrong. He was already glad he had won the walking stick.



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Blue and White Hopes

(Continued from Page 3)

1944 season, and Buddy Mulligan, another Navy lad who played only three games at Duke in 1943 but starred in all three of them, Charlie Davis and F. P. Bethune, centers on the 1942 team, Bill Davis, guard, and Johnny Musc, back, from the 1942 freshman team.

SCHEDULE

N. C. State	There	Sept. 28
Tennessee	Here	Oct. 5
Navy	There	Oct. 12
Richmond	Here	Oct. 19
Army	There	Oct. 26
Ga. Tech	Here	Nov. 2
Wake Forest	Here	Nov. 9
S. Carolina	There	Nov. 16
N. Carolina	There	Nov. 23

The Angelus

(Continued from Page 18)

priest looked out from the tower. People were hurrying home for the evening now. The fishing fleet had spread its multi-colored sails and was sailing fast for the quay. Soon now the Isle de Batz light would be lit and night would fall. The priest stared down at the street and at all the people rushing about as though someone had suddenly pulled the strings to make them hurry so and to release them from the work of the day. Father Jean felt powerful then for all this de-

pendence placed on the Angelus. Not powerful in himself, but in his church, to which the people of Roscoff turned. He crossed himself and went soberly down the winding stone stairs from the bell tower.



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(Continued from Page 19)

formation, and bade us a cheery goodbye. We turned away reluctantly, knowing that this year's *Archive* is in capable hands.

The room by then was in pandemonium. Everyone was recounting his summer experiences, war experiences, in fact, any old experiences they had hanging around loose. They all had them, believe us.

We were just about to make our exit when we spotted Bill Styron cramped uncomfortably behind a raft of 1940 *Archives*. He recognized us, eyes lightening, and crawled forward to give us the glad hand. An ex-Marine, he had made his way back to Duke after trying two other colleges. Bill wasn't born yesterday. We exchanged exaggerations awhile, then decided we should take our leave. Enough was enough. So, taking one last covetous look at Dee's flailing limbs, we departed.

Out in the open air once more, we inhaled. It was nice.

Yes, it had been quite a day—a day of fulfilled ambitions, vague doubts and crushing defeats. *The Archive* had selected the chosen few to represent it in its battle for literary supremacy, and we were among the chosen few.

We laughed.

THE BARE FACTS

It was one of mother's most hectic days. Her small son, who had been playing outside, came in with his pants torn.

"You go right in, remove your pants, and mend them yourself."

Some time later she went to see how he was getting along. The torn pants were lying on the chair. The door to the cellar, usually closed, was open and she called down loudly and sternly: "Are you running around down there without your pants on?"

"No, Madam, I am reading the gas meter."

—Old Maid.

Hats Off...

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INCIDENTALLY

By DI MONA

Much as we approve and appreciate our coed toilers on Publications Row, it was a relief to us on our return to find that men once more outnumbered their female competitors on the Row. The heady atmosphere of powder and perfume is now blessedly diluted by cigar smoke and profanity, and the constant murmur of coed chatter is once again being punctuated by an occasional off-color joke, followed by a chorus of male guffaws.

* * * * *

But the coeds that are still around haven't changed to any degree. The other day we spied a *Chanticleer* girl telephoning. We sidled over to her and, absent-mindedly, draped our arm around her affectionately. But she wasn't buying any of it. Brushing us off, and tossing her head, she said:

"Humph. Try the *Archive* office."

* * * * *

Withdrawing the knife from our back, we hastened over to the *Archive* office to tell boss Ginny Gunn of this latest slight on the morals of her coed staff. But we stopped midway. Who were we to start an inter-office feud that might end—who knows?—in bitterly-flung slander? We can hear the girls now, going to it:

"You, you Archivist, I saw you holding hands with Charley Markham."

"I did not. I was only counting his pulse for a feature on politics. But you, you *Chanticleer* witch, how about that hour you spent in the dark room developing pictures? Hah! Explain that."

* * * * *

So we let the *Archive* ride, and instead wandered on down to the *Duke 'n' Duchess* office where we found Chan Hadlock and his lieutenants slapping each other on the back over this latest incident: The editors thought it would

be a good idea to print a letter of welcome to the *D 'n' D* for their first issue—the letter to be signed by the Dean. But one Dean objected. Why welcome it, asked he, it's not a *new* publication after all? We've had the *D 'n' D* on campus before.

But, the *D 'n' D* staffer interposed it *is* a new publication; a different appearance, make-up that's slightly radical—

"Radical!" exploded the Dean, "don't ever want to hear that word mentioned in my office again."

Which, coming from a Dean, was a radical statement—ooops, there goes that nasty word again.

* * * * *

Like Spring, politics is bustin' out all over.

Former friends are finding themselves aligned on different sides of the political fence, and former enemies are having to shake hands, kiss each other on the cheek, and vote the straight ticket.

But it will all blow over, as it always has, and the feelings that have been hurt will heal, the erstwhile friends will speak to one another again, and the enemies will be hard at work again cutting each other's throat over la Smoot, Garrett, Stivers, *et al.*

By the time this issue appears, the elections may have already taken place. If so, we wish all success to the newly-elected officers.

If not, take our advice and don't get frantic about the elections. We have always urged that everyone take an active interest and voice in the elections. But don't get overheated.

After all, does it matter who has charge of the "Keep Off the Grass" signs for the next year?

THE ARCHIVE, September, 1946

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Infinity

By ROSALIE HALBREN

Hear the surging from its floor.
See it merging more and more.
Feel the stolid rock repel
The swirling smoldering hate
Of force.
Like a mighty citadel—
Stands the strong and ancient cliff
Above the turbulent chaos.
And I, a lonely sentinel
Keep watch on desolate shore.
With all the wrath it can create,
The sea brings forth its fangs of hate.
The glistening sand a powerless bait.

With rhythmic, melancholy beat;
With white and flaming crests or heat,
Conceived within its very seat—

The sea bares its soul to the world.

And I keep watch.
What right has man to view this scene,
This epic and fantastic dream
Of hate and force?

Oh! It was never meant to be
That I should ever chance to see
This depth of sea!

For man is ruled by conscious brain.
His soul is held by heavy chain
And only is released through Pain.

And I keep watch on desolate shore.
I hear the pounding on the sand;
Slowly, slowly coming close. And
Now at last I feel the spray
Of water cool against my face
And hands.
Down upon the rock I lay
As on it comes at my commands.

And I, a lonely sentinel,
Keeping watch on desolate shores,
At last am free!

LIFE

A new-born infant's helpless cry,
Uneventful years go by;
An old man's disillusionment,
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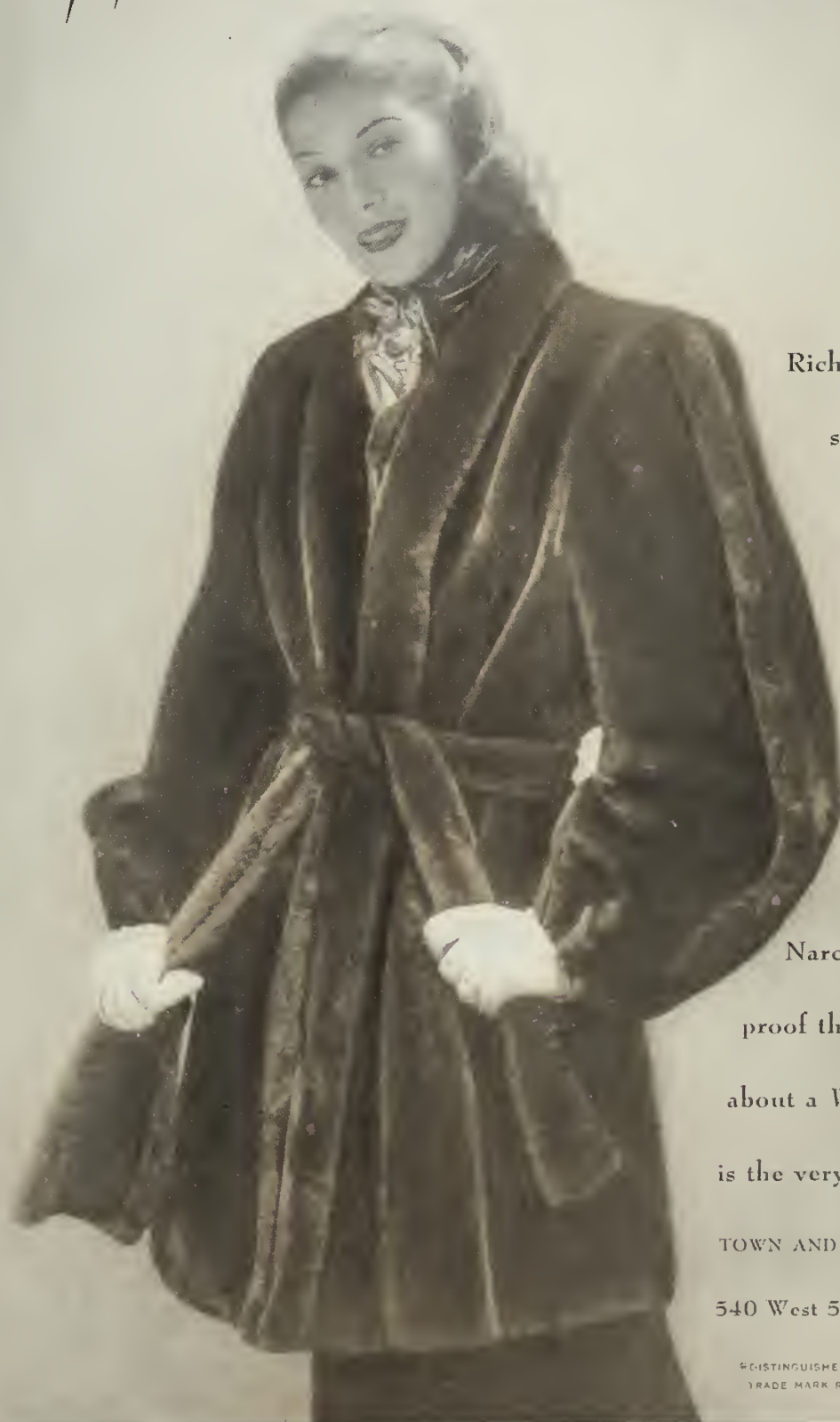
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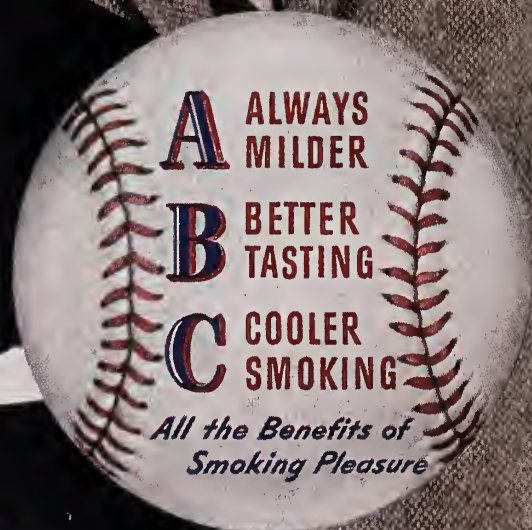
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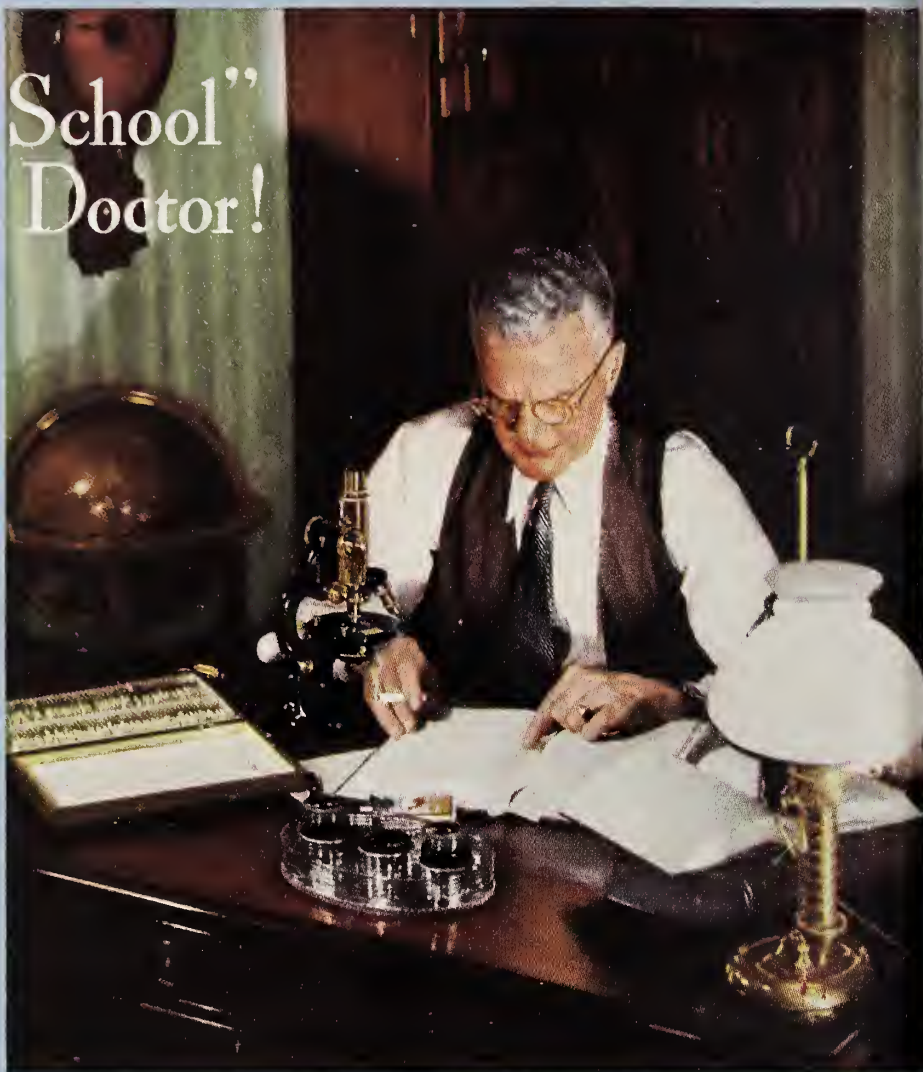
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● "What cigarette do you smoke, Doctor?"

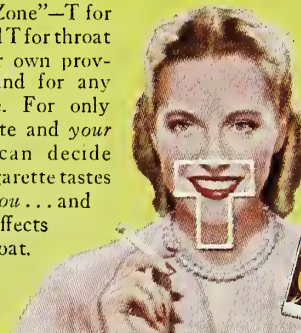
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Meredith Moore—'32

O. G. Sawyer—'23



This Month

We hope you like the landscape on the cover because we plan to feature one every month. Frank Trechsel does 'em—and a nice job, too. "Trechs" also did the full-page illustration on page 8, and we think you'll like it as much as we do.

On page 16 you'll find another new feature, "Sketches," which we plan to run each month. This month Dr. and Mrs. White are our subjects. The caricature of Dr. White was done by Clarence Brown.

Bill Styron, who needs no introduction to past readers of the *Archive*, has a fine story, "The Ducks," on page 9. Read it and see what we mean when we say that it's one of his best yet. Bill also wrote "Sketches." As for the story on page 12, we might say that "Snitger's back, and the *Archive's* got him." Bill used to write for the *Archive* before he went into the service, and this is his first story since he got out. His "Pattern of the Moth" is a real chiller-diller, guaranteed to—well, read it yourself. The illustration is by Pat Wimberley.

You'll also find an article on the much-discussed Honor System on page 14.

In the Poetry Department we have an excellent piece by a constant performer Rosalie Halbren, plus a few more by a newcomer, Bob Loomis.

Archie notices and comments on some of the changes at Dearalduk—all in fun(?), of course.

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Somewhere in the course of man's evolution, he assumed a famous talent for griping. This talent, which is overly employed by some hereabouts, must have nevertheless sprung from a wise source. Without it, there would never be progress.

The unfortunate part of it is that griping may become unwarranted and indiscriminate. By whatever name you call it, the voicing of one's opinion can be a constructive means to an advantageous end. It can be, but so often isn't.

To cite a recent example: the students' verbal knifing of the Administration for the change made in their seating arrangement in the stadium. The action of the Administration was expedient; but very few of the disgruntled, if any, bothered to investigate the motives behind it.

There is the other matter of a much-desired and greatly needed student union. Strangely enough (to those who never inquired about the wealth of the university) Duke does not have at its financial fingertips the million necessary to construct such a union. Duke is reputed to be one of the wealthier institutions in the country. The endowment which supports it is an undeniably handsome sum, but endowments are not all they appear to be on the surface.

As is the fault of too many editorial writers, I have raised questions without offering answers. If the reader is sincerely concerned with the Student-Administration cleavage, which is the chief source of the constant belittling, I suggest that he get the facts first, and then gripe. Or as Confucius says: A wise rebuttle deals a heavy blow.

THE EDITOR.

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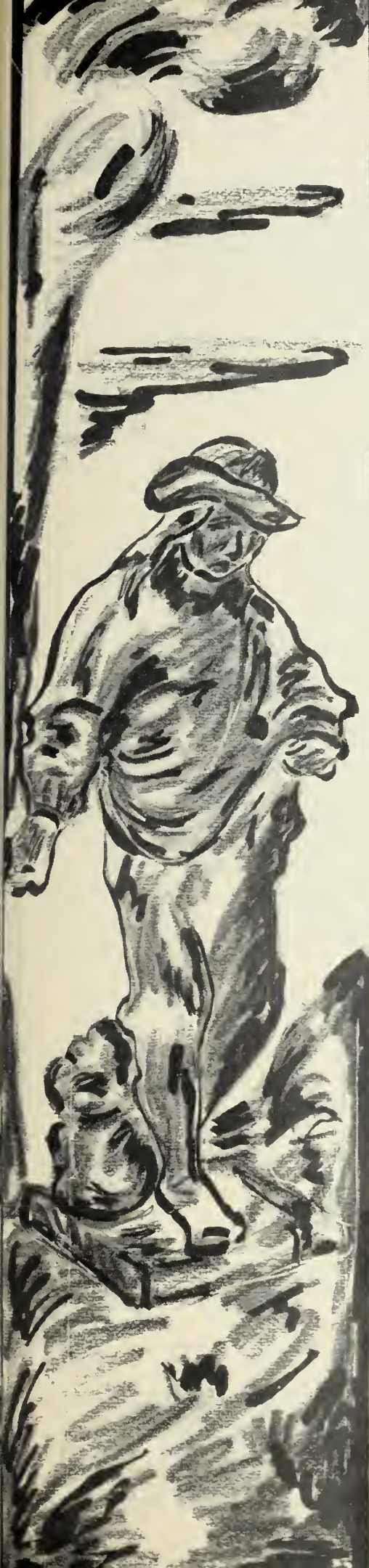


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The ARCHIVE

Vol. Sixty

October, 1946

No. 2

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*A Monthly Magazine Published by the Students of Duke University
Durham, North Carolina*

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THE ARCHIVE, October, 1946

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The Duck

by /

WILLIAM STYRON



FRANK THORNTON, bundled thickly in a light brown hunting jacket, squatted with his gun in hand and gazed upward into the grey light of early morning. At his side in the duckblind his dog lay half-covered by the decoy bag, shivering in his sleep. As Thornton gazed out over the water, he could see the first pale light of the dawn slanting up over the wide reach where the river met the bay. A few feet from the blind, the decoys bobbed softly in the lapping waves which crept in little eddies against the shore.

Thornton cautiously peered through the dried reeds out across the river. As he did, the cold breeze whistling inshore blew flush against his red and puffy face. With a slow motion he wiped away the tears which came to his eyes at each chilly gust of wind. He mumbled silently under his breath, grunting at the cold and the discomfort, and again carefully parted the reeds. The middle of the river, a mile away, was empty and misty. A low-lying blanket of haze was gently rising from the channel, revealing the shadows of the fish stakes and, farther out, the tiny black specks which were flocks of widgeon and mallard.

"Why don't they rise?" he thought. "Were they going to sit out there and feed until the sun came up?"

The river was silent. As he crouched there, Thornton could hear only the sound of the crows squawking in the cornfield behind him, and occasionally the far-off report of a shotgun in the farmland to the north.

Thornton had been there shivering for nearly forty-five minutes, huddled in the wretched cold. Whatever prompted him to come here every winter was beyond reason. It was always this constant waiting in the chilly mornings, squatting in the damp sand, forever shivering. And now, during the past few years, these solitary hunting trips had ceased to be a pastime, and were more and more an habitual

contest with the weather and his own patience. The ducks were getting more scarce, that was true. And the Fisheries Commission wouldn't allow river blinds, so you had to sit in the con-founded sand on shore and shiver and curse and wait for the ducks to fly over the beach—which was seldom. Next winter he'd rent a blind on the Chesapeake, perhaps buy a small boat with an outboard. He smiled and ran a gloved hand over his chapped lips as he envisioned a sturdy blind on the Bay, with perhaps a lodge on shore (but that would cost money), and great flights of mallard flying over the blind, wings down, and plummeting with a splash into the water as he released two well-aimed barrels. He clenched his gun and strained his eye upward into the faintly silvered sky.

Then Thornton relaxed and sat back down onto the sand, one hand resting lightly on the head of the dog that shivered and snuffled painfully as he slept. Thornton's eyes wandered back to the little rise of ground above the beach where his old car was parked beneath a scrubby tree. It was strange, he thought, how he kept coming back to this same place year after year. Of course, that new young doctor—whom he did not trust too much, anyway—had told him that his heart would not take this sort of weather any more. A man of Thornton's age, he had said, was not expected to sit in the sand like this, to wade in leaky boots in the icy water, and to withstand the excitement, mild as it might be, of hunting. Especially with Thornton's blood pressure being the erratic torrent that it was.

"Well," Thornton mused, "you're only young once." But young? No, he couldn't say that. A man's not young when he's a more-than-flabby specimen of fifty-five. But a person must be philosophical about such things. Thornton, although he was a man of practicality, and a good fellow to boot, was given to musings, strange thoughts

which came to him at odd moments, moments such as this, even in this cold morning air. They came usually when he was alone, away from the noise of the city, in the quietness along the river shore. He had never told anyone his thoughts, not even Marie; they would sound rather silly if he spoke them aloud. But though he was perturbed and even exalted by these thoughts, he suspected that the law of chance should have it that others thought in the same manner. Everyone has a philosophy, he reflected. What did this Omar say? "Eat, drink, and be merry. . . ." That was a good philosophy, he had concluded, even though it wasn't accepted by the Methodists. He chuckled to himself as he thought of Marie's reaction if he should reveal his contemplations. She'd probably pack up and leave, what with her church circles and prayers every night. But it was funny, all right. Time and space, for instance. Try and define time. You could measure it; it was there. But what was it? Oh, well. . . . The world was too full of troubles, what with the strikes and Harry Truman and the poor starving Poles, to worry about such generalities.

A sharp, piping sound, a rippling whistle came through the clear air above the river. Thornton pushed himself up to a half-standing position and thrust aside a bunch of reeds. Just outside of gunshot range, a lone pintail soared downward and lit on the grey water. He bobbed there for a moment, ducking his head for food. Thornton watched tensely, and released the safety catch on the gun.

"Come in, come in," he muttered to himself. "Come on in."

The pintail turned his black crowned head toward the shore. He seemed to be gazing at the decoys. Then, as if he suspected at that moment something queer about the nodding cork ducks near the beach, he wheeled about quickly in the water and took off with a

(Continued on Next Page)

adding splash down the river. Thornton watched the pintail until it disappeared, a black dot on the horizon.

Thornton cursed quietly, and jammed the safety back in irritation.

"Blasted pintail," he thought. "Blasted Fisheries Commission." If they would just let a person build a blind a hundred yards out, it would be easy. But the ducks wouldn't fly over the shore, unless there was a strong on-shore breeze. The blasted ducks were always out of range.

He sat down again in the sand. The dog woke up and stared at Thornton with sleepy eyes.

"That's all right, old boy," he murmured. "You just wait. We'll get 'em. You'll see."

Thornton crossly broke open the breech end of the gun and checked his shells. Then he snapped the stock and barrel together with a sharp crack. By God, he'd get some ducks today if it was the last thing he did. He'd walk into the house with the ducks held high, tied together by their feet, and the clotted blood on their wings. What would Marie say then? Yes, what would she say? Well, as usual she would not say much of anything—merely walk up to him in that weary manner and kiss him on the cheek and say, "How nice," in her tired, listless voice. It seemed of late that she was always tired, not saying much of anything, simply looking at him with her sleepy eyes, smiling now and then, not saying much at all. What got into a woman at that age? What made them act like that? By God, he bet that Helen Chappell. . . . Well now, what made him think of Helen Chappell? But that wasn't too strange. He had thought of her often—not incessantly, of course, but often enough—since he and Marie had been married.

But she was a peach, though, wasn't she? He remembered her sitting at the table in Cole's that night. How long ago? Twenty-eight years? No, twenty-nine, because it was in that year that

. . . Oh, well: twenty-eight. It didn't matter. But he remembered the way she looked down at the table, her blonde hair falling at the sides of her face, and the way she ran her finger slowly down the crack in the slate-top of the table as she listened to him talk. And then she looked up and he thought she was going to answer him.

But all she said was: "We'd better go, Frank."

So they left that evening, and that was the way it was. And a week later, Thornton learned that she had become engaged to Harry Snider. But that was the way it was. A man had to be philosophical about such things, even in those days.

So what did he do then? Well, he met Marie and courted her like the young fellows did in those days—very quietly and soberly, and at the same time full of small laughter. Then they got married. She wasn't too much to look at, but she had what he supposed was a "sweet" face, and a sort of gentle, quiet laugh which she still had, even to this day. By God, though, he didn't know what happened to Helen. That night she just walked away and never came back. He was never given a chance to ask why or how, and he could only guess that he had said something which offended or hurt her. It took him a while to get over it, even after he was married. There were those first hot, passionate nights when he kept saying: "Oh, Marie honey, Marie honey," and when he really was trying to think of Helen Chappell, of Helen lying there in his arms. But after a while he forgot about her, except for the times when her brief image would come to his mind for a moment or two and then disappear.

Well, he had no cause to complain. Marie was a good wife. She knew how to take care of a person. Of course, after young Frank died, she said that she would have no more children. It was quite a shock to her. She had

wanted a kid so bad. You could hardly blame her, though, not wanting to go through that trouble all over again, being afraid that the same thing might happen. But they had managed. Children weren't everything, although Thornton had begun to wonder lately if a young boy might not be pretty fine to have around for company on one of these trips, or when Marie went into one of those mopey spells.

The sun was coming up over the Bay, and the grey sky began to brighten with streaks of orange. The leaves on the small trees at the edge of the cornfield had stopped their rustling and trembling. It was getting warmer. Thornton took off his gloves, carefully stuck them in the decoy bag, and peered out from the side of the blind. Out on the river the mist had lifted. He could see the woodland on the other shore; and outlined against it in the channel the ducks bobbed like pinheads far out beyond the rickety fish stakes. Two seagulls lifted up from the water near the beach with a short splash, and winged slowly over the blind. It occurred to Thornton that seagulls were very smart. They knew a duck hunter when they saw one. They knew he was not after gulls. Or were they just stupid? Perhaps the fact that no one ever shot at them made them dull-witted about such matters. With a sigh he sat down again behind the blind and lit a cigar, taking care to blow the smoke downward toward the sand.

Thornton's eyes wandered back toward his car. It was certainly nothing much more than a junk heap, but it managed to get him down to the river each year. The cylinders were acting up again, though, and the inside was a mess. When the prices came down on the new cars, he would have to get one or even a good used car. By God though, wasn't money a pain in the neck? Ed Miles had said to him a few days ago that money wasn't every thing; but that was the way it was with

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The Poet's Page

Parting

In parting come the pain
Of love. The heart beats in vain
Protest against unaccustomed change. Em-
bedded
Ties become shredded,
Open wounds which no hemoglobin that may
Stem from sympathy can stay
Or scab. The flux of life flows
Ever out. By never-ending, prophetic scenes
one knows
What might have been. . . . Now, the last
Drop gone, a shell of the past
Is left in alien surroundings.
The present is dying, and soundings
Show the future to be dead.
Yet pulse still beats through muddled head,
For reflection leaves
A soft smell on the evening breeze. . . .
A faint glow of memory on the blind
Horizon of the mind.

—ROBERT D. LOOMIS

Meeting

Time was when melancholy attitude
Prevailed, and worlds did turn in weary state.
Birds sang from habit songs of somber mood,
And Tellers had but sad tales to relate.
A sunrise brought to me no joy, for I
Had no desire to see another day.
Old, trodden paths seemed alien, and my
Poor heart, bewildered, dazed, had lost the
way.
But then, when I had given over all,
When Fortune's smile seemed turned into a
leer,
Then you appeared. Oh, dreamed of change!
Bleak Fall
Became sweet Spring, and Hope brought
death to Fear.
For when we met, I found in each caress
A renaissance of love and happiness.

—ROBERT D. LOOMIS

Speak Softly Now

Speak softly now
if you would please me,
for thoughts are bred
in the silence of night;
and in my lonely room,
place names float hauntingly.
hush. . . the east river passes
towers of checkered light.
somewhere in the million-
footed city is she,
somewhere . . . somewhere. . . .
and i may find her
only in the still and lone.
if you would please me,
speak softly now.

—ROBERT D. LOOMIS



On My Blindness

Beware, O shades of Shakespeare! Turn and
toss!
For disrepute comes swift from my deft
hands.
In my strict lines you meet your doom—
your boss!
For sonnet writing, style and beat commands.
Methinks these lines be perfect sonnet form.
Ten syllables each line contains, please note—
No deviation, just accepted norm.
For faults, care is the perfect antidote.
To feel the steady throb of certain feet
Has been the poet's dearest, prayed for love.
So I feel proud I can with such ease meet
The fine requirements mentioned just above.
All this is perfect rhythm nicely caught.
Quite true! And rhyme is here—but where's
the thought?

—ROBERT D. LOOMIS

Reflections

A jagged piece
of silvered glass.
A gilded framed
perfection.

All we are
as on we pass
is told in its
reflection.

Touch the roughened
edge of truth—
Dim the shine
with tear.

Time will kiss
a scar of youth—
That way to
one more year.

Step on the pattern,
see it break;
hear tinkles
and the jangles.

Ideals when shattered
cause an ache—
But life will spray
new angles.

And so I walk
on shattered glass,
and all the while
I listen.

For life is fragile.
As I trespass,
like mirrors
my eyes glisten.

—ROSALIE HALBRIEN

THE PATTERN OF THE MOTH

by Bill Snitger

MAUDE had never completely lost her fear of the subway. Before coming to New York she had read a rather gory account of an accident that had happened on the I. R. T., and ever since that time she experienced a feeling of impending disaster upon entering the subway and one of relief after leaving it. The woman in the newspaper report had tried unsuccessfully to enter a crowded car, getting her coat caught in the closing doors and had been dragged to a hideous death when the car began to move into the tunnel.

Even though it was almost four in the morning and the station at 137th Street was vacant except for her and a man who was pacing quietly up and down, Maude dreaded the ride downtown to Sheridan Square. In the daytime the noisy crowds kept her mind off the possibilities of disaster to a great extent, but late at night the subway seemed to take on new and even more ominous characteristics. To Maude, an almost empty train, speeding under the city, appeared to be run by a force stronger than man's. Then too, the train itself had a powerful personality that frightened her: it seemed as though it could go where it wished, disregarding any mechanical influence or control.

Maude folded her *Daily News* over her pocketbook and sat down on one of the benches. She watched the old man for a moment, then glanced at the advertisements on the other side of the

tracks. She decided that she and Ethel would have to go to the new show at the Capitol. They could have gone the following Saturday night if Ethel's mother and sister hadn't arrived unexpectedly from upstate that night. Now Ethel would be tied up for a week. She and Ethel had gone to dinner and a double feature that night, but with the arrival of Ethel's family and with the lack of space at her place, Maude had had to leave. She had pretended not to be annoyed at the prospect of returning to her apartment at four in the morning, but having her one night away from the drabness of her own room-and-a-half interrupted was rather disturbing.

She glanced again at the man who was pacing up and down in front of the benches and then opened her newspaper. Before she had come to New York all her friends at home had told her how fascinating it would be to watch all the characters on the subway, but Maude thought that most of them were just disgusting and avoided any two-minute personality analysis between stops.

While she was reading Danton Walker's column she was slowly conscious of the sudden silence in the station. She looked toward the entrance turnstiles and saw that the man had stopped walking and was leaning against one of them. Apparently he wasn't even aware of her presence as he gazed

passively at the floor, but Maude felt that he had just looked away from her. She returned to Danton Walker but soon found that her mind wasn't on the chit-chat in his column: she was only pretending to read. Occasionally she let her eyes wander past the advertisements to the man, and each time he was looking at the floor. He was hatless, and his tie hung outside his coat, and Maude couldn't tell if he were drunk or just tired. The harsh light shone on his brown hair and created dark circles around his eyes so that Maude was not quite sure if he were actually looking down, or if those hidden eyes were watching her.

She got up and walked to the edge of the platform and anxiously wished that the train would come. But the stretch of faintly-lighted tunnel held only silence. She wondered why they didn't run the express trains after one o'clock, and pushed back her coat sleeve to check the time. Four-ten. As she turned to go back to the bench, the man suddenly sneezed; and the unexpected sound echoed back and forth in the lonely station. The noise startled her and she looked at him again. This time he was busy blowing his nose; but when he finished, he stared at Maude a moment and then looked at the floor. Maude sensed a hidden meaning in his glance. She started to tear small bits of paper from the *News* and dropped them on the floor. Maybe, she thought, I should go back to Ethel's and call a cab. The whole thing would seem so silly, though. A strange man, her own over-worked nerves and—something Ethel was bound to mention—too many movies. She stood with her back to the stranger and waited for the train. The small bits of paper continued to flutter noiselessly to the floor. Maude could not rationalize herself out of the feeling that the man was watching her.

Of course, she thought, what difference does it make anyhow. There were plenty of times that she had been the victim of subway stares, and she

Illustrated by Pat Wimberley

had always managed to get by without any trouble. From the way Ethel talked you would think that ninety per cent of the females in New York were stared at and followed on the subway. Now she wished she had not thought of being followed. The idea always made her uneasy, especially after all of Ethel's lurid stories of what might happen.

Finally she heard the growing rumbling of the train coming south and breathed as though she had been under water. She noticed that her hands were perspiring, but the sound of the nearing train and the thought of getting home were enough to calm her nerves. She thought of what a good story she would have to tell Ethel over the phone in the morning.

The train screeched into the station and stopped. Maude stood aside as three bleary-eyed men got off, then she entered the train and sat near the door of an empty coach. An ugly fear shook her as she saw the strange man come into her coach from a forward one and sit down on the opposite side near the end. Before she could change her mind, the train carried them into the bowels of the city.

She tried to read the ads on the other side of the car, but they were as meaningless as a foreign language to her. She opened her newspaper again but the words blurred and ran together. Without looking at him she knew that she was being watched. Each time the train stopped she waited breathlessly to see if he were going to leave. But after each stop they were still together in the car.

Being followed, being followed, she thought. She knew that she had to stop letting her imagination run away. Why, the whole business was no more than a minor coincidence. But the loud scraping of the wheels against the tracks seemed to yell "Followed!" when the train stopped.

Between 50th Street and Times Square the lights in the car flashed off and on. At the moment the car was in



darkness the man sneezed again. Maude felt her heart pounding, and the tingling sensation of fear mingled with expectancy ran through her body.

At Times Square two sailors on their way to the Staten Island Ferry got on and lay down on the seats. Their silent presence gave Maude the moral strength she needed to go on to Sheridan Square and her apartment. She even dared to venture a glance at the corner of the car; but when she did, her eyes met his and for a moment they regarded each other with complete understanding. Quickly she looked away and closed her eyes, and at the same time felt as though she were going to be sick. His eyes and that smile and what was worse, the terror of her own admission.

With her eyes closed and with the constant racket of the train as it sped on to Penn Station, she dared to think that she might be dreaming. But the small group of people who got on at the next

stop dispelled any such hope. They were talking loudly and one small man who sat next to Maude was explaining a complicated movie to his girl friend. There was no courage left in Maude now. Even a crowd of people made no difference. She was there and he was there and what had happened was beyond regret.

The next few stops were a series of jerks and noises. And with a sudden start, Maude realized that there were only two stops before she had to get off. It took an almost overpowering effort for her not to look at the man again.

After the next two stations, she got up and stood in front of the center doors and waited for the train to stop. As soon as the doors opened she rushed out and hurried up the stairs to the street. She leaned against the side of a building on the corner and viewed the familiar sights. It seemed odd to see

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Art Gilbert, Pi Kappa Alpha, Says Of The Honor System:

"I am very much in favor of instituting the honor system at Duke. I hold the honor system to be a method of fair play enabling each student to exercise his own honesty and integrity. However, the proposition requiring any student witnessing an offense to report the offender is not the honor system."

H O N O R

Student governments in schools and colleges throughout the democratic world are founded upon a single principle: the education of potential citizens and leaders in the functions of a democracy. To justify the existence of student government, its members strive for improvement and progress. The goal is the embodiment of every individual with a sense of personal responsibility and integrity.

Until 1779, student government, in spite of its ideal, was little more than a police system. At that time the faculty of the College of William and Mary in Virginia, "inspired by their ideal of democracy and their faith in human nature," conceived a fundamental plan for developing honor among

the students. This plan of college discipline became known as the "honor system." Since then, the theory and practice of the honor system has been assumed in other centers of learning, until it has become a foundation in the architecture of education.

The functional specifications of the honor system (which is installed in schools ranging from Reformatories to more scholarly institutions) are essentially the same everywhere. In order to establish an honor system, there must be a large majority vote from the student body. This is necessary since an honor system demands the unanimous support of its sponsoring body. In all cases freshmen are indoctrinated with the machinery of the honor system

either before or shortly after entering college.

All student organizations which foster honor systems require that the component individuals sign a pledge. A typical pledge might read:

1. Are you in favor of an honor system?
2. Would you personally abide by the honor system?
3. Since reporting of infractions is essential to the success of an honor system, would you pledge yourself to report all infractions known to you?

Sixty-five schools out of eighty-seven investigated maintain successful and working honor systems. From all of these colleges it is reported that there is no standard penalty for infraction of

Marjorie Frey, Kappa Kappa Gamma, Opines On The Honor System:

"Acceptance of the honor system will stimulate much needed Duke morale. It will strengthen individual integrity as well as mutual respect among us. When we attain the goal of honor in the classroom, we shall realize all the advantages of self-government and we shall be prepared to put them in operation."



S Y S T E M

the honor system code. Punishment ranges from a brief campus restriction to expulsion. In one school the penalty is the addition of the number of semester hours required for graduation.

The most contested point in the honor system plan is the question of reporting. Most students object to being self-appointed judiciaries. They do not consider it expedient to judge their contemporaries. The composite honor system provides for reporting to be done by one of three means:

1. The offender may report himself voluntarily.
2. The offender may report himself after being warned by a witness to his breach of the honor code.
3. The offender may be reported by

the observer without warning.

The hypothetically perfect honor system has no place for reporting. The individual is his own proctor on an exam, in lab, or wherever written work is required outside of class. Unfortunately such an honor system would have to be practiced by a group of hypothetically perfect individuals. A situation such as this does not and cannot exist. There is no such thing as a perfect honor system.

A pamphlet, containing a noteworthy passage relative to the virtue of reporting, was circulated at Duke last fall. That passage is quoted as follows:

"Sometimes we fail to realize the necessity of reminding those who do not live up to an honor system that they

have committed a misdeed. Some consider it an act of friendliness to overlook these faults. But is it? Many of us are tempted to try to hide our misconduct. Courage is required to admit an error; courage is required to point out or censure the errors of others. We are strengthened by admission; we are weakened by concealment."

Originally "honor system" was the term used to describe the existence of mutual confidence between the student body and the faculty. The broadest allowance toward student freedom made by any honor system is found in the honor plan of the university which gave birth to the plan of utilizing group integrity. At the College of

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S K E T C H E S

NEWMAN IVEY WHITE cannot view with equanimity any book which is the product of mediocre or insincere effort.

"The way I look at it," he said, propping his feet up on his desk, "the primary importance of a book is its truth. It isn't necessary that everybody down in Jimsonweed Junction read or remember it. If it's a good book, somebody will read it."

Dr. White, a tall, bespectacled man in his early fifties, is a Duke alumnus and, incidentally, is represented by several poems in *One and Twenty*, the recent Duke anthology of student prose and verse. In spite of the fact that he is now chairman of the Duke department of English, he exhibits as much an outward air of scholarship as the corner druggist. In conversation he has a way of leaning back in his chair and rambling heartily away in an agreeable Southern accent. This is all rather disconcerting to those who fancy the biographer of Shelley as perhaps a bumptious old fuddy-duddy, and is likely to squelch the idea that all scholars, especially English scholars, are given to stuffiness.

In case you didn't know, Dr. White is author of a two-volume biography, *Shelley*, published in 1940, which the *New York Times*, imbued with an excusable amount of fervor, called "a monumental work which will endure as long as the poet's fame—and that is deathless." In addition to this book, he has published, during the last fifteen years, three volumes concerning Shelley, and a score or so of scholarly papers, all of which should qualify him as some sort of an authority on the great Romantic poet. There is little doubt



Newman Ivy White

that Dr. White's work *will* be remembered in Jimsonweed Junction.

Dr. White occupies a somewhat cluttered office in West Duke building. Two doors away is the office of Mrs. White, a calm, pleasant woman, who, besides teaching English on the East campus is something of an authority on modern drama. Dr. and Mrs. White met when he was teaching at Washington University in St. Louis and she was a student in his class in 18th century literature. They were married in 1922; she then came to Durham where Dr. White was teaching in Trinity College. Mrs. White, who has, as she puts it, the "teaching instinct," has been a member of the faculty since 1929 and has found Duke students, it might be

Caricature By Clarence Brown

helpful to know, not only interesting, but also amusing.

It is often a subject of wonderment to people just how one starts out to become a biographer. It is one thing to like a poet and read him, but it is quite another thing, as Dr. White will attest, to devote much of one's whole life to his study.

"I first got interested in Shelley," Dr. White related, "back in 1915, when I was writing a term paper up at Harvard for Irving Babbitt. I was casting around for some subject to write on and finally hit upon Shelley's dramatic poems. Well, I wrote the paper, and Babbitt was sort of impressed and suggested that I use Shelley as a subject for my doctoral dissertation. So I did."

This was the beginning of twenty-five years of affectionate, absorbing, and sometimes exasperating labor which has led Dr. and Mrs. White not only into the musty archives of libraries in England and America, but also into practically every house and locality in England where Shelley was ever reputed to have been. Such a multiform and comprehensive enterprise is naturally not without both its disappointments and triumphs, and has involved Dr. White in a number of nerve-racking episodes. Not the least harrowing of these occurred when he and Mrs. White, on Shelley's trail through western England, visited an ancient church in Bristol on Easter Sunday and found themselves locked in, and alone. After an hour-long search for some sort of exit, and faced with the prospect of staying until the next service, Dr. White finally succeeded in obtaining help by shouting loudly in the tones of

an indignant North Carolinian, and by battering frantically at the venerable panels of the front door. The person who heard him was a suspicious sort, though, and summoned not only the rector, but the local constabulary, all of whom greeted the two Americans with stony and imperious stares. It was not until two weeks later that the Whites learned from the rector that their near-incarceration was at the hands of the organist, a half-blind old party, who, when he locked the place up, had not seen the visitors as they sat in a pew studiously consulting their Baedeker.

Dr. White regards his discovery on Shelley's mysterious child—the "Neapolitan charge" referred to in a number of the poet's letters, as the most sensational item in all his long research. The story is that of a child found in the Naples birth records bearing Shelley's name and described as the daughter of Percy B. and Mary Shelley. But who the child was—whether she was the illegitimate child of Claire Clairmont, or whether (as Dr. White believes) she was a child adopted by the poet—is incapable of absolute proof. However, the situation which led to the episode, and to which the enigmatic record brought closer attention—that is, the state of Shelley's domestic life—is one which changed the entire interpretation of his poetry during the period, and for this, at least, Dr. White feels compensated.

Lately Dr. White has been engaged in a scholarly tussle with Professor Robert Metcalf Smith, author of a recent book, *The Shelley Legend*, which seeks to debunk Shelley in general, and Shelley scholars in particular. In an article in the July issue of *Studies in Philology*, Dr. White has set forth with documentary evidence, his own views on Professor Smith's book, namely, that it contains more factual errors, exaggerations, and distortions than he has ever encountered in any printed book.

When the Whites were in London,

while Dr. White was immersed in the local archives, Mrs. White haunted the local divorce courts. There was nothing personal in all this, as Mrs. White was prompt to add; rather she was quite interested in the workings of English justice. Not only are the British divorce courts generally more liberal than they used to be, but they're conducted with a good deal more dignity than those in the United States, which gratifies Mrs. White very much.

Mrs. White has her opinions not only on divorces, but also on contemporary drama, a course which she teaches here at Duke. She and Dr. White make occasional trips to New York to take in the current Broadway productions, and from her recent observations she is able to report that the level of acting nowadays is far above the level of playwriting; though she thought that Maxwell Anderson's *Truckline Cafe*, which was scorned by the critics, was a superb play.

Mrs. White repeats that she thinks teaching is the best occupation in the world, although she is still of the opinion after twenty years or so at the job, that it isn't the easiest.

When Dr. White was a student at Trinity College back in 1913, he not only wrote poetry and edited the *Chanticleer*, but was one of the best tennis players in the South. Since then he has been a bit more interested in Shelley than in tennis, and in a considerable number of other subjects to which he has devoted a good deal of time and effort. One of these is Negro poetry and folklore; in 1924 he edited *An Anthology of Verse by American Negroes*, and four years later he published *American Negro Folk Songs*. He first became interested in Negro expression when he was an undergraduate here at Duke under Dr. Frank C. Brown. This interest increased when he was teaching at Alabama Polytechnic Institute in 1916. Two years later he attracted the atten-

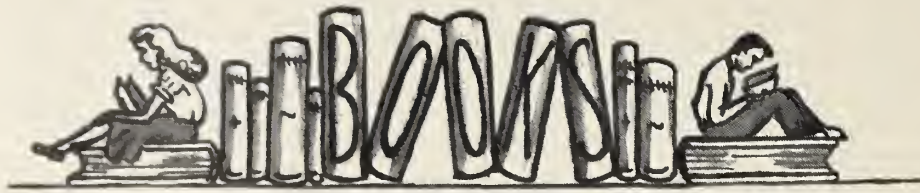
tion of George Lyman Kittredge, the great Shakespearean scholar, by a report which he had made on some aspect of the subject. Later, additional work and research expended the report into *American Negro Folk Songs*. But this isn't all. When he returned to Duke he found his former teacher, Dr. Brown, still collecting folklore. He had been doing so for twenty-five years, when he died in 1942, leaving unpublished and only partly organized a huge collection of over 30,000 items. It devolved upon Dr. White to organize and publish it. Since then Dr. White has applied himself to the task, with the cooperation of associates in other universities, and the organization has been virtually completed. The publication of the collection is forthcoming, the actual editing already being well started.

It is a matter of curiosity to know just in what position the biographer of Shelley places him in respect to other English poets.

"To say who's the greatest among poets," Dr. White said, "is like comparing chrysanthemums and roses. Different people like different poets for different things. Personally I place Shelley below Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Milton. But I'll rank him above all the rest of the English poets, except possibly Wordsworth. To me his greatness is in his incomparable lyric beauty. Beyond that, he was one of the great missionaries of truth and justice."

Dr. White has nothing of the self-abnegating manner. He has the quiet, easy air of a man who has accomplished something of great distinction, and is not altogether unaware of it. In regard to his *Shelley*, Dr. White lit a Philip Morris, which, incidentally he smokes constantly, and drawled: "I wouldn't have written it if I didn't know somebody would read it, or if I didn't think it would be a good book."

WILLIAM STYRON.



JAMES JOYCE

By Herbert Gorman
Farrar & Rinehart, Inc.

The time is becoming more and more appropriate now for books such as this one by Mr. Gorman to appear. The varied storm of opinions that greeted Joyce's work a few years ago gradually has simmered down until now, for the most part, there remains only the question of how high in the ranks of literature he should be placed.

James Augustine Joyce was born in Dublin in 1882, a time of turmoil and political savagery in Ireland. His early schooling at Clongowes Wood College and at University College was important to Joyce because of the fact that it was from this schooling that most of the characters and happenings that go to make up *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* were drawn. Joyce showed a decided interest in English and foreign languages, and this early love for words manifests itself in his later writings.

While still a youth, Joyce developed a profound and worshipful admiration for Ibsen; and when he was only eighteen years old, an essay of his about one of the Norwegian dramatist's plays was published in the *Fortnightly Review*—a remarkable accomplishment for one so young!

Joyce, feeling himself hemmed in and restricted by the narrow and set ways of Ireland, left Dublin for Paris after he graduated from college. ("I will not serve that in which I no longer believe, whether it calls itself home, my fatherland or my church. . . .")

To those who knew him in his first Parisian days, Joyce seemed very pre-

tentious. He met Synge and Casey; and when he saw the former's play *Riders to the Sea* in the manuscript, he complained in true Joycean form that the catastrophe in the play was brought about in a faulty manner. Once Joyce took Synge to his room and showed the playwright a notebook full of ungrammatical "Memorabilia" which he had found in famous books. (In the light of his later works, it is interesting to note this early passion for grammatical exactness.) Joyce almost starved to death in Paris. He spent most of his time reading and writing, the one pound a week on which he was forced to live allowing him to do little else.

In 1903, Joyce returned to Ireland because his mother was dying. His sojourn in Paris had not been impressive as far as his desire to write was concerned, and he almost was persuaded to become a professional singer. (He had a beautiful tenor voice.) An unfortunate—or fortunate—incident occurred in an audition, however, and he became disgusted. He left Dublin again—never to return—for Paris because, as Gorman puts it, Ireland seemed to him to be "smothered by religious and social obligations and oppressions."

Now Joyce was working on the short stories for *Dubliners* and a long book *Stephen Hero*. In 1907, a little book of his poems, *Chamber Music*, was published; however, Joyce cared little about it and received no royalties from its sales. The following year, *Dubliners* was sent to a London book firm; but procrastinating publishers delayed its printing for eight years! Three years later, in 1917, the Egoist Press published *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*—the new title of *Stephen*

Hero. He also completed a play, *Exiles*, which showed a marked influence of Ibsen. This play was his swan song to the literature of the past, for already he was writing sketches for a new work to be called *Ulysses*.

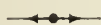
Joyce did not remain in Paris after he left Dublin. He divided his time between Trieste, Zurich, Rome, Berlin, and Locarno (to name the principal places); but in 1920, he again returned to Paris.

Ulysses being almost completed, he began to look for a publisher. None could be found. Finally, in 1922, Sylvia Beach, owner of the now famous bookshop, Shakespeare and Company, agreed to undertake the task. The most difficult problem was to find printers who were accurate enough to accomplish the work. Even as it was, Joyce corrected six successive proofs before he was satisfied. The first printing was only one thousand copies, but by the end of the year almost three thousand copies were in existence. It must be admitted that many bought the book because they had heard that there were some "swell dirty parts" in it, for few realized what a collector's prize they really had. Through the efforts of Bennett Cerf, *Ulysses* was admitted to the United States in 1934. Previous to this time, a few plagiarized editions had appeared in the United States—much to the chagrin of Joyce and his colleagues.

The early reviews of *Ulysses* are interesting in that they vary so widely. Some reviewers condemned it to damnation, and others praised it as a classic. Since there were so few copies in print,

(Continued on Page 25)

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-THE DUCKS-

(Continued from Page 10)

people who were well set up in business. The ones who had all the money seemed to forget its value. Yes, and he remembered how Ed had managed to get all that money. He shouldn't say "all that money," for Ed was no millionaire, but by all rights (although Thornton disliked admitting it to anyone) he himself should be in Ed's place instead of out on the route in the truck and reporting to Ed in his office three times a week. By God, sometimes he almost hated Ed Miles; but then, being sort of philosophical, he counted it up to bad luck, and tried to be as friendly to the fellow as possible.

He remembered how it was that day when Mr. Simmons came down to Richmond to appoint a new District Sales Manager; how he and Ed stood out on the steps smoking while Mr. Simmons sat in the office looking over their references and credentials; how Ed kept saying sort of wistfully: "Hell, Frank, you'll get it. You had a year of college," and how all along, right up to that time, Thornton was confident that he'd get the job.

But Ed got the position, and afterwards, when Thornton went in, bewildered and angry, Mr. Simmons had looked up at him through his thick glasses and said in the clipped, brusque voice:

"I'm sorry, Thornton, but Miles seems to have a more satisfying sales record. Martha Washington Coffee appoints its district managers on the basis of sales alone. There's nothing I can do, really, you should know that."

Then Thornton turned and went out, not daring to speak, for fear that he'd get so mad that he'd throw something at Mr. Simmons' bald head. Anger was a funny thing. He didn't often get mad, but when he did he felt as if he would burst if he didn't do something, tear up things—anything. But getting angry never helped. After that he was cooler toward Ed, but

friendly enough. It was silly to hold a grudge against a person. Just forget about it and be philosophical was the best policy.

Thornton heard a dull chugging coming from the Bay. He peeped through the reeds and saw a line of oyster boats far down the river, heading upstream in the channel. That would be fine, he thought. The boats would stir up the ducks and chase them toward the shore. He eased back down in the sand, and softly stroked the dog's head, listening with pleasure to the distant puttering of the engines. He'd just sit it out and wait and then, by God, the ducks were certain to come in.

He relit the cigar and gazed up into the sky where the crows were still gliding over the cornfield in the early morning sun. It was strange, he thought, how everything seemed always out of reach. Every time he got a chance at something big, he muffed it. But it was a good thing he always had his philosophy to settle back on. He had begun to wonder during the past years if perhaps the Methodists weren't all wrong. How did they know? How may a man base his faith in anything sure, when everything is so uncertain? Even certainty was uncertain. The lodge, for instance. Why, that was all that he had heard the brothers talk about. All of them had told him that he was a sure thing for Grand Exalted Emir, and what had happened? The night of the election, they had made Jim Alderson Emir, and he had come out a poor third with Most Worthy Rajah. Of course he had been disappointed; who wouldn't? And it was going to be a big year for the Lodge, too. But that was the way it went.

When you had a bad heart, though, you couldn't merely forget about it and be merry. You had to put your faith in something. But what? Every time you thought you had something sure—whango!—there it went. Maybe that young doctor was wrong, anyhow. It

was natural for a man Thornton's age to have high blood pressure, wasn't it? That was the trouble with modern medicine. By God, every little ache and pain meant that you had cancer or thrombosis or prostate trouble. A man might as well have a good time while he can.

"Ain't that right, boy?" he said, scratching the dog's long ears. "Huh? How about it, boy?"

Suddenly Thornton heard a fluttering sound above and behind him. Six ducks came over, wings down and flat, necks strained forward, and were gone before he had a chance to raise and throw the gun to his shoulder. Thornton was trembling with excitement. He looked out over the water. A flock of ducks—nearly ten or twelve—were headed in low across the water toward the decoys. He nervously fingered the stock of the gun, and spoke softly to the dog.

"Ho, boy," he whispered. "Steady. We'll get 'em now."

Thornton crouched tensely behind the reeds, hardly breathing. The blood rushed to his brain, and he could feel his cheeks becoming flushed with a thrill of anticipation. The ducks were coming in fast, skimming over the surface of the waves to the bobbing decoys. When they were about twice gunshot range, he softly pressed against the safety catch. His whole body was quivering in fascination as he watched the ducks scud past the fish stakes and into range. "Hold it," he thought, "hold it 'til they're on the decoys." They were so close now that he could tell what kind they were. All mallards. "Don't get up too soon," he cautioned himself. Suddenly, they were on top of the decoys. Thornton stood up quickly and took a sight on a fat drake which was flying at the head of the flock. His left hand shook so that he could hardly keep the gun steady. He pulled the right trigger with a sharp jerk. A miss. Trembling, he lined up

(Continued on Page 23)



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-THE DUCKS-

(Continued from Page 21)

on another drake who was swiftly heading down river. His eyes began to blur. He cursed himself silently. Blindly he pulled the trigger. Another miss. Thornton took the gun from his shoulder and jammed the butt in the sand in bitter disgust.

"Damn!" he said. "Damn!"

The dog was out among the decoys, splashing about excitedly for the ducks which were not there. Suddenly Thornton saw two stray mallards winging in toward the decoys from the fish stakes. He called frantically to the dog.

"Come here, come here! Get out of there!"

The damned dog would scare them away! He fumbled wildly in his pocket for two shells, and popped them in to the barrels.

"Get out of there!" he yelled. "Come in here!" The dog, unheeding, continued to paddle around in the shallow water. Thornton crouched rigidly behind the blind. He saw the two ducks come within range and then, seeing the dog, they swerved in a wide arc to the left down the river. Thornton ran madly out onto the beach, stumbling in the sand and driftwood. He was breathing in deep gasps as he came to a halt by the water and raised the gun to his shoulder. Taking a sight on the swiftly disappearing ducks, he released both barrels at once. Both misses! Out of range. His heart was pounding, and his brain ached and throbbed. As he stood there, his whole body became weak and limp, as if made of water. A sharp pain surged up from his chest and then to his neck. Then the river and the sunlight faded quickly and vanished. He fell forward and collapsed in the sand.

The dog swam to the beach, padded softly up to the prone figure, and sniffed at a limp hand. Then he sat down, trembling. After a moment he got up, shook off the water, and trotted back to the shelter of the blind.



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-BOOKS-

(Continued from Page 18)

he general public had to content itself merely with reading these reviews.

Hardly had *Ulysses* been finished when Joyce began a new project which he tentatively called *Work in Progress*. This book later was named *Finigans Wake*, a work so complicated and obscure that few have the intelligence even to begin to discuss it. Parts of *Finigans Wake* were printed in *transition* under such titles as "Haveth Childers Everywhere," and "Storiella as She is Syung." Apropos of these portions were verses like the following:

"... Sevensinns in her singthings,
Plurabells on her prose,
Sheashell ebb music wayriver she
flows.

Humptydump Dublin squeaks
through his nose;

Humptydump Dublin hath a horrible
vorse.

But for all his kinks english plus
his irismanx brogues

Humptydump Dublin's granddada
of all rogues."

Joyce never forgot his Dublin.

Unfortunately, Mr. Gorman's prose is at times faintly reminiscent of an academic thesis. The life and times of James Joyce are so interesting, however, that the book is fascinating in spite of Mr. Gorman.

—ROBERT D. LOOMIS.

Send

The Archive

Home

THE ARCHIVE, October, 1946

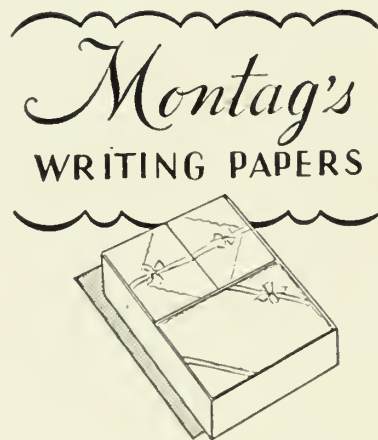
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-HONOR SYSTEM-

(Continued from Page 15)

William and Mary, very few forms of social misbehavior are forbidden. The good conduct code states that "nothing is forbidden but dueling, which might be fatal to the student's life, gambling, drunkenness, and tavern hunting, which may be pernicious to his health and morals." Similarly at Sweet Briar College in Virginia, the honor system applies to all phases of college life. Where the honor system is firmly entrenched into the machinery of a school, there is no question about its merit in the minds of those who practice it. When asked whether or not the honor system worked at her school, one student replied, "Of course! There is no alternative but to abide by the honor system." Such is the enthusiastic support of the honor system." by students who have never known any other plan of discipline.

Dr. Joseph Roy Geiger, late professor of philosophy and psychology at the College of William and Mary, has written a very logical pamphlet discussing the honor system in colleges. He says that primarily the standards of honor within the scope of action in which the honor system is to be applied must be well-defined and generally recognized by the rank and file of the students. Secondly, he points out a very essential factor, "moral leadership within the student body of the college." Faculty co-operation, he says, is also very important.

There are those students whose skepticism is fed by talk of honor systems. They express themselves in these terms: "If those who live under the honor system are possessed of a high sense of honor, the system is unnecessary; and if those who live under it are not possessed of a high sense of honor, it is impossible."

Last fall a movement was initiated at Duke by the Woman's Student Council to reinstate a rather legendary

honor system which, according to the records, existed at Duke from 1925 to 1932. A committee within the council worked for months, gathering facts and pro and con opinions. The honor system they proposed was to apply only to women students. It was to be a strictly academic honor system with the reservation that it might be extended to social activities if it proved successful in the classroom.

The proposed honor system plan ran through the grinder of student opinion and finally reached the Council on the Education of Women. The honor system is now at an indefinite stage in its progress. It cannot be definitely ascertained just how strong student support will be. Whatever the outcome may be, the facts show that honor systems are an outstanding advancement in the education of citizens.

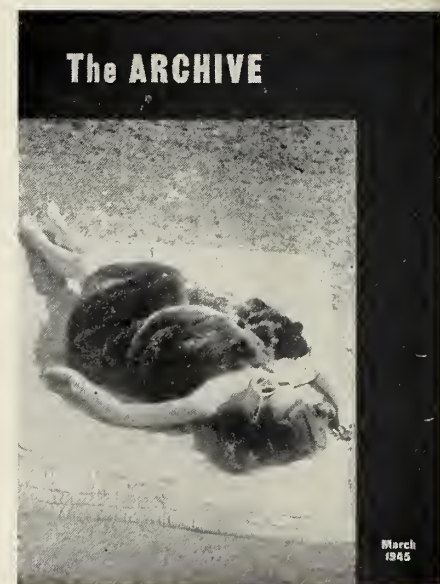
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Pattern Of The Moth

(Continued from Page 13)

Jack Delaney's Bar so quiet and dark early in the morning. Two people came up out of the subway station and as the sound of the departing train rolled off in the tunnel, she waited and listened. Then she walked rapidly across Seventh Avenue and through deserted Sheridan Square. Her apartment had never seemed so far from the subway stop before.

Turning off Sheridan Square she stopped and listened, but could only hear the pounding of her heart. She tried to fight off her fear, but the futility of fighting was greater than the futility of her fears. Almost running, she finally reached her apartment house. All that was left to endure was the four flights of stairs—and then her room and its door and its telephone.

As she raced through the front door into the hall, she got a glimpse of herself in the mirror by the stairs. Her face was white with horror and there were tears of fear running down her cheeks.

The stairs were endless and she finally had to pause and rest on the last landing. The sound of her rapid breathing was not loud enough, however, for her to miss the noise of the front door downstairs opening.

She couldn't see through the darkness of the halls to the floors below, but she gasped in terror and ran on to the door of her apartment. As she opened her pocketbook and searched wildly through it, there was the distinct and hollow noise of a sneeze coming from a floor beneath.

With a desperate sob she fell to her knees on the floor in front of her door. She had lost her key.

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—The Log.

Bum: Have you a nickle for a cup
of coffee?

Vet: No, but I'll get by somehow!

"Is this a poplar tree?"

"No, they seem to prefer the lamp-
post on the corner."

Then there was the janitor who
worked in the girls' dorm and was en-
trusted with a pass key to every room
in the building.

The following week the Dean ran
across him and asked, "Why didn't you
come around Friday for your pay,
Oscar?"

"Vot! Do I get wages too?"

Strike!

A fortune teller gazed into his
crystal ball and told his young lady
customer that something amusing was
about to happen to her. Then he broke
into hilarious laughter. The young
lady arose immediately and hit him in
the teeth. "Why did you do that?" he
asked dazedly. "My mother," she an-
swered firmly, "always told me to
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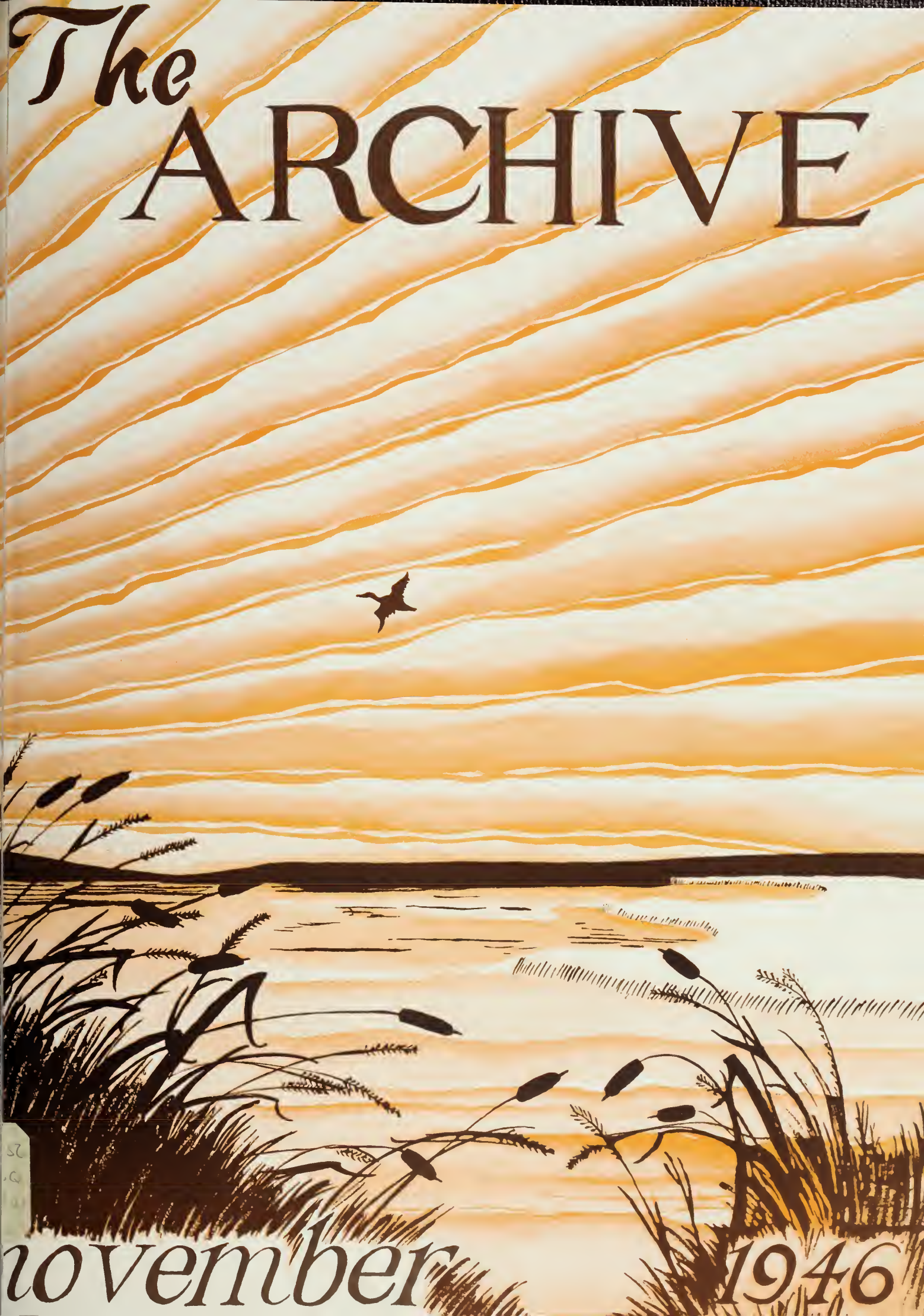
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Meredith Moore—'32

O. G. Sawyer—'23

This Month

People have been asking for weeks about the "What I Don't Like" series. Although we tried to save it for a surprise, the story filtered through to the public. The idea was originated by Fred Jacobson, editor of the Carolina Magazine. He proposed that we submit an article by a Duke student to be concerned with "What I Don't Like About Carolina." Jacobson and his staff were to reciprocate with a similar article from the Carolina point of view. We agreed that it would make an interesting feature, and now these two articles are appearing simultaneously in the *Carolina Mag* and *The Archive*. *The Mag* accepted Tookie Hodgson's article from among a group of contesting pieces; we selected Markham as being the one most qualified to speak on The Hill from this side of it. The two much-publicized articles are on pages 16 and 17.

Several weeks ago Joe Di Mona handed us a short sketch called, simply, "Nagasaki." We think it is one of the most dramatic war-time bits that we have seen, and for that reason could hardly justify keeping it for our editorial eyes alone. Larry Coe, a newcomer, executed the illustration. Nothing we could say about it could add to its virtue; read it for yourself on page 11.

Bob Allen has long been known on campus as a lover of classical jazz. In this age of the Juke Box, there should be many readers who will applaud his all-inclusive article entitled "Jazz: From The Duke to the Duke Ambassadors" on page 12. Norman Anderson did the montage photograph of Fletcher which accompanies the article. The musical sheet pictured is from an arrangement by the late Vince Courtney, to whom Allen's article is fittingly dedicated.

The fiction department this month offers two stories by contributors from both East and West campuses. Bob Loomis, who receives our nomination for coming fame in the Duke literary world, wrote the story "Nothing Else to Do" on page 8. It is capably illustrated by Pat Wimberley, who is already recognized in the art field. "They Seek A Wedding" on page 14 was written by coed-senior Jill Fothergill and illustrated by Kitty Morrison.

Art Editor Frank Trechsel returns this month with a colored cover designed to bring nostalgia to duck hunters.

THE ARCHIVE, November, 1946

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SIS WATSON	JANE SCARBOROUGH
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We received a letter recently which inspired some thought on our part. The letter was from a former undergraduate writer here at Duke. He had thought for a long time that *The Archive* had failed in its duty as a literary magazine. After he assumed the status of a graduate student elsewhere, his attitude toward the college magazine softened. He says, "It is its duty to fail, as the organ which expresses the attempts of a group of writers generally too young to succeed." We admit that we never thought about it in exactly that way. Maybe it is not too inappropriate that this comment should appear above the following insertion.

AN APOLOGY

THE ARCHIVE wishes to extend its sincere apologies to Señor V. E. Estrada for the unintentional use of his name in a fictitious story printed in the April, 1946, issue and entitled "Altitude." The editors were unaware at the time of publication that Señor Estrada was an actual person. We regret our error.

The Editor.

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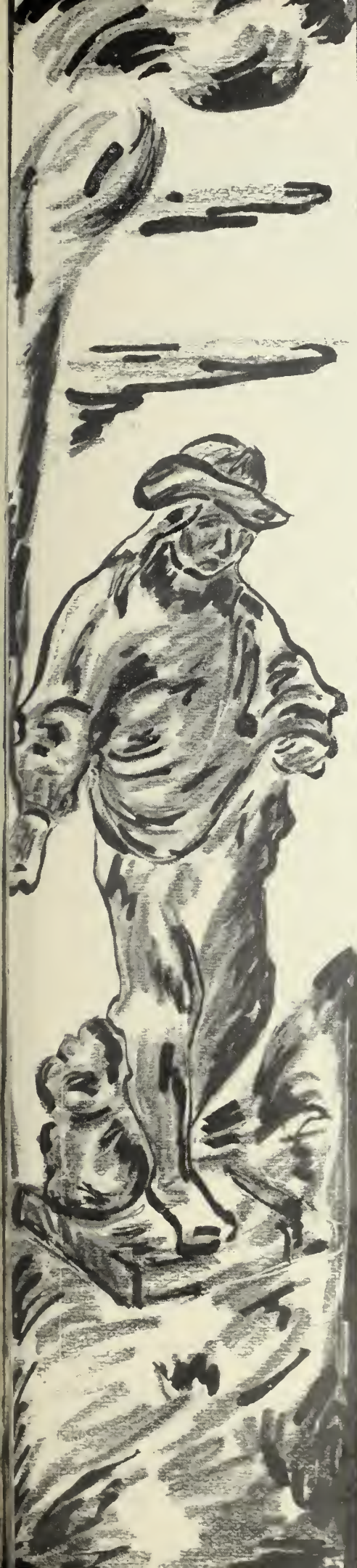
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The ARCHIVE

Vol. Sixty

November, 1946

No. 3

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*A Monthly Magazine Published by the Students of Duke University
Durham, North Carolina*

The publication of articles on controversial topics does not necessarily mean that the Editor or the University endorses them. The names and descriptions of all characters in the fiction of this magazine are fictitious. Any resemblance to any person or persons is not intended and is purely coincidental.

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It must be great to be an associate editor—so you can associate with the editor.

Shep Fields had no brass section. And that—they tell me—makes all the

It got so bad that Charley Markham was seen walking down the campus, asking passerbys one by one if they had a C-average, please, did they have a C-average.





Her last letter read, I'll get in touch with you the day you get home. Maybe I'll phone, or I might accidentally walk by your house. Anyway, I will be seeing you.

Now he was home, and the telephone was ringing. His insides felt like cold whipped cream as he lifted the receiver.

"Hello."

A soft and restrained voice echoed his own.

"Hello, you."

The very pretty girl whom he had been watching walked over to his booth and said, Hello, you. Remember me? I'm Pat Moore. If I'm not mistaken, we met once through a mutual friend.

Hello, you. Remember me? I'm Pat Moore. If I'm not mistaken, we met once through a mutual friend.

Your name is Charlie Wilkinson, isn't it? . . . Well, if it isn't, I'll change it. Please sit down, won't you?

It could be no one else.

"Hello, Pat."

"I was hoping you'd be home."

"I wouldn't go anywhere today. Where are you now?" he asked.

"At a drug store."

"Which one?"

There was a pause.

"I don't think you'd better come here."

"Well, where then? I'd like to see you if I may."

Another pause.

"Listen, at one o'clock tomorrow, I'll be in front of the post office. Will that be all right?"

"Sure. Anything you say."

"Look, I'd better not talk any longer. This place is kind of public."

"O. K. You'll be there at one then?"

"Yes. . . . 'By for now."

"Good-by, Pat."

When he looked at the whole business rationally or as an outsider, he found it difficult to believe that he should be affected as he was. But no matter how hard he tried to say, "This isn't right," or, "It's stupid to get all worked up over a thing like this," the overpowering emotional excitement of the situation prevailed; and he was caught in the all-enfolding web of secretive romance.

It was a quarter to one when he ar-

rived down town, and he decided to wait in his car. There was no use getting there early. The skin under his chin felt very tight, and he was swallowing hard even though his throat was dry. What would they say? What could they possibly talk about?

I love you for lots of reasons, but the very important one is that we can always talk to each other. And I don't mean just silly banter, either.

But this was different. Now it would have to be silly banter. Maybe she would have something to say. No. She was far more tied than he.

It was five minutes to one.

He got out of the car and started walking towards the center of town. As he neared the post office, he glanced anxiously at its windows to see if she might be looking out, watching for him. Although he didn't see her, the fact that she might be watching him made his walking awkward. He rubbed the side of his nose with his forefinger like a school boy and tapped his thigh nervously with a letter that he was carrying.

As he turned to go up the steps, he saw her standing in back of the glass doors. He smiled, and she smiled back. God, she was beautiful!

No, she was more than beautiful; she was edible. He wanted to bite her. There was a black satin choker around her neck. She was too dressed up. He could see that.

"Hello, Pat. Golly, you're looking good!"

"Hello, you. And so are you, Charlie."

He glanced down at her left hand. Then he suddenly remembered that he

NOTHING ELSE TO DO

by

Bob Loomis

THE ARCHIVE, November, 1944

ad a letter in his hand, and he waved in front of her.

"Just a minute while I mail this." She nodded.

As he dropped the letter in the slot, he realized that he was trying to make the letter give him some legitimate excuse for being where he was. But it didn't, and he felt embarrassed for having brought it along at all.

Pat was not there when he returned to the door. If she had gone this far, why should she run away now? Then he saw her through the glass doors. He was standing outside on the steps talking to Judy Pearse.

He pushed through the doors. "Hello, Pearse ol' girl. Long time to see."

"Why, Wilkinson!" Judy looked up in surprise. "Gee, I haven't seen you ever so long!"

"Almost five months," he said, trying to appear nonchalant in what to him was an awkward situation.

"I was surprised too," broke in Pat. "I just ran into him in the post office here."

"How long are you home for, Charles?" asked Judy.

"Oh, about three months. This is just summer vacation. I don't have to go back 'til September."

"That's swell," said Judy, wrinkling her nose. "Well, I've got to get back to work. See you kids."

"Sure, I'll be around."

Pat waved a parting gesture. As Judy turned away, there was a self-quizzical smile on her face.

"That was bad, Pat," he said after Judy had left.

"Oh, what does she know?"

"Nothing, but she's got eyes just like anybody else. Besides, she likes to talk."

"Let her talk. I don't care what people think."

"That's what you always say."

"Never mind—where shall we go?"

"I thought maybe we could walk down the street towards my car."

They walked on for some time, neither looking at each other nor speaking. He could feel her presence beside him. It was as if he were a carpet tack and she were a giant magnet. He could sense, too, the smoothness of her walk. Her movements were so graceful that they gave the impression that she was walking in slow motion.

"You're looking fine, you," said Pat, breaking the silence. "You look so brown. I've never seen you with a tan."

"Thanks. You're not so bad looking yourself. Uh . . . how's life—married life?"

"Are you kidding?" she replied and made a smirk.

"I'm sorry to hear that. Really. I can remember when you wanted that more than anything."

He glanced about him, trying to find a new topic for conversation.

"The ol' town looks just about the same, doesn't it?" he said.

"No, it isn't the same." He detected a pronounced note of bitterness in her voice. "Nothing has been the same."

"Here's the car. D'you care to sit

God, she was beautiful! She hadn't changed.

here for a while? That is, if you don't mind getting in the old thing."

They were sitting in the show, and he could feel Pat's eyes looking at him. She wasn't paying any attention to the picture. She reached over and ran her arm inside his coat, caressing his chest with the back of her hand. Let's go—now, she said, to the car. . . .

"I never minded before, did I?" she asked.

He opened the door for her and then went around to the other side and got in beside her.



She seemed very happy. Her smile, perhaps the most noticeable thing about her, was as full and radiant as he could ever remember.

He rose from the table and put a nickel in the juke box. It started playing "Nancy with the Laughing Face," and he sang the words to her, changing them slightly—Patsy with the laughing face. . . . Oh, I love you, she whispered.

"Just like old times," he said with an embarrassed laugh.

Illustrated by Pat Wimberley

"I wish it were. I wish it were last winter again."

"But it isn't."

"You don't have to tell me."

She was looking at him now, looking hard with her big brown eyes and trying to say something through them.

"You know," he said, "Your eyes still remind me of a cocker spaniel's."

She laughed. And as she laughed, she arched herself toward him and threw back her head. Her lips were very red, very close, very kissable.

He drew back a little.

"Look out now. I might forget myself."

"I don't think I'd care if you did."

He flushed and turned away, embarrassed.

They both sat and looked out the front windshield, neither, for the moment, being able to think of anything more to say. He felt that it was his place to speak next, but everything that he thought of seemed inappropriate.

He reached down with his hand and started to smooth the seat cover between them. Pat followed his hand with her eyes. Suddenly, she reached out and took his hand in hers. She didn't take it, however, with a possessive gesture, rather it was more like the manner in which a window shopper appraises a piece of merchandise.

He saw that her fingernails were bitten to the quick. The last time that he had seen them they had been so beautiful that they almost appeared to be artificial. He suddenly felt very sorry for her.

Then she gave his hand an impulsive, hard squeeze; and he could feel the cold metal of her wedding ring pressing against his fingers.

"This is where I belong," she said.

"You should have thought of that some time ago," he said, chiding her but still trying to be sympathetic.

"Oh, why didn't you stop me?"

"You were old enough to know what you were doing—at least you should have been."

"Well, I guess I wasn't."

She had released his hand, and he began pulling his ring off and putting it on again.

"Pat . . . what about children? Are you going to have any?"

When she sat down beside him in the booth, the blue pinafore dress that she had on puffed up in front. D'you know why I like this dress? she asked. It's because it makes me look pregnant when I sit down. It's exciting, don't you think?

"They wouldn't help matters any," she shrugged. "We seem to argue all the time—not like us."

"Hey, look, Pat. Don't compare us with anything. Really, you're living in the past. Sure, we were almost perfect the short time we were together; but in a few more months, we probably would have had a squabble too."

"I don't think that we ever would have."

"Well, perhaps not . . . but things didn't turn out that way."

She looked at her ring but didn't say anything.

"I don't know why I'm talking like this," he said, shaking his head. "I guess I want you to feel as you do. It's just that it can't get anybody anyplace."

"We can try."

Her voice was colorless now, and her eyes looked, unfocused, through the window.

"Like what do you mean?" he asked.

She thought for a minute, twisting her ring as she did so.

"Well, what about this? I'll be down town at Doc Lucas' store every Tuesday night. At least that way we could see each other. Could you be there?"

"Of course," he said reluctantly. "But seeing each other will only make things worse."

"Anything would be better than the way things are now. It seems like everything I do is in a dream."

"I suppose we can try it."

"Look, honey—oh, I'm sorry! Please forgive me, Charlie."

"It's all right."

"Anyway, I've got to go now. I'm supposed to be calling on people this afternoon. You will be down town Tuesday, won't you?"

"Yes, I'll be there."

She got out of the car and then leaned back through the open window.

"I can't tell you how good it is to see you again."

"The same goes from me to you, too."

"It'll be hard acting cold towards you when we're in public. Try to be at Doc's at least by seven—before all the gang comes."

"Sure."

She pushed herself away from the window with her arms.

"By for now, you."

"Good-by, Pat."

He watched her as she walked away, her heels making a peculiar little rhythm that was so familiar to him. As she turned the corner and disappeared from his sight, he frowned.

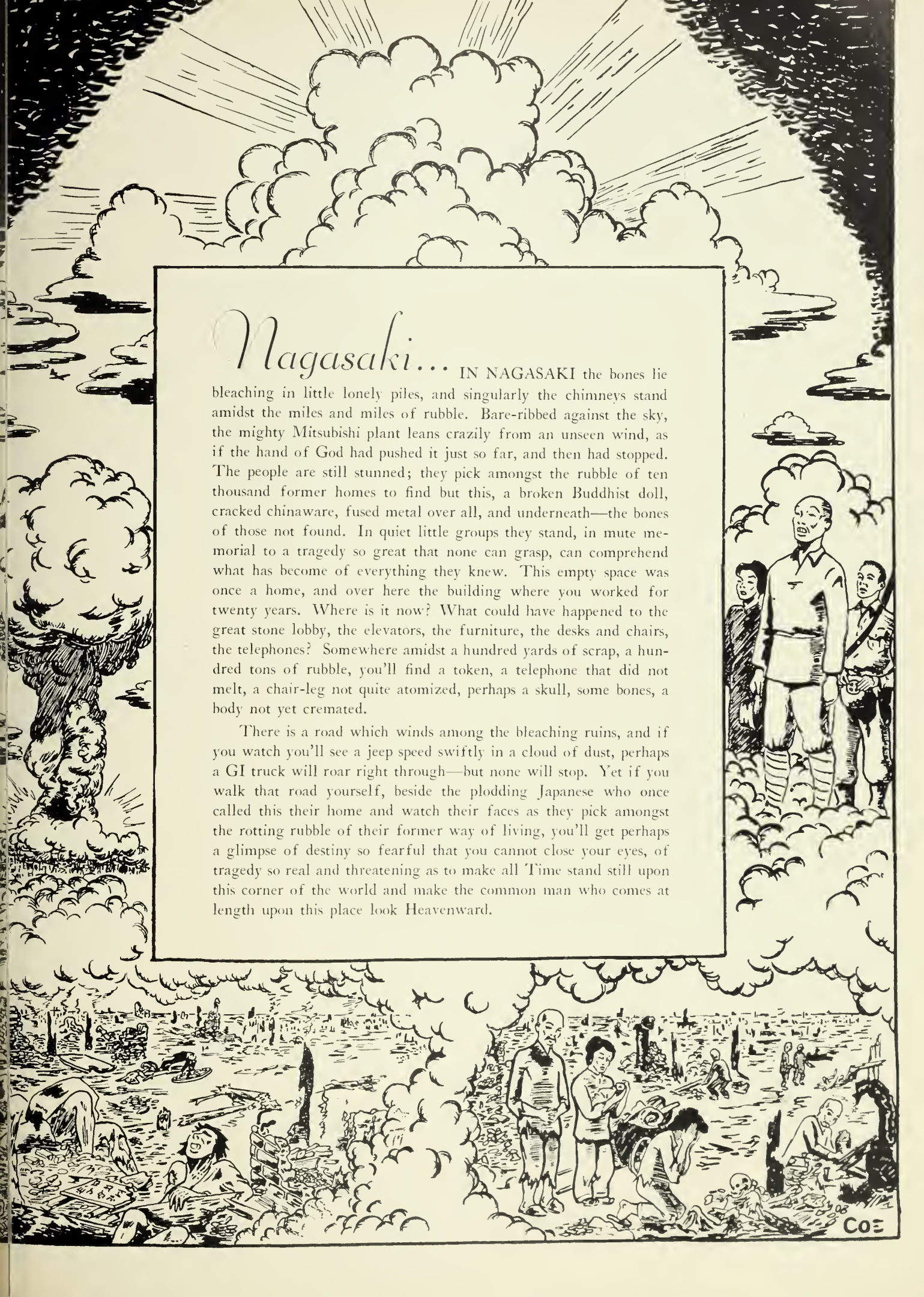
The seat beside him in the car seemed very empty. He looked around to discover if he could see anyone he knew, anyone who could have seen them.

Now that she wasn't near and her person wasn't influencing him, the last half hour seemed vague and unreal; and the immediate gained perspective.

As he started the car and headed home, he began to think that perhaps he might go to a show Tuesday night.

NAGASAKI

This graphic interpretation of atomic chaos was written by Joe Di Mona two weeks after the bomb fell. It isn't timely, but we're publishing it for two reasons: we thought Di Mona's reaction so excellently written that you deserved the opportunity to read it; and Larry Coe's illustration is unquestionably one of the finest pieces of art that we have seen emanate from this campus.



Nagasaki...

IN NAGASAKI the bones lie bleaching in little lonely piles, and singularly the chimneys stand amidst the miles and miles of rubble. Bare-ribbed against the sky, the mighty Mitsubishi plant leans crazily from an unseen wind, as if the hand of God had pushed it just so far, and then had stopped. The people are still stunned; they pick amongst the rubble of ten thousand former homes to find but this, a broken Buddhist doll, cracked chinaware, fused metal over all, and underneath—the bones of those not found. In quiet little groups they stand, in mute memorial to a tragedy so great that none can grasp, can comprehend what has become of everything they knew. This empty space was once a home, and over here the building where you worked for twenty years. Where is it now? What could have happened to the great stone lobby, the elevators, the furniture, the desks and chairs, the telephones? Somewhere amidst a hundred yards of scrap, a hundred tons of rubble, you'll find a token, a telephone that did not melt, a chair-leg not quite atomized, perhaps a skull, some bones, a body not yet cremated.

There is a road which winds among the bleaching ruins, and if you watch you'll see a jeep speed swiftly in a cloud of dust, perhaps a GI truck will roar right through—but none will stop. Yet if you walk that road yourself, beside the plodding Japanese who once called this their home and watch their faces as they pick amongst the rotting rubble of their former way of living, you'll get perhaps a glimpse of destiny so fearful that you cannot close your eyes, of tragedy so real and threatening as to make all Time stand still upon this corner of the world and make the common man who comes at length upon this place look Heavenward.

JAZZ

with the Model-T Ford after the first World War.

To define the word jazz is a mean proposition. It is easier to tell what jazz is not than to tell what it is. Jazz is not necessarily the product of five or six men all blowing their lungs out at once on some hot number. Jazz can be sweet as well as hot and does not have to be played by a small group but can be played by a large band as well. More often than not, jazz is unwritten and unrehearsed, but this is not a requirement. One requisite is that the music sound imaginative and spontaneous. To put it in colorful language, it must sound as if it is coming from the soul of the originator . . . not as if he is playing "My Old Kentucky Home"

so, are not appreciated. He is the originator of "Be-Bop" music, which is indefinable, indescribable, and "out of this world." Hear him and you'll hear real jazz.

A newcomer to the small jazz field is Joe Mooney's quartet. Many Dukesters heard them in New York the Army weekend and were highly impressed, as were all the music critics. Mooney is an old hand in the music world, having played piano and arranged for many bands. Mooney, who is blind, has given up the piano and is now working accordion and vocals for his new outfit. The group sounds a great deal like the King Cole Trio, which is no shame. It has, however, different instrumentation, using the accordion, bass fiddle,

From The Duke To The Duke Ambassadors

WHEN THE word *jazz* is mentioned, immediately the writer of the word leaves himself open to numerous boos, insults, and arguments. No two people in the world agree exactly on the connotation of the word *jazz*. However, most critics and musicians do agree on the fact that jazz is not music played in the style of Sammy Kaye, Frankie Carle, or Vaughn Monroe, but is exhibited in the music of Duke Ellington, Woody Herman, the King Cole Trio, Dizzy Gillespie and others.

First off, let me say that Dixieland jazz is not the only true jazz in music. In fact, many people think that Dixieland is on the way out, as has been noted in the recent tiff between Eddie Condon, a highly regarded exponent of Dixieland, and ace-drummerman Davie Tough. Tough, playing in Condon's jazz joint on 52nd Street, said that as soon as Condon had left town, the band dropped that "Dixieland corn" and started playing modern stuff. Tough went on to say that Dixieland is living in the past and should have gone out

from a community sing book. Since it is next to impossible to give a clear-cut definition of jazz, my best approach is to give some of the outstanding bands who play this type of music.

There are two types of jazz outfits: the small "combo" and the large band. The King Cole Trio is probably one of the most popular small combos in the business today. They tend to the sweet side of jazz and do an expert job of selling sweet jazz to the public. Benny Goodman's Sextet is another great outfit which is widely known. This jive group has put out two albums which are "musts" in anybody's record collection. Goodman was one of the first musicians to break away from the Dixieland style in favor of what is today known as "Swing." One of the most frantic jazz groups in the country today is that of mad-trumpet-man Dizzy Gillespie. Dizzy is famous along The Street in New York but is not widely known elsewhere, principally because his music and ideas are so wild that they aren't understood by the average person . . .

guitar, and clarinet. The band is so impressive that even the "unimpressible" New Yorkers shushed you if you dared to speak during one of their numbers. That's something.

When I move into the field of big band jazz, the first name that comes to mind is that of "The Duke" . . . Duke Ellington to the uninitiated. The Duke is probably the greatest and most famous man in the world of music today, and the same adjectives apply to his band. Ellington has received every honor possible for a musician. He has received awards from *Downbeat*, *Metronome*, and *Esquire* in about every one of their musical polls. The Duke has toured the continent several times, playing before the King and Queen of England and many other important European personages. He has played

(Continued on Page 22)

PIC OPPOSITE
"The Tapper"
sammy fletcher



THEY SEEK A WEDDING

NED JENNINGS, who is a nice clean-cut American boy, living in Boston, sometimes wonders if it really happened this way. But he looks at his wife sitting on the other side of the hearthrug, and though she no longer sweeps everything under the carpet, he has cured her of the habit of bringing stray cab drivers home for a drink. Sometimes watching her being very girlish and wide-eyed at a party, he will say to himself, "If they only knew what I know, my girl."

But of course they never will, Boston being what it is, and Ned being what he is—a husband that likes to hold something over his wife's head for future reference.

Two years ago Ned Jennings was in the army stationed in one of the South American republics on a goodwill mission. He had nothing much to do besides slapping the back of any native within reach, and so he had lots of time left over for partying, which is his favorite indoor sport. It was at one of these parties that he met Mona Attenbury. He was very, very sorry for Mona Attenbury because she had three separate sets of parents. He thought of her as "a victim of the broken home" and was prepared to be very kind and gentle with her. Altogether noble, in fact. So he was rather peeved when she blithely informed him that variety is the spice of life, and that it was convenient to have one set of parents in New York, one set in South America, and one in Virginia for the hunting. "It helps you to get around," she said.

There and then Ned decided that what he was going to do with Mona Attenbury was reform her. He followed her around from party to party reforming her, but without any visible result. It was at one of these parties that Mona introduced him to several large bottles containing ninety-nine and

a half per cent alcohol and labeled Pisco. To this day he does not know what composed the other half per cent, but he has a theory that the omission was merely modesty on the part of the importers. Be that as it may, Ned and Mona drank it. They drank quite a lot of it. In fact, when they came out of the house Ned had to grab a passing lamppost for support. He looked at Mona with distaste. "I would not," he said carefully, "rub down a horse with what we have just drunken."

"Drunk," said Mona.

"Drunken," said Ned. "Drunken, more drunk, drunkenest. Drunkenest—that's me. On what?"

by

JILL FOTHERGILL

"On Pisco."

"It has," said Ned, "a sinister way of creeping up on you."

"Creeping?" said Mona. "It seems to have hit you over the head."

Ned closed his eyes. He shuddered. He opened them again and levelled an accusing forefinger at her. "The trouble with you is that you're sober," he said. "It is not ladylike for a lady to be sober on what you have just drunken. It is not ladylike and it is not friendly." He closed his eyes signifying his retirement from the discussion, but Mona was unmoved.

"I know," she said brightly, "let's go to Major Hunt's. He's celebrating something."

"You are not dragging me to see any more of your sordid friends," said Ned without opening his eyes. "What we have just celebrated on I would rather not celebrate on again."

"Oh, you and your wonderful head," said Mona scornfully. "Come on, I'll drive."

"Nothing doing. I am not bailing you out of jail again. A captain's pay won't run to it."

"Alright, you drive then," said Mona pushing him into the car. "But if you're going to be throwing *that* up to me the rest of my life."

"I am not going to be around the rest of your life," said Ned. "No sir. I'm certainly not. What a man needs is a soothing influence. YOU," he said sternly, "are definitely not soothing."

"Why don't you buy yourself a cow?" asked Mona. "They're soothing, chewing the cud all the time. Mind that lamppost."

"I have no room in my apartment for a cow," said Ned with dignity. "Besides, I don't like milk. That was not a lamppost, it was a tree, and I saw it."

"Turn left here," said Mona. "Left, Ned. That was the British Embassy you just hit. We're allies, remember?"

"Ought we to go back do you think?" asked Ned as the crash of glass announced the destruction of the embassy windows.

"I don't think," said Mona.

"I don't think either," said Ned. "Stop grabbing the wheel like that. What's Hunt celebrating?"

"It could be almost anything," said Mona thoughtfully. "YOU can stop here. Looks like quite a party."

Major Hunt's house is wide and low and open. The bar stretches its smooth metallic length across one wall of the

(Continued on Page 20)

Personality of the Month

LAURA ANNE SCHWARZ

a red-haired beauty whose smile could make a toothpaste model envious, is a senior from Webster Groves, Missouri. Laura, a sociology major, was a model in her own right in New York last summer. She was listed by one of the top modeling agencies as The Outdoor Type. A member of Kappa Alpha Theta, she serves this year as the efficient chairman of Social Standards. For those who doubt that brains and beauty may come in a single package, let us say that Laura has listing in the collegiate *Who's Who*, membership in Phi Kappa Delta and Phi Beta Kappa to her credit.

THE ARCHIVE, November, 1946



BEING A person highly sensible of the "code d'honneur," I was extremely reluctant to vent my wrath against Duke University without first having made a thorough investigation of the various defects of that institution. Therefore, without further ado, I made plans to undertake the somewhat laborious journey to the "City of Industry and Education" to gather material for my forthcoming malediction. In short, I was off in what the U. S. Senate would call a "fact-finding tour."

Arriving at the entrance of Duke, I dismounted from my wheezing bus and prepared to penetrate the piney woods which conceal the various noble edifices of Dukedom from the vulgar eyes of tourists.

After a short while, I strode into a clearing, and there, before my very eyes, rose the Gothic Spires of Duke. Green, tailored lawns provided a per-

DUKE

by Tookie Hodgson

fect setting for the various turrets, flying buttresses, cupolas, and gargoyles which littered the place. However, several signs strictly forbade me to walk on said lawns. "A very wise regulation," I thought—"If you let them walk on the grass, the next thing you know, they'll be in the bushes."

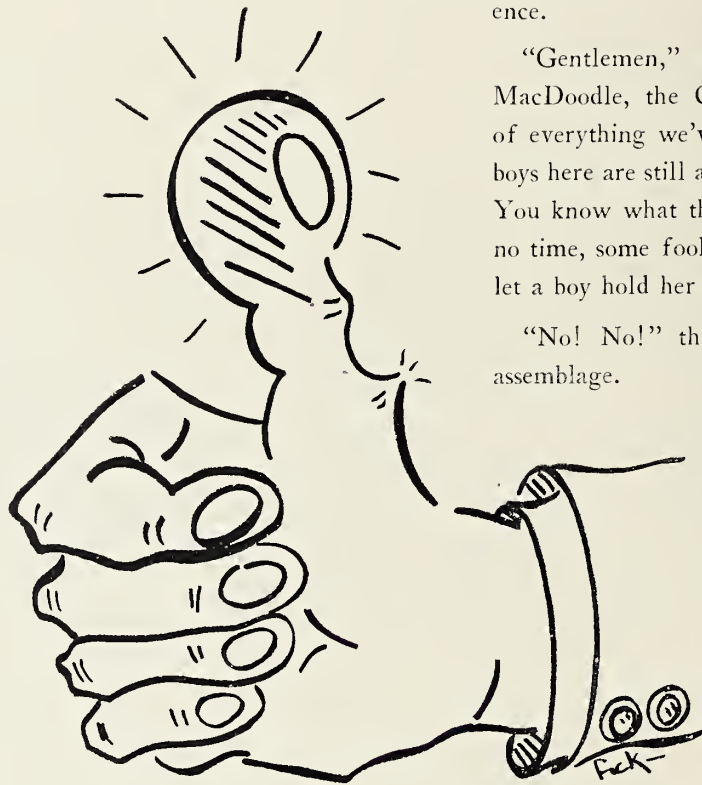
Therefore, with respect to the noble college's delicate sensibilities, I carefully avoided the grass.

The next thing which caught my attention was a group of workmen sand-blasting the various buildings on the campus. Upon inquiring as to the cause of this interesting operation, I was informed that the buildings were being aged.

"Yes sir!" Spoke one of the workmen. "Them Dook fellers in there told us to age this place at least a thou-

WHAT I DON'T

sand years by next Tuesday, and we're doin' our damndest to do that very thing. After we get through what we're doin' now, we're gonna glue ivy all over the jernt. Then, we're gonna carve up old man Duke's statoo until the old boy looks like some feller named King Richard, the Lion-Hearted. Yes, sir, what it took Oxford to do in eight hundred years, we're gonna do in three days!"



Tar Heel Tookie Hodgson, whose brand of humor has been tickling Carolina funnybones in the Daily Tar Heel, is trying his stuff on Dukesters as the winner of the "What I Don't Like About Duke" contest at the Hill. Naturally, The Archive does not endorse his opinions, which, we trust, are representative of Carolina thinking.

"Well," I answered, "there's nothing like authenticity!"

"No, sir! There sure ain't," replied the workman, firing medieval cannon balls into the Chapel Tower for that final touch of historical charm and exactness.

Proceeding with my sight-seeing tour, I arrived at the Administration Building. Inside, I found the university officials, gathered in close conference.

"Gentlemen," announced Asbury MacDoodle, the Chancellor, "in spite of everything we've done, some of the boys here are still able to date the coeds. You know what that means! Why, in no time, some foolish girl will actually let a boy hold her hand!"

"No! No!" thundered the shocked assemblage.

"It looks that that way," replied MacDoodle, in an awe-inspiring tone. "Anyway, we'll have to take some strenuous measures to correct this deplorable situation. I'm in favor of the chaperon system.

Under that, the boys can visit the coeds between 7:00 and 7:30 p.m., provided that there are iron bars between them, and that at least nine members of the faculty are present."

"Chancellor MacDoodle," cried Brother Simonpure Jones, "I favor your system, but I still think it's pretty risky. As you know, I'm very broad-minded, but thirty minutes for a date

(Continued on Page 18)

THE ARCHIVE, November, 1946

LIKE ABOUT—

CONTRARY to the general suspicion, I did not enroll in the University of North Carolina last fall for the purpose of stealing King Carl's choice football formations for Wallace Wade, nor was my return to Duke this year prompted by similar motives in behalf of the Tar Heels. As a result of this fluctuation between Duke and the Hill, I have formed one definite and perhaps unusual conclusion which this article gives me a welcomed opportunity to express: THE DUKE-CAROLINA "RIVALRY" IS NONSENSICAL.

I do not refer alone to that phase of the age-old rivalry which includes the painting of the respective campuses by the lowest order of dimwits from both universities. That practice, which well reflects the grammar-grade maturity of some of our students and yours, will probably cease this year after the unfortunate episodes of 1945. What I wish to condemn is the state of mind from which such practices stem. And, by way of analyzing that state of mind, I can best describe what I dislike—and dislike intensely—about the University of North Carolina.

School spirit, I understand, is what Carolina takes pride in above many of the other virtues with which I willingly admit it is blessed. I cannot help but condemn, however, a school spirit which is seemingly composed of two distinct phases: love Carolina and hate Duke. Your orientation handbooks don't mention the latter, to be sure, but I dare say there is not a new student on the Hill who has not been fully impressed with the idea that to love Carolina is to hate its neighbor to the North . . . and not only to hate it, but keep on hand a stock of sneering remarks about Duke and its students. Perhaps we at Duke do not go into hysterics at our football games

over the success of our team, as you do; but I can truthfully say that I never heard an insulting reference to the University of North Carolina in my three years at Duke—except, of course, when jeers with Carolina students were jestingly exchanged.

The type of remark which grew all too familiar to me during my year in Chapel Hill was directly in line with the "Don't-give-a-damn-for-Duke-University" philosophy in which all Carolina freshmen apparently must be drilled . . . the monotonous line about the bunch of damnyankee foreigners in the student body at Duke, and that old chestnut about Duke subsidizing its football teams. I want to add in passing that Duke students come from 45 states in the Union, about half from North Carolina; so our student body is as representative as that of any university in the nation. And as for the foreign names on our student roster, I can only say that I have known some outstanding gentlemen of foreign descent at Duke, any one of whose friendship I would not trade for that of any half-a-dozen pure Anglo-Saxons I could pick at random.

Carolina delights in its parody of the Duke fight song, which sarcastically refers to the football team's being paid "by dear old Wallace Wade." After



the eminent Mr. Justice enrolled for a nominal consideration in the University (where, I understand, he has finally reported for football), I never want to hear another Carolina man accuse Duke of buying football talent. We may as well be honest with ourselves. Both Duke and Carolina—and 99 per cent of the other football powers in the country—make it financially profitable for their players to participate. There is not a man in either Duke or Carolina's starting line-up who is beating his brains out six days a week merely to hear the crowds roar on Saturday.

A true school spirit, I believe, is one which evidences the highest type of sportsmanship. To put it quite frankly (and with no disrespect to the true Carolina gentlemen whom I came to

U. N. C.

by Charlie Markham

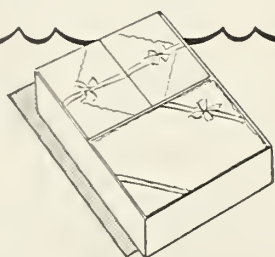
know well there last year) the Carolina student body, as a whole, exhibits the worst sportsmanship I have ever seen. This is particularly disgusting in basketball season. It seems to be the inescapable duty of the Carolina cheering section to boo—raucously and at length—any close decision by the referee which favors the other team. It likewise follows that when an opposing player is attempting a foul shot, the Carolina section must distract his attention by another chorus of boos, whistles and cat-calls. If that is Carolina spirit, Frank Graham is a monkey's uncle.

Amazingly enough, Duke men respect the University of North Carolina. As students, they admire its easy-going manner and collegiate atmosphere (as opposed to the cold formalism of their own campus). They envy you the freedom which is your Carolina heritage. There is nothing bitter in their feeling; naturally, they like to lick Caro-

(Continued on Page 19)

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—Don't Like About Duke—

(Continued from Page 16)

is definitely too long. I propose that we limit dates to fifteen minutes including a five minute opening prayer and a five minute closing prayer. In between, the girls and boys can read Bible tracts to each other."

"A splendid idea, Brother Jones," answered MacDoodle. "All in favor, say aye!"

"Aye!" echoed the august assemblage, signifying their unanimous approval of this broad-minded suggestion.

"Gentlemen," quoth Mr. MacDoodle, "we have another very serious situation to deal with at this time. Coach Wallace Wade reports that two of his most promising athletes are now on strike for higher pay. It seems that these deserving young football players can't lead the life to which they are accustomed on the paltry salaries which we are paying them, and I for one, am in favor of giving them a slight raise—say five or six thousand a year."

"Here! Here!" cried the pedagogues, voicing their favorable sentiments towards this worthy motion.

"Of course," began Brother MacDoodle, "we'll have to sell a building or two to raise the cash, but it will doubtless be well worth it."

"Amen!" quoth the administrators.

Interesting as this assemblage was, I decided not to linger longer, and accordingly left my seat and strode into the great out-of-doors.

It was at this time, that I thought it wise to collect my scattered data, and arrange it in a useful manner. I record below for your edification some of my findings.

Duke University consists of a large football stadium surrounded by athletic field houses.

Duke is a Methodist institution. The Methodist Discipline frowns on the usage of tobacco. Duke University was built by James B. Duke, a multi-mil-

lionaire tobacco tycoon. Everyone is glad that religious scruples didn't interfere with the acceptance of Mr. Duke's endowment.

Duke is a Southern school. It is reputed to have some Southern students, although I didn't see any. There are plenty of nice people from New Jersey, though.

Duke has freedom of the press. Anyone can print anything he likes in "*The Chronicle*." However, it is always best if the administration likes it too.

Lots of people at Duke say that our student government leaders "dawdle and argue" too much. They don't do that at Duke. They don't have anything to "dawdle and argue" about.

Duke students don't drink. The university regulations forbid drinking.

There are a lot of fraternities and sororities at Duke. Each one has a room.

The architecture of Duke is Gothic on red clay, and Georgian with a cigarette factory motif.

Duke's regulations are very good. You are relieved of doing any thinking. The university even plans you menus for you.

The Duke coeds are very cute. Most of the Duke men would like to date one someday.

Having thus compiled the above list I took myself homeward. Arriving at Chapel Hill, I had a glass of beer dropped in at a sorority house, had nightcap at my fraternity house, and then returned to my room.

Once inside my domicile, I began work on my "Why I Don't Like Duke" thesis, but it was quite useless. I felt no hatred. In my heart was only heart-felt pity for the underprivileged unfortunates who, every night, take out a copy of the "*North Carolina Record*" from beneath their pillows, and avidly read until dawn. Dukesters, I open my heart to you!

-Don't Like About U. N. C.-

(Continued from Page 17)

ina on the athletic field, but a victory over Tennessee or Army would be equally as pleasing as one over Carolina. And a loss to Carolina occasions none of the bitter sadness which engulfs the Hill when the Blue Devils win.

It is unfortunate that this "to hell with Duke" complex persists among Carolina men long after they have left Chapel Hill. We have within a twelve-mile radius the two greatest centers of learning in a Southland which has long needed a dynamic educational and economic revival. The potential here is tremendous. It is shameful that these two great universities cannot engage in a co-operative program for the betterment of the region primarily because of the barriers of animosity and disrespect which have risen over an annual football game . . . animosity which flares up throughout the state when a good-sized hunk of football talent named Covicin moves from one school to the other. That's why I say the Duke-Carolina "rivalry" is a lot of nonsense.

If the two universities together can ever realize the potentialities they possess for revitalizing the South, their success will be dependent upon public support and approval of their undertaking. This brings to mind another phase of Carolina which I do not like . . . a phase perhaps more difficult to explain than the "don't give a damn for Duke" complex.

Carolina is as free as any university I know . . . faculty and students both are entitled to the free and open expression of their opinion on political, social and economic matters. It is my belief that in many respects this freedom has been, and is being, viciously abused, to the detriment of the University, the state and the cause of a progressing South.

There have gathered in Chapel Hill lately particularly as students, a conglomeration of pseudo-sophisticates and

intellects whose immediate goal seems to be complete, all-encompassing social revolution. I like to call them bleeding heart liberals. On any question of public interest, they can be depended upon to take a position as far to the left as propriety will permit. Last year they usurped the columns of the *Daily Tar Heel* with their liberal twaddle. The organizations which they have infiltrated pass resolutions which are widely published throughout the state as representative of the student body of the University of North Carolina . . . resolutions such as that of the Dialectic Senate which advocated the admission of Negroes to the University.

I do not wish to debate the virtues of their position. I believe it is one which is determined primarily because they are intellectually immature; more simply stated because they do not know any better. They are misjudging the mind of the South and doing great damage to the cause in which they believe so zealously. Their ideas are not inherently dangerous; there is a great body of opinion at the University and in the South which believes that the South can find its way, but that the path to progress and better living for all cannot be trod overnight. That opinion will prevail in the long run. The danger in the presence of these advanced thinkers is that their irresponsibility will irreparably damage the good name of the University and weaken its potential influence for the good.

I have found, in my years at Duke and Carolina, that the institutions are not greatly different. There is good living and good thinking at both. I wish that every Duke man might spend a year at Carolina, and every Carolina man a year at Duke, and that the understanding thus developed might give birth to a great joint endeavor. I hope it is not too idle a dream that Duke and Carolina men may someday outgrow this nonsensical animosity, and may together help to build, in a sane and mature manner, a new and abundant Southland.

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-Seek A Wedding-

(Continued from Page 14)

living room. On the other side is the fireplace decorated with the stuffed and severed heads of deer which Major Hunt buys at Antonio's at reduced rates. He was standing in front of it emptying glasses and crashing them into the fireplace.

"Rather an expensive pastime, isn't it, Major?" asked Ned.

"Bless the boy. Of course not," said the Major sending a couple of cocktail glasses to join the others in the hearth. "All breakages are paid for by the British Government. It goes in my entertainment allowance under *Expenditures for the Entertainment of Political Guests.*" They looked around, but there were no political guests there but the Minister of the Exchequer, and he had passed out under the table. It seemed that what Major Hunt was celebrating was Christmas.

"In July?" asked Mona. It seemed that he was celebrating not Christmas but the spirit of Christmas.

"The spirit of Christmas should be celebrated every day," said the Major waving his arms about wildly. "Unfortunately neither my cellar nor my constitution could bear up under the strain. However, I am resolved to celebrate it at least once a week."

"Oh good," said Mona. "Every Friday."

"Every Wednesday," said the Major. "That will give me an excellent excuse for not going to the office on Thursday. What is the matter, Captain Jennings?"

"There is something I should be doing, and it is not this," murmured Ned. "Now what is it?"

"Having another drink," said the Major, and he put one into his hand.

"Well that also," said Ned. "But this that I can't remember has something to do with a wedding."

"Maybe you're getting married."

"No, I think I should remember

that," said Ned. "O well, it'll come to me."

It came to him with a bang. The party grew rowdier and rowdier. The Major's servants came in and remove the Minister of the Exchequer and several others. The telephone rang with the complaints of the neighbours till the Major was forced to disconnect it. "People who want to sleep at night." He scowled. "Haven't they anything better to do? Oh my aunt, here's O. H. looking like a storm. Wonder what he wants?"

"I am beginning to remember," said Ned scrambling hastily behind the couch.

It was Colonel Armstrong, familiarly known as O. H. for Oh Hell! reflex conditioned by his appearance on any scene. He had seen Ned and came striding over, his moustache bristling with indignation. Ned hauled himself to his feet by way of the couch and stood there swaying in the breeze.

"Captain Jennings," said O. H., "you are drunk."

"Sir!" said Ned reproachfully.

"Harsh words, Colonel," said Hunt shaking his head.

"Drunk," said O. H. defiantly. "Drunk as a lord."

"Actually as a class they're not very much addicted to alcohol, don't you know?" said Hunt politely.

"Major Hunt, I have not come here to discuss the drinking habits of the aristocracy," said O. H. stiffly. Hunt



turned to Ned. "Captain Jennings knows why I am here."

"Well," said Ned, "it is something about a wedding isn't it?"

"Yes, it is something about a wedding isn't it!" shouted O. H. "You're supposed to be best man at Captain Lopez' wedding, aren't you?"

"Oh dear," said Ned. His legs buckled at the knees and he slowly collapsed on the floor. Mona and Hunt rushed him up again. O. H. took a deep breath. "Captain Jennings," he said, "I have been here for five years. Five years, Captain Jennings. Working, sweating, praying, flattering, caressing to build up good relations with the natives, and when an Ecuadorian officer does you the signal honour of

EMBROIDERY

*Winter.
Sempiternal artist,
Embroiders frost upon the window
With the sharp needle of the wind.
For yarn she uses
Snow.*

JOAN ANGEVINE

king you to be best man at his wedding, what do you do?"

"I forgets," said Ned sadly.

O. H. was now yelling at the top of his voice. "You will go at once and apologize to Captain Lopez. You will tell him what a goddamn fool you are!"

"Yes, sir," said Ned. He picked up his cap and started toward the door. "You don't remember what church it was at, do you, sir?"

"What church what was at?"

"The wedding."

"No I don't remember," shouted O. H., "but if you don't find it you'll be court-martialed."

"Yes, sir," said Ned. Again he started for the door, then paused. "There are a hundred and five churches in Quito, sir."

"I don't care how many churches there are in Quito, Captain. You find the one with the wedding in it."

"Yes, sir," said Ned gloomily. "Come on, Mona. You and your friends," he said bitterly when they were in the car. "From now onwards I'm going to let you go to the dogs your own way. Why didn't you let me go home?"

Mona ignored him. "Let's try the cathedral first," she suggested. But there was no wedding at the cathedral, nor at the Santa Teresa, nor at the Sagrado Corazon, nor at the Imaculada, nor at the Santa Maria. In fact there was no wedding at any of the hundred and five churches in Quito.

"They're probably on their honeymoon by now," said Ned. "I suppose O. H. will want me to bust in on it and apologize."

"Lopez," muttered Mona, "Lopez. Why of course, the wedding is probably in their own chapel. Come on." It looked as if it was. Cars were piled up five deep in front of the Lopez place. "Now look haughty," said Mona. "Look as if you don't know why you should be dragged away from important business for an old wedding."

Ned looked haughty. In fact, he looked so haughty that several people in the foyer edged away from him in alarm. He took his place by Lopez' side. Lopez handed him the ring, and he was just in time to hand it back to him. The wedding was over. "I made it," he said. "What do you know, I made it." He slapped the bridegroom on the back, he kissed the bride. In the excitement he even kissed Mona. People crowded around him, jabbering happily in Spanish. "Si, Si, Si," said Ned cheerfully, that being the only Spanish word he could pronounce with impunity. Eager hands dragged him and Mona to the altar. The bishop magnificently attired in cloth of gold beamed. "Si, Si," said Ned happily.

"But Ned," said Mona. "Wait a minute, Ned."

"Hush," said Ned. "Don't interrupt junior. What's he saying?"

(Continued on Page 24)

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(Continued from Page 12)

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The Winning Joke This Month

"I had the radio on last night."
"How did it fit?"

—Submitted by Chan Hadlock

several concerts in Carnegie Hall to packed houses. In his last appearance he introduced his new jazz symphony "Black, Brown and Beige," a musical masterpiece depicting the history of the Negro race. The critics are still discussing it.

Ellington is not only famous as a leader of a band, but is reknowned also as pianist, composer, and arranger. Some of his such as "Sophisticated Lady," "Mood Indigo," "Solitude," and "Don't Get Around Much Anymore" will be appreciated for many years to come. The Duke has reached the top because of his fertile and imaginative mind, which never seems to repeat itself. His music is moody and expressive. He makes the listener feel what music and its exponents are trying to relay. A great deal of Ellington's success in creating dynamic music is due to the fine musicians within the band and due to the fact that most of them have been with him so long. Johnny Hodges, his lead sax man, who is almost as famous as Ellington himself, has been with the band for over twenty years.

A comparative newcomer to the field of big band jazz is Woody Herman. According to a recent poll, he is the top band of the day. Herman's jazz leans to the frantic side but is nevertheless exciting and interesting to lovers of jazz. Herman's jazz is characterized by such numbers as "Wildroot" and "Your Father's Mustache," which may sound like so much noise to the average listener, but is nevertheless good music, if you understand it.

Boyd Raeburn, though lesser known than Herman and Ellington, is still one of the best exponents of big band jazz today. Raeburn's music is slightly symphonic and is known for its weird harmonic ideas. In many arrangements he uses bassoons, flutes and a harp to create the desired effect. His semi-symphonic arrangements employ devices used by the advanced symphonic composers.

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osers such as Delieus, Spietoff, Tschocacovitch, Pulvmocher, and Stravinsky.

We started with The Duke and now we come to The Duke Ambassadors. It is very difficult, if not impossible, for a band to play jazz here at Duke, because the average person does not care for it or does not understand it, which is all the same. Therefore the Ambassadors curb their own desires to play jazz in order to please the majority of the dancers. However the band does try to play enough jazz so that those who are interested will get a few "kicks" during the evening. Fletcher and his band use a mixture of jazz styles, some old and some new. Some arrangements are of the old Jimmy "Unceford" style, some of the Ellington style, and some of the newer ones are similar to Gillespie and Kenton. Even though the band does use a mixture of

TODAY

*Today is stationary, static,
Like a sun it holds its place,
While yesterdays and tomorrows
Fling their orbits into space.*

JOAN ANGEVINE

styles, the music produced is pleasing enough to the majority of listeners.

The real jazz men of the band are the leaders in their individual sections. Chick (Fooskie) Moorehouse, lead alto player, is probably the most outstanding player in the band. He not only gives the sax section but also plays exciting rides, both sweet and hot. Fooskie has a fine tone and a wide range of ideas in addition to the technique to put these ideas across.

Bob Hutchins, lead trumpet man, is also a fine soloist. His style is similar to that of the oft-mentioned Dizzy Gillespie. His terrific power and his ability to drive the rest of the brass section makes this section one of the best the Ambassadors have ever had.

Tommy Farr, the first trombonist is the most experienced man in the band, having played with Dean Hudson, Tony Pastor, and that great band of

Woody Herman's before coming to Duke. Farr, sensational because of his very wide range and beautiful tone, makes for pleasant listening at all times.

In the rhythm section it's Schnell and Fletcher who stand out. Schnell's work is particularly noticeable behind vocals where he plays solid chords with his left hand while playing running variations of the melody with his right hand.

Fletcher is not the leader of the band in name only. He is exactly that, due to the fact that he leads the rhythm section. Sammy's fine beat drives the band on fast numbers and gives a lift to the slow ones. Without a steady beat any band is lost and its rhythm is "nowhere." Sammy not only plays the drums but also arranges for the band and does a few "scat" vocals on the side.

This article would not be complete without mentioning some of the alumni of the Ambassadors. Probably the most famous is one Les Brown, who now has his own band. Sonny Burke is another, whose background band is heard on all of Dinah Shore's recordings. Another past member who was not so widely known in the music world but who will always be the "prince" of the Ambassadors as far as they are concerned, is Vince Courtney. Vince led the band from 1940 to 1942 before joining the Air Corps. He lost his life in the invasion of Northern France. Vince was loved by the whole campus for his genial nature and for his sincere modesty. He was the best vocalist the Ambassadors have ever had and one of the best arrangers. The band still uses the theme "Dream Notes," written by Vince, and the song "Blue Skies," which is one of his best arrangements. To Vince, the unforgettable Ambassador who was unable to complete his mission, we should like to dedicate these words.

by Bob Allen

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-Seek A Wedding-

(Continued from Page 21)

"Well," said Mona.

"Never mind. You talk too much anyway. Give him a chance. What does he want?"

"Five dollars," said Mona.

"Five dollars," said Ned. "What for?"

"Never mind," said Mona. "Go ahead and give him the five dollars. She dragged him away to the reception room where the punch was served. I was highly original punch. Neat whiskey in tumbler glasses. Ned backed away.

"Go on," said Mona. "Drink it. You'll need it." Ned gave her one look and bravely downed the glass. Five minutes later he came up for air.

"It had better be good," he warned her. "I am about to lay violent hands on you."

"Ned," said Mona, "I hate to tell you but we just got married."

"What?" said Ned, "married! Oh, my God no!"

"Well I don't think you're being very complimentary," said Mona.

"Complimentary! With you hanging around my neck the rest of my life! What do you want me to do, have a nervous breakdown?"

"We can have it annulled," said Mona firmly.

"Oh, so you don't think I'm good enough for you now. Well let me tell you there aren't going to be any annulments around here. When I do it, I do it right."

"But you didn't know you were doing it," said Mona.

"Don't quibble," said Ned loftily. His face cracked in a wide grin. "Well I did you out of your white satin and orange blossoms anyway." He put his arm around her. "Come on, pieface, let's go home. I hope you can cook."

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A black and white photograph of a woman with dark hair pulled back, smiling and looking towards the camera. She is wearing a dark, plush fur coat with wide sleeves. Her hands are clasped near her chin. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

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Duke University

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THE SECRETARY

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Saw Duke gals and boys,

Who were lured by the lights of
The old Meadowbrook,
And who hurried and scurried
For their Duke Night nook.

O, the scene thru the doorway
Warmed many a heart—
Sweet and hot music as played
There by Les Elgart.

And now as the night wore on
And trumpets did sing
The old-fashioned Yule Spirit
Continued to ring.

At the Meadowbrook now
Since the end of the war
They've been having these Duke Nights
As never before,

And so now once again with
The place up to par
There is dancing and music
More groovy by far.

So the night hours passed on
So frosty and cold
We sat there and realized
'Twas time that we rolled.

And though sad as we drove off
We said with delight
Merry Christmas and New Year
And Happy Duke Night.



"What's the commotion?"
"Oh, I don't know. I think some
lady just fainted from nervous prost-
tution."

He often was hard to understand—
like a word that has an *s* in the middle
of it, and you don't know whether
to pronounce the *s* with the first part
of the word or the last.

Inquisitive—like a mountain road.

Yes, Oscar certainly was Wilde.

She said that he reminded her of
spaghetti—and he believed her, know-
ing of her love for spaghetti.

It was one of those "B" melodramas
in which everyone looks as if he has a
headache.

Realization:

"I'd commit suicide in a minute—
but what if there's something to this
reincarnation business?"

Hope springs internal.

Two men standing on opposite sides
of a window see different views; yet
they look at the same thing. So it is
with life.

Welcome

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Meredith Moore—'32

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The ARCHIVE



december 1946

This Month

If you've a yen for fiction, you should like this issue of the ARCHIVE because it's strong on short stories . . . four in all. Lewis Buck and Mac Hyman are appearing for the first time between these covers. Buck's "And Off He Goes" is a fine piece of work depicting the creative thought stream of a writer; and Hyman, a member of Dr. Blackburn's writing class, gives us a look into the mind of a man against the world in "The Bus Ride." Joan Angevine, our Poetry Editor, turns from her usual field to write "The Man On The Bridge" with excellent results. Larry Coe's near-professional drawing only reaffirms the quality of his top-flight work. Our Assistant Editor, Peg Throne, is represented by a mature and well-done piece, "Ma Femme."

Just the mention of Dr. Rhine's name should be enough to make you want to read Bill Styron's fine "sketch." Everyone is familiar in some degree with Dr. Rhine's work, and Bill's article gives us an informative insight into the personality and work of one of Duke's better-known faculty members.

Coal . . . a timely topic you must admit . . . is personified in Terrence's dramatic poem of the same name. The striking illustrations were created by Margaret Mecker.

Archie, along with everyone else, grows nostalgic at this Christmas time. But we're not completely so because we, the Staff of the ARCHIVE (along with Archie), wish you all the very Merriest Christmas.

HAPPY NEW YEAR

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Last month we received a letter from Marjorie Mackenzie of Toronto, Canada. The letter began as follows: "The enclosed poem, *Formula For Peace*, may interest you because it is based on the assumption that Extra-Sensory Perception is a demonstrable, usable force—which I believe it is." It was a fortunate coincidence that this poem should reach us at the time it did, for our Sketches department this month features Dr. Rhine, the man whose work inspired Miss Mackenzie.

We all know that Dr. Rhine's experiments are known the world over; but Miss Mackenzie, in her letter, gave us some additional information that we think is interesting enough to pass on to you. She quotes to us from Whately Carington's book *Telepathy*, which was published in London.

"It is very difficult fairly to assess the value of Rhine's contribution to the subject, beyond saying that it is immense. No other man, I suppose, has done anything like so much to put these phenomena "on the map," at least as a matter for discussion—which is a necessary stage on the road to general acceptance."

"So you see," continues Miss Mackenzie, "Duke, and Dr. Rhine, and the ARCHIVE are known and respected far beyond the limits of your own country."

We thank you, Miss Mackenzie, for your kind and most welcome observations and for your allowing us to use *Formula For Peace* in the ARCHIVE.

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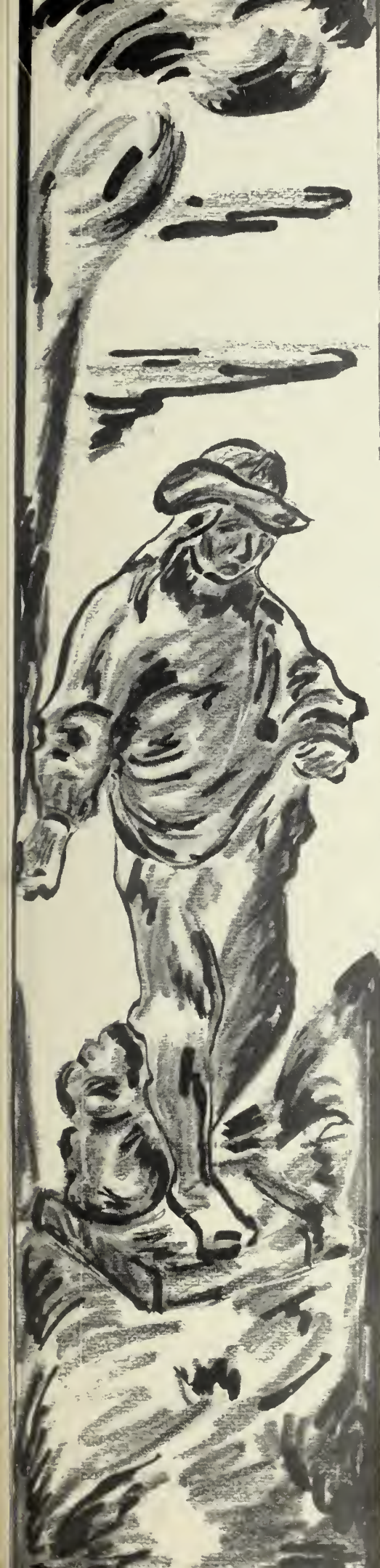
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The ARCHIVE

Vol. Sixty

December, 1946

No. 4

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*A Monthly Magazine Published by the Students of Duke University
Durham, North Carolina*

The publication of articles on controversial topics does not necessarily mean that the Editor or the University endorses them. The names and descriptions of all characters in the fiction of this magazine are fictitious. Any resemblance to any person or persons is not intended and is purely coincidental.

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THE ARCHIVE, DECEMBER, 1946

5



Robbins
IN
DURHAM



Archie Speaks

In Durham, it was Christmas time again. Huge jolly Santa Clauses beamed from every light post on Main Street, giving the drab and dreary town a look of uncommon brightness and festivity.

Feminine shoppers elbowed importantly about the streets, stopping to look in at Baldwin's, munching a quick sandwich in Walgreen's, picking up their husbands again at the bowling alleys.

By Ellis-Stone's a ragged foursome sang Christmas carols for the Salvation Army, while grimy tobacco farmers slouched against the building, listening lackadaisically, pausing intermittently to arc huge chews of tobacco into the streets.

Withal there was a new and happy spirit in the air. The mellow scent of tobacco which forever haunted the town became suddenly pleasant and comforting. Everyone spoke happily to everyone else, everyone smiled incessantly. There was even talk—as there always is in the South—of snow for Christmas.

* * * *

In 'Frisco now the fog came rolling in early from the sea, blanketing the whole city so that only Telegraph Hill stood out above the mist. Late revelers clinked glasses in the Top of the Mark, peering out through the high windows toward the sea, to glimpse through a sudden rift in the fog the lovely lights of ships at sea making their way slowly

to the harbor.

By day the common people thronged in Market Street looking for inexpensive gifts among the many little shops. The moneyed folk went uptown to Geary Street and Powell to buy the selfsame gifts at higher prices.

By night the bar at the St. Francis was still filled with traveling men, while slightly down the street the Yankee Doodle bar still bulged with lonely, inviting girls, fresh out of Reno, looking for servicemen, husbands, or just a good time.

* * * *

In Boston it was colder than ever. On Tremont Street the neon lighted theatres gleamed invitingly as always, promising warmth and comfort within. Sidewalk idlers watched the headline news move swiftly in lights along the face of South Station.

The Merry-Go-Round Bar in the Copley Plaza was as crowded as ever, moving slowly in its appointed circle, while the old lady fortune teller bargained with each table as it went past.

By the Hotel Touraine, on the "windiest corner in the world," cold-eyed New Englanders paused to button up their coats and wait for traffic.

In the Boston Commons, old men still sat on benches, huddling in their

worn coats as the icy winds came cruelly off Commonwealth Avenue, shivering, and thinking — perhaps — of other warmer Christmases long ago.

* * * *

In New York everything—as usual —was moreso than any place else. Gimbel's and Macy's offered all sorts of attractive items for gift-hungry housewives, and Altman's and Saks made window eyes at all the carriage trade.

On Times Square there were three separate groups of carollers, singing to the winds and the indifferent crowds. Subways bulged with passengers, loaded with bulky bundles, rocketing to and fro beneath the city.

In front of the Astor Bar a Santa Claus shuffled his feet in the cold, watching the people pass, now and then ringing the bell in his mittened right hand. High above him, across the street, the civilian in the Camels' ad coughed unceasing smoke rings into the cold air, while down the way a neon-lighted silhouetted dancer tapped effortlessly and endlessly in silhouette.

* * * *

In Durham, 'Frisco, Boston, New York; and in Fall River, Winnetka, Gross Point, Oakland, and Walla Walla; in all the cities, towns, and hamlets throughout the land there was a new and sharpened appreciation of well-being, a reawakened sense of comradeship and good neighborliness.

For it was Christmas.



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Ellis Stone & Co





He put his arms around her and sat there for several minutes trying to think of what to say.

HE THOUGHT about it as soon as he got awake in the morning, and he remembered how angry he had been the night before. Those smart-alecks up at the inn who had nothing better to do than sit around and watch women! He hadn't heard exactly what they had said, but he knew it was something about Josey from the way they had watched her, and he had caught 'French girl' when one of them leaned over and whispered something to the others. Maybe he should have gone back and had it out with them right then. But that would have called everyone's attention to it, and the town's only minister shouldn't get into any sort of argument. Even if your wife

MA FEMME

By PEGGY THRONE

was insulted. You just turned the other cheek. Besides, he didn't think Josey had noticed, and the best thing was just to keep his feelings to himself. By the time breakfast was over he felt somewhat better, but he still didn't want to talk. After they had eaten, he sat at the table trying to think. He should be out visiting, he knew. Somehow he couldn't bear to think of being genial and conversational this morning.

Josey was tying on her apron. Last night hadn't been the first time. There had been little things ever since they came—remarks, or just the way people looked at them when they didn't think he was noticing. For some reason they thought it odd for a young minister to have a French wife. He had decided right away that it was best for Josey to be around them as little as possible, but it was rather difficult

in a town as small as this. Perhaps he should have become an assistant pastor in a large church instead of taking this country post, but he had thought the experience would be valuable, and he had accepted the offer just before his discharge. He had planned so many things for the church here, so many things that didn't materialize. If things hadn't gone right, it wasn't entirely his fault. The time had just gone too fast, and every day he felt his failure more keenly.

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT WIMBERLEY

Exactly what was wrong he didn't know, but though he would not admit it even to himself, his lack of accomplishment was always vaguely connected with Josey. He watched her move about the kitchen. She was wearing soft felt slippers and her feet made no sound on the wood floor. He told himself she was much too attractive for a place like this. He should take her away. There had been an offer from a Dr. Mason in Philadelphia. Maybe it wasn't too late . . . People wouldn't be so curious there.

He got up and began clearing the table of the few remaining dishes. "Thank you," she said when he set them on the sink. She poured some hot water into the pan.

"You still don't have the 'th' sound," he said. "It's easy, just put your tongue behind your teeth, like this, 'th'." She tried again, but it still came out with the hard *t*. Maybe it was because she hadn't been around many people up here, but she ought to catch on from hearing him talk.

He picked up one of the dishes and began to wipe it. At home his mother had never let him do anything like that. She had old fashioned ideas about a woman's place and duties, and sometimes he used to think it was kind of silly the way she pampered him and his father. But it did have its sound

points too. It might be good if some more people had ideas like that . . . He would try to bring that into his sermon Sunday. He took a cup from Josey and poured out the water that was in the bottom.

"The weather will be good today," she said looking out the little window over the sink. "Very cold, but clear."

"Yes," he said. Sometimes the way she phrased things got on his nerves. "I wouldn't be a bit surprised if we got some more snow before evening. We're

up pretty high, you know."

"Shall we do something?" she asked.

He shrugged and said nothing.

"Let's go to the lake," she was saying. "Can we, Henri?" She always said *Henri* instead of Henry. He used to like it. In France it seemed to fit in with things. He even used to call her *ma femme* then. Silly, he thought. But it did suit her better than *my wife* somehow.

She was holding a plate for him to take, and was looking at him questioningly. "Henri?" she repeated. Her voice was teasing. "I want you to take me ice skating."

"All right!" He hadn't meant to sound so harsh. He took the plate from her too quickly and almost let it drop.

"I am sorry," she said.

"My fault. We'll go over to the lake after lunch." He set the plate down and waited for her to hand him another.

"What is wrong?" she asked.

"Nothing. Nothing's wrong. I was just thinking."

She said nothing for several minutes and stood trailing the dish cloth slowly through the water.

"I thought I'd call that Dr. Mason today," he said abruptly at length. "About Philadelphia. How would you like that?" He paused momentarily. "I can't seem to get anything across up

here. I don't know what kind of a minister they had before, but he must have been different from me. If we go to Philadelphia, I'll have less responsibility, and maybe I can show you a better time. Should have done it long ago, I guess. But that's me for you." She did not seem to be aware of his voice. Apparently what he had said did not appeal to her. Now she'd be pouting again, but she'd get over it. She always did. The last time it had been because he wouldn't let her try to teach him French.

"Mais pourquoi?" she had said. Pourquoi! Fat lot of sense there was to that. It wasn't that he couldn't have learned it. He had had Spanish in college, but he could see no percentage in it. He preached in English, and one had to be practical. When he needed French, he had managed to pick up enough to get by. Most of the soldiers who spoke it well just used it to pick up as many women as they could. Then they'd come to him with their troubles, but he always felt they were secretly laughing at him and would go off and make jokes about talking with the chaplain.

He used to write his mother about them, not everything, just how they caroused around all the time. He had written her about Josey too, about how different she was from the other French girls, and how fortunate it was that she happened to be Protestant. He had waited until after the wedding to tell her anything about their marriage, and then he hadn't heard from her for over five weeks. That had been her way of

(Continued on Page 22)

Joyful all ye nations rise;

Join the triumph of the skies

IN THE SINGING OF CAROLS AND HYMNS CAN BE FOUND THE KEY TO PEACE, LOVE, AND HARMONY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD. . . .

Photograph by Norman Anderson



S K E T C H E S

JOSEPH BANKS RHINE, a mild-mannered and unassuming scientist, is not given to elaborate statements or sensationalism. But one night last summer he got up before a microphone in New York and in a soft, somewhat halting voice told the world that finally there seems to be scientific evidence that humans possess something in the nature of a soul. Not only this, he comfortably added, but in the light of research done in extrasensory perception—a field in psychology of which he is the outstanding proponent—there appears to be a possibility of life after death.

The person who uttered these rather auspicious words is a professor of psychology at Duke, a greying, handsome, and pleasant man who, despite the fact that he has been sneered at from many an academic corner, maintains an almost disarming air of self-assurance. Probably no scientist of recent years, certainly no psychologist, has received more criticism and sharp looks of askance, yet Rhine—now in his eighteenth year of research at Duke—seems certainly possessed of a sincere confidence in his work and discoveries.

When Extra-Sensory Perception—or E.S.P., as it is familiarly known—is mentioned to the average person who is only slightly acquainted with the subject, he usually associates the name with grave and earnest young people brooding over a pack of cards or solemnly rolling dice. In some measure this is true, but again most laymen have only a slight idea of the meaning behind all these goings-on. The general goal of E.S.P. research, as Dr. Rhine explains it, is the study of telepathy and clairvoyance—which heretofore have been surrounded with an air of the occult and mysterious—in the hope that insight into these unusual powers of the human mind will eventually lead



to further knowledge of man and his place in the universe. To some people these are pretentious words, yet Rhine, a thoroughgoing scientist who dotes on fact and proof, says: "The evidence that extrasensory perception of the mind exists is so great that no one has had time to read it all."

One of the most remarkable things about Rhine is the fact that as an inquiring young man studying for the ministry he found himself at odds with theological doctrines—mainly those which concern the existence of the soul—and instead of accepting such vague theories he turned to psychology, and eventually to the present field of psychical research. After taking his Ph.D. degree at Chicago in 1925, Rhine taught at the University of West Virginia for two years, and then came to Duke where, under the sponsorship of the late Dr. Few and Dr. McDougall, he founded the Parapsychology laboratory.

Extra-Sensory Perception, as a field of study, is quite an involved affair and

has developed, during its relatively youthful span as a branch of psychology, quite a number of devious and complicated ramifications. In general, though, E.S.P. consists of controlled experiments and tests on individuals, which are calculated to determine the ability of the mind to transcend itself and reach out into space and time. One experiment, probably the best known, involves a pack of cards upon which are printed a number of designs, such as a star, a circle, and so on. Sitting in another room, separated from the operator of the test, the subject presses a button to signal that he is ready to concentrate on the card that the operator is holding in his hand. When the image of the design, if any, has been summoned to mind, the subject marks it down on a sheet of paper. After two or three "runs" are made, the operator's list and the subject's list are checked against each other and the result tallied. A representative of the ARCHIVE took the test recently and, having scored above chance in guessing identical cards, he was awarded a ticket to the Center theatre.

Other experiments have been made, involving all sorts of conditions and people. Tests have been conducted where operator and subject were separated by thousands of miles, and according to Rhine the factor of space has no effect on the results. Children have been subjects, as have blind people and students; and in 1938 a group of psychotic patients were tested in Ohio. The extrasensory perception of *future* events has been investigated, too, with results which were so favorable that Rhine has ruled out chance as a possible explanation.

Dr. Rhine was born in 1895 in Waterloo, Pennsylvania, and served as a sergeant in the Marine Corps during

**Caricature By
Clarence Brown**

World War I. In 1919, he won first place in the National Rifle Matches at Caldwell, New Jersey, but has done little shooting lately. In 1920 he married Louisa Weckesser, who is a doctor in her own right, and who has aided Rhine in much of his work. They have four children.

Rhine is a tall, rather heavy-set man with a high forehead, deep-set eyes, and dark brows. He is somehow youthful looking, but with a head of greying hair—an appearance which prompted the phrase “sex-appeal” from one of the younger female members of the Duke faculty. His office on the second floor of the West Duke building adjoins the dozen or so rooms which comprise the Parapsychology laboratory, and is quite plain and unadorned except for a pair of huge red dice which rest in an ashtray on his desk. Rhine is a very cordial and gracious man, and as a psychologist has applied the shrewd approach of having the chair in which the visitor sits built approximately a foot from the floor, in order that he may lean over his desk and gaze down amiably into his visitor’s upturned eyes. He is also a very busy man, seemingly occupied with his work night and day, but his office is open to the right people. His secretary, a bespectacled young gentleman, confided that those who annoy Dr. Rhine the most are people who come in wanting to write about him or publicize his works.

“But let some poor mousey guy come in here who’s got troubles he wants to unload,” the secretary said, “and Rhine’ll listen to him for hours, and talk to him.”

Although Rhine occasionally rides a bicycle, his hobby is hiking, and outside of this and his work, another of his great interests is Persian rugs.

“It’s funny,” the secretary said, “but he’s *crazy* about Persian rugs. Why, he’d rather be on a Persian rug than . . . than eat a turkey dinner.”

When he’s not hiking or standing on Persian rugs or working, Rhine man-

ages to carry on a large correspondence, personal and otherwise. Such a venture as exploring the mind, and with the far-reaching implications which Rhine attaches to his work, naturally occasions interest and inquiries from scholarly sources and from the general public, and Rhine, no slacker, he, is an assiduous correspondent.

Rhine, though he has been assailed by many critics, staunchly and calmly maintains the validity of his findings.

FORMULA FOR PEACE

Thought through space—

Reaching unreasoning minds and willing them to war.

The mass mind of man willing its own destruction

Under the Will to Power.

The world lies wounded—dying—under the Will to Power.

Thought through space—

This is the power behind the Will to Power.

As sound is sent from centres of control,

To reach the listener in far distant places,

So thought can be projected. Thought through space.

And here is hope. Here is the new hypnosis.

Here is the promise of a world from which

All hate, and war, and fear can be removed.

Thought through space—

The Will to Peace, reaching unreasoning minds

That yet can feel the thought-beat of the world.

The Will to Peace,

And the mass mind of man can will its own salvation.

MARJORIE MACKENZIE

A local campus philosopher, in an indirect manner, has said that Dr. Rhine is something short of demented, and that, in the first place, you can’t prove extrasensory perception at all merely because you have to have sensory evidence. To this Rhine replies that no one has ever seen the atom and yet, God knows, it’s there.

“Such a criticism could never come from a scientist,” Rhine says. “As with the atom, you can’t prove that there are any definite factors which go to make up heredity. Prove it, that

is, from a sensory standpoint. We’ve never seen a gene, and yet we know that it is there, and we know that it’s a direct factor in the transmission of hereditary characteristics. You see, a great part of science deals with the invisible, but deals with it through inferences from physical findings. Science checks by experiment. E.S.P. does this. *All* psychology deals with the invisible; why not E.S.P.? An astronomer never sees the orbits of the planets. He’s got to infer them, as we in E.S.P. infer superphysical characteristics of the mind from our findings.”

According to Dr. Rhine, no one has ever criticized his work directly. If they did, he has a standing invitation to serious skeptics to come up to the laboratory and check the analysis and figures. The most common indirect criticism is not that E.S.P. does not exist, but that its existence is presumed on faulty computations and mathematics. To this Rhine replies in the words of Burton H. Camp, who was president of the American Institute of Mathematical Statistics. Camp, who with a committee investigated the Rhine report, said: “If the Rhine investigation is to be fairly attacked, it must be on other than mathematical grounds. The statistical analysis is essentially valid.”

Rhine, in a new book not yet published, to be called *The Reach of the Mind*, is putting forth a comprehensive survey and summation of E.S.P. research so far. Of special importance is the section which deals with the relation between psychology and religion, and since Rhine’s aim is to commensurate psychology, especially E.S.P., with religion, he has taken great pains to make clear his stand on the question.

If his discoveries, and the discoveries of those who have collaborated with him, form any sort of datum—in the sense that there is evidence of non-physical properties of the mind—then, according to Rhine, the theory of the

(Continued on Page 30)

AND OFF HE GOES

By LEWIS A. BUCK

THE SUN was going down, and a crisp evening breeze reminded Bentley Williams that spring was only uncertainly here. The rock on which he sat was still slightly warm from the sun, but he knew it would not remain so for long.

They would be expecting him for supper. There would be a row if he were late again. He should go now.

Of course, it was beautiful, the sunset, but somehow saying it was beautiful was not enough. If he tried hard enough he might find the right words to describe it. The tops of the trees seemed to be burning without a flame. There was poetry in such a scene. Pine trees butter-yellow . . . The sun a globe of molten gold . . . No! Pine trees smouldering in the melting glare. But damn it! It just would not work. All the words were wrong. All the words he thought of were wrong. They were too forced. If poetry wanted to be born, it would be born. You did not have to perform a Caesarean for it. The idea snagged in his mind. Brain children. He could hear them in years to come, as he bent over to admire some poet's progeny. Whispers . . . He's such a nice person. He loves other people's brain children so. Too bad he never had any of his own. Poor Williams. A little odd. Too bad. I suppose he's sterile.

"Doll's boy's asleep under a stile" . . . That didn't mean anything. But the next words . . . "His lips drink water, but his heart drinks wine" . . .

That means everything. My lips drink water and it's water. No miracles for me. Will you have a glass of sherry, Mr. Williams—Bentley? No, thank you, Miss Muse. You can't fool me. It's only water—and probably distilled water at that. Sherry, Mr. Williams—Bentley? Would your muse call you by your first name, or would she say *Mr. Williams*? Waitress, take back this barrel of rainwater; I asked for a cask of amontillado. Poe . . . Edgar Allan . . . Wonder if his heart drank wine. His lips did.

Bentley pushed himself to his feet and collected his books. As he started off, he limped, but after a few steps his foot woke up and he swung on down the path at a relaxed pace, his lips forming the habitual words:

"Let us go then, you and I

When the evening is spread out
against the sky

Like a patient etherized upon a
table."

Through certain half-deserted streets? Nay, God Mi' lord, through certain half-deserted bridle paths. And it goes on . . . I am not Prince Hamlet, nor was meant to be . . . I should have been a pair of ragged claws. I have heard the mermaids singing each to each "The Love Song of A. Alfred Prufrock" . . . I do not think that they will sing to me . . . Turn the volume up a bit. What time do the mermaids come on? There's too much static. Try another station . . . The mermaids singing . . . Till human voice wake us . . . But not to me.

He was still contemplating the western sky. This was the moment for conception . . . yes, intercourse with Beauty . . . (But gestation was a waste of time, and labor too much trouble) . . . But not me. I am Beauty's fool, not her lover. I drink water and its water . . . "wine is wine, and water only water in our house" . . . so I never got drunk with Beauty . . . and we never had any children . . . no mermaids singing . . . "'til human voices wake us and we drown."

Tiger lilies and purple shadows, and a white violet beside a mossy stone, night noises up and over. Crickets. A bat performing a darting ballet—to a cricket obligato. The hoarse squawk of a frog—sounds as if he had a frog in his throat. And over there . . . (It was a million-leaved mimosa) . . . and before that, something about the sun caught in the mimosa like an immense egg of fire . . . *cradled* in the mimosa, that was it.

It's all been said before. Everything I want to say has been said before. If only I could find a new way to say—way to say—way to say . . . new words, a new language. But that wouldn't work . . . someone else would have to understand it or there'd be no use . . . I think in quotes, or paraphrase. All my music is stolen . . . my lyrics lifted . . . it's a steal. But I must keep trying always all ways to make music . . . always all ways . . . even the Steinway . . . I am I because my little dog knows—aroses arose. Miss Muse, if you don't settle down, I'm

(Continued on Page 26)

That's Lovely

GLORIA KOLTINSKY

And Handsome

JOHNNY MORFIT

Getting Into The

CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

Photo by Norman Anderson



COAL

*Darling, come meet
I am your friend.
I visit you first of a cool spicy evening
In fall,
In your parlor where I leap and frolic and chuc-
kle and glow,
And warm your spirit and your body with my
presence—
And many a happy evening we spend together.
Sometimes you have no need of me and I am gone.
You sit in your house alone and read your news-
paper.
You read of the strikes in the steel mills and the*

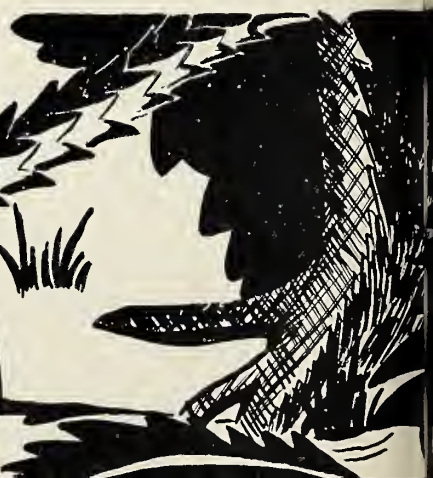
*President's speech and the Market Reports, and
Then you read the little box down in the lower
right corner where it says "Weather Report."
While you read you puff out your lips and rub your
chin which is beginning to bristle a little be-
cause the water wasn't quite hot this morning
and a man can't shave close in cold weather,
can he?*

*And you say, "Hm-m Hm-m."
You reach over and pick up the phone,*

*Dial Pitkins 1300 and say, "Mr. Schwartz,
Weather man says snow. Send some coal."*

*That's me.
I am coal.
Conceived in another world,
Spawned in Chaos,
I was born from the womb of a nascent earth,
yet trembling inwardly and wondering
from
Whence.
I was a child when the first transiuscent mass
of animal jelly
Began to quiver and move
With new-found life.*

*I was but a youth when the mighty creature
of a still-fresh sea
Liver and died and fought their way
Toward an even higher plane of evolution
I had reached a majestic maturity when my
first ancestor crawled from slimy waters
of the teeming swamps,
Dragged itself with finny limbs
Up, up onto the sand,
And lay there exhausted,
And breathed air.
I watched him, aloof at first,
Watching him as he grew hair on scaly skin
Watched him as he stretched upright
And his limbs grew straight and strong
Watched him and came to hate him.
Even from the first he was not as other crea-
tures,
Taking life cheaply where he found it,
Living and being killed.
He was weak and powerless. He had no claws
nor fangs.*



By **TERRENCE**

*Selfish mole,
Forging monsters which tear my flesh
To feed the monsters
Who forge the monsters
Who rend my body and tear my soul.
And reach out with steel-ribbed arms
And cast me into hungry throats
Or scoop me up with greedy bills
Like insatiable fowls, burrowing in the farm-
yard,
Seeking ever frantically to fill that void
which cannot be,
Up, onto broad moving backs
Which carry me out into the daylight,
Into the sunlight,*

(Continued on Page 25)



*And he survived.
I hated him from my lofty heights,
Despised that shrewd cunning, that wisdom older
than his years,
That made him lord of all that he surveyed
By artifice, and not by clean battle of tooth and
nail
And blood and muscle.
Yet even as he waxed strong, I became weak,
And stumbled and toppled to the ground,
And fell asleep.
I am coal. Man woke me from my slumbers,
Aroused me from my well-deserved rest
To serve him.*

*And tore me from my resting place.
At first not grasping and selfish
But shipping and breaking the skin from my
bones
To warm his little hearth and cook his food,
Then greedy as only man can be
Wishing to pile up and hoard that which he
cannot use,
Or save it for a rainy day,
When none can say that he, poor fool,
May live to see the sunrise.
Grasping, grasping,*

*the same and yet not the same.
still pitifully weak, but that same
weakness he had made
him.
contrived himself monsters of stone
ed wood and steel,
g of wondrous shapes and ingenuity,
bt with no mind
bepose
ieve man
nk weakling had set himself upon a
trone
ude the whole world to bow the knee,
d were subject unto him.
o no mercy, no respect,
he sleeping dead were not free from
molestations.
rowed underneath my shroud
back the gravecloth of my tomb*



THE MAN *on the* BRIDGE

By JOAN ANGEVINE

MARGARET set the heavy-filled paper sack down on the step and, with her free hand, turned the rusted knob until it caught and the door opened a crack. Picking up the bag again and clutching tighter the overnight bag in her other hand, she kicked the door the rest of the way open and went in. A streak of fading light lay across the wooden floor, but when she shut the door behind her with her elbow, it went away, leaving the narrow hall dim. It hadn't changed at all. Somehow, even after one night's absence, she had expected some small thing to be different. But it was the same. She looked up the long flight of stairs that twisted back and forth to the third floor and sighed.

"Mrs. Townsend?" The voice behind her sounded sharply and Margaret's fingers tightened on the paper bag. Miss Jones! Miss Jones wanted the rent. Miss Jones wanted to tell her not to use so much gas. Miss Jones wanted to tell her to close the windows after 9 p.m. or the pipes would burst. She turned and faced the short, plump woman standing a few feet away from her in the doorway of her apartment.

"Yes?"

"Mrs. Townsend," she repeated, and took a step forward, "I feel it my duty—now I don't want you to get me wrong. I know you and your husband are new tenants and don't know how things are done around here—but, I feel it my duty to the rest of the tenants as landlady to tell you that Mr. Townsend is causing no end of disturbance at the most ungodly hours of the night."

"I'm . . ."

"Now, I wouldn't say anything if it only happened once in a while, but you've been living here for four weeks now, and I could count on one hand the nights he's come in before two and hasn't stumbled up those steps. I advise you to do something about it."

She turned then and clicked the door shut behind her. Margaret's face was motionless and she stood for a few seconds, her eyes half-closed, and looked at the wall. Then she hoisted the paper bag high in the bend of her arm and started slowly up the stairs.

So it had happened again. She had known it would. She had been waiting for it. She wasn't surprised. It had happened again just as it had happened in all the other places where they had lived in the past three years. She could average now just how long it took for the Miss Joneses to mention it. Some of them waited awhile and even then were timid about telling her. Others were quicker and showed no compunction in asking them to leave. But none of them had ever approached Al. They had never dared. It was she who listened to them first and then later told Al they were moving again.



Margaret was at the top of the staircase now and she set the bag down on the floor and opened the door of the apartment with the key she took from her purse. Inside, the small living room was dark and she crossed to a lamp and switched it on. Then she remembered the bag in the hall and, getting it, she took it to the kitchenette and began taking out the canned goods she had just bought and putting them on the shelf. There were several bottle caps in the sink and she scooped them up and threw them in the wastebasket. She took the dirty towel from the rack and replaced it with a clean one. Then she went back into the living room. There were cigarette ashes on the rug and she started to hush them away with the toe of her shoe when she saw the newspaper spread out on the floor and the soiled shirt draped over the back of the chair. Mess, mess, mess! All the time! She picked them up and went into the small bedroom. Everything was in disorder. The bed was as he had left it when he got up. An empty pack of cigarettes lay in the middle of the floor and clothes were heaped in the corner. Honestly! If she wasn't there every minute to pick up after him! Margaret sighed and started to make the bed.

He hadn't been like this when they were first married. No, he hadn't! When had it started? She tried to remember, but couldn't. Five years is a long time to think back over and try to recollect just where one thing ended and another began. But she remembered that at first it hadn't bothered her. Men have to drink once in a while, don't they? Then she remembered the night a little over three years ago when



"Shut up. Shut up," she had said. "You're drunk."

he hadn't come home at six as usual for supper. She had waited and waited, and then, at seven, had reheated the food and waited some more. Finally, she had gone to bed. It was sometime much later that she had heard his uncertain steps and sat upright in bed and seen him standing over her.

"Al! You're drunk! You're drunk again!"

"You know what?" The words had been slurred. "You know what? I'm unreliable." He had rocked against the edge of the bed. "Did you know that, Margaret? I'm unreliable!"

"Al, what are you talking about?"

**ILLUSTRATED BY
LARRY COE**

She was out of bed now and trying to make him sit down.

"They can get along without me. That's what they said!"

She had pushed him down on the edge of the bed and had started to take off his shoes.

"Shut up. Shut up," she had said. "You're drunk."

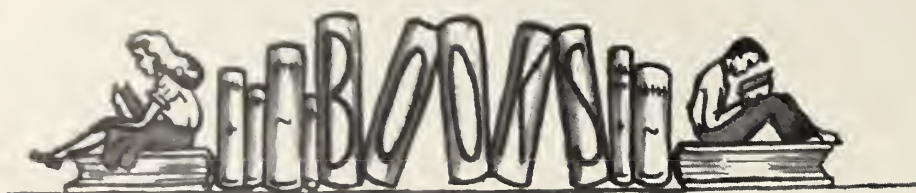
"The Journal doesn't need me anymore. I've lost my job."

Somehow she had managed to get him into bed. He had tried after that to find a job on some other newspaper. But the ones he had found, he had lost in two or three months. That was when Margaret had taken part-time work at the little hardware store down on State

Street. Just until Al finds something else, she had told herself. Then she had started working full-time, and after a while, Al had stopped looking.

Margaret finished smoothing the bedspread and emptied an over-full ashtray into the wastebasket. Then she turned and surveyed the room. Well, it was better than it had been. Going again into the living room, she picked up the overnight bag and, stopping to straighten a lampshade, she went back into the bedroom. She laid the suitcase down on the bed and clicked it open. It was surprising how much she had needed to take, even to spend merely one night away from home. Her sister

(Continued on Page 18)



THIS IS MY BELOVED

By Walter Benton

Alfred A. Knopf

HAVING ONCE known love, one then can find pleasure in things that remind him of it. On this account, Walter Benton's short but profound book of poems commends itself to the reader.

Poets have sung of the passions and ecstasies of love for so long that one sometimes begins to wonder if everything that could be said about it hasn't already been said. Then a book like *This Is My Beloved* comes along that seems to stand head and shoulders above other writing about the same theme, and one begins to think that perhaps the subject has no limits at all.

These poems cannot possibly be taken lightly or arbitrarily. They are written by a modern man who writes in a modern way, and one has the feeling that Mr. Benton has succeeded completely in saying what he wanted to say, a compliment that is high indeed.

Actually, I feel quite helpless trying to comment on something that is its own best commendation. I am tempted to quote it at length, but space and copy-rights do not permit that; nevertheless, I think that a few excerpts should be given to show more clearly what an excellent job Mr. Benton has done.

The poems are arranged in the form of a diary, and a story runs faintly through the background now and then.

The opening entry starts:

"Because hate is legislated . . . written into the primer and the testament, . . .

Because our day is of time, of hours—

. . . and black timeless night sucks us in like quicksand, receives us totally—without a raincheck . . . key to heaven or the last long look

I need your love more than ever now . . .

Because slow negative death withers the world—and only yes can turn the tide . . ."

Then, in the next few entries, the "beloved" is described and similed. It is almost useless, however, because, as the poet says:

" . . . Compliments become you as tinsel becomes a tall snow covered cedar in a mountain cedar wood."

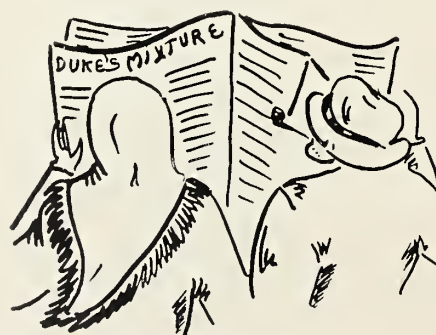
But he tries anyway, eulogizing her mannerisms:

"Often I have watched your lips shape words . . . and your tongue nudge them out like small birds not wholly certain of their wings."

He tells of their love making in passionate and heartfelt verse. Every little trait and characteristic, no matter how small, becomes something more to love. Somehow, vaguely, one learns that there will be a parting; in the background floats the hazy identifications of war. The lovers part, and he laments:

"When a star falls, I shall think of you."

When the moon is new, I shall think of you."



When a bird flies into my window, when a leaf falls before me . . .

—I shall wish for you."

After a period of time, one sees him going to meet her again. She does not keep the appointment, however, and he is left only with memories. Through his brain run the scenes of their past:

"I have looked too long upon you, too long . . . and with so much love that strangers can see you in my face—as the sun and vivid colors leave an after-image in the eyes."

These poems are direct and free, full of life and remembered passion. They are at times reminiscent of the *Song of Songs*, only they have the distinct quality of allowing the reader to connect them with himself. Different passages in this book will appeal to different people. This, I think, is because of the fact that these verses are remarkably applicable to experience. One of the main tasks of the artist is to portray the feeling that many people experience but that few can express. Mr. Benton succeeds amazingly well in this respect.

This Is My Beloved is profuse with splendid word pictures such as the following:

" . . . A star breaks, arcs down the night—like God striking a match across the cathedral ceiling."

"Night was all around me and the stars pecked at it with fierce acetylene silver beaks."

William Rose Benet, writing of this book, said:

"Never before has the delight and wonder experienced in young love in which is implicit physical discovery, been conveyed with such touching honesty or with rhapsody so involving unconscious pathos. Those who seek to drag any honest writing through the gutters of their own minds will do the same with this. Those who are not afraid of the strange miracle of life will understand this brave verse."

By Robert Loomis

CLAUDE WAS A little drunk when he climbed on the bus. He didn't feel it until he started to get on and then he felt light-headed and a little bit mean. He felt both at the same time and was thinking very hard as he walked down through the aisle, touching the backs of the seats with his hands. He would be glad for the bus to start. It was fun to ride on a bus at night. You could think so hard and go around and around in circles but the circles didn't matter then because nothing seemed to matter on a bus. He loved to lean his head back against the sticky felt cushions and close his eyes and feel the bus swaying and rocking under him. Then he could open his eyes and there he was right back again with the people and he could see up the aisle a man smoking a cigarette in the dark and the broad back of the driver and the lights on the highway. Sometimes he never wanted to get off a bus.

He wanted to sit by the window but all the window seats were taken. He found a seat in the middle of the bus. There was a man sitting there by the window. "O.K. if I sit here?" Claude asked.

"Sit down, young fellow. Sure," the man said, moving over.

He moved over too fast and Claude did not want to sit there then. The man wore a dark suit and glasses and looked fat in the seat and had thin, grey hair. He was looking up at Claude, waiting for him to sit down. Claude sat down.

Claude settled in the seat and leaned his head back against the cushion and closed his eyes. He tried to think of Joan. He had just left Joan there on the platform with all those other people. He thought then that he should wave; and he sat up in the seat and looked out the window. On the platform were the other people but he did

not see Joan. Oh, well, he thought. Oh, well. Oh, hell.

He should not have drunk so much at the Casino. He must have got pretty silly there at the Casino. She liked it, though. She liked to see him drinking because when he was drinking he was so happy. Big-time Charlie when I'm tight, he thought just a big-time Charlie.

Look, Joan, he thought. He was talking straight at her now. I can't help it, see. I don't mean to be like that but I just can't help it. Sometimes you're fine and I'm just crazy about you. You're a fine girl and all like that. And you're pretty, too. God knows you're pretty. But look here a minute. Just listen a minute. I don't like you very much. Sometimes I'm crazy about you and have lots of fun with you, but goddamnit I just don't like you. It's nothing personal, Joan. I just don't like anybody. I can't help that. I can't help not liking anybody anymore. You understand, don't you, Joan? Yes. That's the girl. That's the girl.

"Thanks. Believe I will." The man sat up. He reached for the cigarette and touched Claude's hand and Claude drew back his hand and let the man have the pack. The man leaned over in his seat to light it and Claude looked down at the back of his thick neck as they passed a light on the corner. He handed the pack back to Claude.

"Where you going?" the man said. "Thomson."

"Thomson?"

"About seventy miles south of here."

"Oh, yeah," the man said. "I've been through there. Knew a man there by the name of Sprekles. Know 'im?"

"No, I don't."

"Been there for years. Big fellow. Sprekles. Ben Sprekles. Runs that Gulf place north of town."

"I don't know him."

"He's been there for years. Big fellow."

Claude did not answer. He started to lean back and saw the man looking straight at him. "I have been away from home for a few years," Claude

THE BUS RIDE

By MAC HYMAN

He heard the motor start and opened his eyes. He felt the bus move under him. Under the lights on the platform he saw a woman with a shawl wrapped around her shoulders. She looked tired of waiting. I must have nearly gone to sleep, Claude thought.

Now on the street pulling out of the station, the bus was dark and he sat up and took out a cigarette and lit it. As they passed the street lights on the corner he could see the fat, grey-headed man looking at him. His glasses shone from the light. "Cigarette?" Claude said.

explained.

"I thought there was some reason you didn't know him."

"Yeah."

They were on the road now and out of the city. The lights of the cars that passed showed figures of heads against the windows. Claude's cigarette tasted bitter in his mouth. He dropped it on the floor and stepped on it and leaned back again in his seat. A breeze was blowing in through the window and the cool stream felt fresh on his face.

(Continued on Page 31)

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-Ma Femme-

(Continued from Page 10)

showing her disapproval. He had reconciled himself to that now. He had pleased her by going into the ministry, and now he was going to live his own life.

Josey rinsed the last dish and put it on the drain board. He began to dry more quickly, but she reached to take the towel from him. "I will finish," she said. "Go telephone Philadelphia."

"No," he said. "I'm nearly finished." Maybe she wasn't going to pout after all.

"When would we go to Philadelphia?" She used to sound excited when she talked about big cities. But now she asked as though she did not really care. "Would it be before spring?"

"Oh, yes. Probably within a month." He handed her the towel to wash out.

"A month," she said.

"Well, aren't you anxious to go? I should think you would be after staying up here all summer and fall." He tried not to sound irritated.

"I like the mountains," she said simply. "I will always remember them as happy."

"You mean the time here as happy," he corrected her.

"Yes. Everything is happy except when you are not."

He put the dishes on the table. "Oh Josey these people just don't cooperate. You know that. They haven't been friendly. It's the environment I guess."

"So you are going to quit."

He stared at her briefly. "Oh you don't understand. I couldn't make you understand. You'll like Philadelphia. You've got to get some new clothes and . . . well, get around the right kind of people."

"I have clothes, and you are enough people for me."

There she was, trying to be cute again! Sometimes she sounded so sim-

ple. "You can't go on wearing the few things you've got. I want you to get some smart things, like the women wear in the cities. I'll get mother to take you shopping. After that just observe things a little."

"I might embarrass you," she said. She seemed to be looking over his shoulder, not directly at him.

"No, Josey, that's not it. It's just that a minister's wife . . . Oh, I don't know. You wouldn't understand I said."

"I would," she said. "I do understand, Henri."

"I want you to be happy," he went on, "and you won't be unless you fit in." No, that wasn't the right thing to say. Sometimes his thoughts got completely entangled. "Well," he tried to sound matter-of-fact, "if you're around people a lot, you'll soon get over a good deal of your accent. It's just a matter of catching on."

She brushed past him and went into the living room. He could tell she was fighting tears. "Not again," he said under his breath and started after her. He might as well humor her.

She was lying on the couch, sobbing. "Josey," he knelt down beside her. "Honey, what's the matter?" He put his arms around her and sat there for several minutes trying to think of what to say. He almost never apologized for anything, and he had to pull out the words. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean anything. Sometimes I don't know what's wrong with me. It's just that this place is beginning to get on my nerve, I guess. I don't want to hurt you. We both need a change." He waited, and finally she turned to him. He could see doubt and uncertainty in her face, but there were traces of a smile about her mouth, even though her eyes were red and swollen and there were still tears in them. He leaned over and kissed her gently on the mouth. "Forgive me?"

She nodded and looked at him almost as though she felt sorry for him.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

"You need a change," she said touching his cheek with her hand. The way she looked at him and the tone of her voice made him feel like a child. He started to take her hand, but she got up and said she had something to do in the kitchen. His first impulse was to go after her, but he decided against it. It was better to let her alone. He'd walk up to the inn and phone Dr. Mason. He didn't want her to hear him making the arrangements, and by the time he got back from the inn, she should be all right. He took his coat and left without telling her.

Sometimes he just couldn't figure her out, he reflected as he started up the road. He still loved her as much as ever, but at times she was such a puzzle. She seemed to be part of a bigger puzzle, and he wondered if he would ever find the solution. Perhaps I'm trying too hard, he thought looking down at the hard, frozen ground. Perhaps that was it.

It was still rather early for many people to be in the lobby of the inn. The townspeople never came up until evening and most of the guests slept late. An elderly man and woman were listening to the radio over in the corner, and the Dawson youngster was lying on the sofa looking at a magazine. She looked up as he passed.

"Hi!" she said. Those Dawsons certainly knew a lot about bringing up children. She couldn't have been more than about twelve, but old enough to have some manners.

"Hello," he said and went over to the 'phone booth. He put in a person-to-person to Dr. Mason, but the operator said she couldn't get it through right away. He hung up and went out to wait for her to call him back. He nodded to the elderly couple and sat down on one of the maple chairs, right across from where those fellows had been sitting last night. He could almost see them again as he stared at the empty chairs. Well, he wouldn't be seeing them much anymore. He'd forget about them completely.

The Dawson youngster came strolling over and plopped herself into one of the chairs. "Gosh, I'm so bored," she sighed. She was wearing old flannel slacks and a blue pull-over sweater. Her chest was still flat as a boy's, he observed. "I'll be glad to get back to school," she was saying.

"Yes," he said. If there was anything he couldn't stand, it was a kid at that "smart" age. "You had a long Christmas vacation, didn't you?" In his position, he at least had to be civil. Now she was just staring at him. He wished the call would come through. He didn't want to be gone too long.

"Are you going to be going to high school soon?" he asked.

"Yes, next fall. To junior high. The kids say it's a lot harder, but I don't care."

Maybe he should have told Josey where he was going, he thought.

"Besides, I had a tutor last summer." She had a way of fidgeting about when she talked. She kept knocking her one foot against the wood part of the chair. What was the matter with that operator?

"Betcha' don't know what I took! French!" She sounded as though she had been praised many times for this accomplishment. "And I can talk it some too! Not like your wife, though. I bet she can talk it *real* fast!"

"Yes, she can." The phone still hadn't rung.

"I know some songs and the Lord's Prayer in French. Do you know it in French, the Lord's Prayer?"

He walked over to the window and stood staring out. People talked about the beautiful view, but it seemed to be just a mass of white and gray. He heard the shrill voice chattering on. Why didn't she be quiet! Did he know the Lord's Prayer in French! He glanced over at the couple by the radio. They didn't seem to be noticing.

"I was going to come down to let

(Continued on Next Page)

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-Ma Femme-*(Continued from Page 23)*

your wife hear some of the songs, but Mother wouldn't let me."

He turned and started to ask her why, but thought better of it.

"I saw those pictures in *Life Magazine* a long time ago—about those French bathing suits. Does your wife have one of them? Mother says nobody decent would wear one!"

He had the same feeling he had had the night before, and it was all he could do to keep himself from slapping her face. That would be a fine parting gesture for a minister. Give them something more to talk about. He stared at her for a minute and then said simply. "No, my wife is different. I must see about my long distance call now." His pulse was throbbing in his neck as he closed the door of the booth, and he felt foolish to have said anything to her. He should be able to overlook things like that.

He dialed for the operator. "Operator?" he said when he heard her answer. "What happened to my call to Philadelphia? Did you forget about it?"

"No sir, I'm having trouble getting through to Philadelphia."

Out of the corner of his eye he saw the Dawson youngster approaching. "Well, keep trying," he said to the operator. "Keep trying."

Someone called from outside just then, and the Dawson youngster ran out to them screaming with laughter. He heard them say something about ice skating, and he started to pick up the receiver again. Perhaps he'd better wait. The operator was probably trying, and she had sounded rather annoyed with him.

Do I know the Lord's Prayer in French, he thought and almost laughed. Silliest thing I ever heard of! He could still hear the brittle laughter growing fainter from outside.



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-Coal-

(Continued from Page 17)

*Into the marvs of unquenched fires,
Burning my body,
Destroying my substance,
Casting my dead ashes upon the face of
the earth
Which man calls his own.*



*I am coal.
I wage my war against mankind.
Not with trappings of battle and strife
and might,
With clanging armor and shout of conflict
But as the spider waits patiently in her
lair
Knowing innately with ageless wisdom
The fly will come of his own accord.
For even as the candle draws the moth
into his flame
Certain destruction,
So is man drawn by lust of power and
the things
Which act to make that dream come
true.*

*To some I am merciful,
Bringing a swift and sudden end of
broken bodies and crushed limbs,
Grinding the spark of life
Beneath my charred heel.
But ere they go they see my vengeance
all.
See it in a fleeting instant
As I snap their puny stays
Like feeble branches crushing in the
storm,
Or blow my foul breath in their faces
Leaving their bodies, bare shells, bleak
and ruined in my wake.
Others must wait the end of hacking
cough,
And stooped frame,*

*Spitting up gobs of blackish phlegm
from sunken chests,
Holding aching backs,
Nursing rotted bones and wowing,
Another month, another year, and I
shall take my rest.
Yet even in death I have my glory.
The dull smoke of my passing
Hangs o'er their cities as a pall of
death,
Look, even now, you see me in their
grimy faces,
Hear the whistling rattle of anguished
breath
Gasped into wasted lungs.
Look! Look! Where is your all-powerful
man?
Where is your world conqueror?
Where is he, that all may bend the
knee and worship him,
While I laugh?
I laugh, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
For vengeance I have.
Aye, I am coal.
Do you know me?*



*I am your friend.
I visit you first of a cool spicy evening
in fall,
In your parlor where I leap and frolic
and
Chuckle and glow,
And warm your spirit and body with
my presence.
I come often and then more often.
And many a happy evening we spend
together.
Sometimes you have no need of me and
I am gone.
You sit in your house and read your
newspaper.
You read of the strike in the steel mills,
And the President's speech and the Mar-
ket Reports and some heads, and
a few sub-heads and
Then you read the little box down in
the lower right corner
Where it says "Weather Report."
While you read you puff out your lips
And rub your chin which is beginning
to bristle
Because the water wasn't quite hot this
morning and a man can't shave
close in cold water, can he?
And say, "Hm-m, hm-m."
You reach over and pick up the phone
Dial PItkins 1300 and say, "Mr.
Schwartz,
Weather man says snow. Send some
Coal." That's me.*

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-And Off He Goes-

(Continued from Page 14)

going to take lessons from Alice B. Toklas on the Steinway . . . Oh, you bastard!

Bentley Williams strode on through his "half-deserted bridle paths" toward supper. It sometimes troubled him that his mind would not behave. When he was trying to be serious, his mind went cavorting off on some fantastic by-path and he found himself mocking what he thought was beautiful because he was afraid of it.

The moon . . . a piece of a moon . . . something it was like a . . . was it new or waning? The thought-thin crescent of the dying moon. Like a . . . like the thumbnail paring of a god . . . yes, the stars are dandruff and the moon a thumbnail paring of a god on the deepening velvet of the evening . . . Bastard! Bastard!

The path he followed was almost nonexistent. It was overgrown with weeds and long forgotten. He doubted that anyone ever used it at all now. He had found it quite by accident only a month ago. It led toward the rear of the park, to that part which until recently had been the old Walker estate.

It seemed odd that no one had found the spot since the estate was sold to the city to enlarge the park. Someone must surely have noticed the "garden" if the land had been surveyed. It was not more than ten yards from the roadway. But then, the branches of the oaks did interweave and hung very low, and the weeds grew high on the slope; so that the tiny fish pond and rock garden were completely hidden from a distance of a few feet.

Bentley stood looking down into the empty pond. A thick layer of oak leaves covered the cement bottom. The water was long since gone. No water . . . no fish . . . of course, no mermaids . . . They don't live in abandoned goldfish ponds. Mermaids sing in the wild waves of the sea—to hardier souls. I

MERRY CHRISTMAS

do not think that they will sing. Wanted: one first-rate muse; must be experienced in Beauty, serious, and able to take dictation. Apply Bentley Williams, Lost Garden, Lafayette Park . . . "So a fool finds mirth, makes a thing and then mars it, till his mood changes, and off he goes."

In the dying twilight he turned from the pond, and stooping, placed his books on a rock. He reached into the tangle of creepers and vines which covered that part of the rock garden which weeds could not claim. He pulled the vines aside and brushed away the dead leaves. He already knew the words which were chiseled on the marble tablet, so that he did not have to strain his eyes to see them:

"In memory of Alan Bain Walker
Who built this little garden.

After a long and hopeless illness,
he died

At sixteen years of age. A highly
gifted boy,

He loved life, and he loved flow-
ers."

He let go of the vines, took his books, and stood up. Here was another whose heart must have drunk wine. Maybe he did not write or paint, but he did build a garden.

Bentley stalked stiffly up the trail to the road. *He* had done nothing . . . not a garden . . . not a word . . . a little talent perhaps, but no genius. The words had all been used before, and all the beautiful phrases were other people's children. Bastard!

He looked up again at the sky. The phrase which came to his mind was his own. He kicked a pebble down the road ahead of him. A pathetic fallacy. He could label it, but knowing what it was did not make him feel any better. "So a fool finds mirth" . . . a muse without a brain in her head . . . a pathetic fellow, see? . . . *The day turned purple with rage and collapsed behind the Methodist Church.*

Hats Off...

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The man who keeps looking at the stars is bound to stumble sooner or later.

The old women in the church sat like rows of wilted, faded bouquets.

The vastness of indifference.



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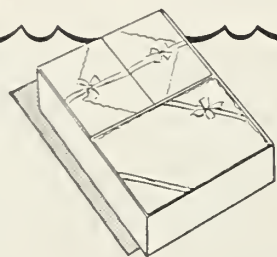
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-Man On Bridge-

(Continued from Page 19)

in Oswego had asked Al up too, but he had not wanted to go. She took out a nightgown and shook it out and then began to refold it. She would unpack first and then fix supper for herself. Then she would sit and wait for Al to come home and pray that he would be quiet. Maybe he would come home early tonight. Maybe he had missed her.

She took a hairbrush from the upper compartment and crossed over to the dresser. Putting it down, she looked in the mirror for a moment. Her eyes looked dark and her skin was drained of color. She put her hand to her face. Maybe she was just tired. Her hand slipped down to the top of the dresser and she started to rearrange things. The lipstick belonged over here and the comb here and these haircurlers should be . . . These haircurlers! She picked them up, one by one, until she held all five of them in her hand. These haircurlers weren't hers! She didn't use haircurlers. Her hair was natural. Involuntarily, her hand went to her hair and she pushed a wisp of it back. She didn't use haircurlers. She stood staring down at them for a moment and saw the shiny, thin metal pieces that looked like fish and felt the coldness of them. They weren't hers! They weren't hers! She didn't use haircurlers!

Suddenly she threw them on the floor. She was in the living room then and then she was in the hall and she had left the door open behind her. The steps creaked as she ran down them, but she didn't hear them. And then she was outside and she was cold because she hadn't brought a coat with her. She turned first to the left and then to the right and then back to the left again and started up the street fast, fast, fast. It was dark now and a thin drizzle of rain sifted down. She walked close to the inside of the walk and listened to

her heels clicking on the cement, clicking, clicking on the wet cement. The delicatessen was still open and she looked in the window as she passed by, and saw the little round balls of oranges and the fat hunk of baloney hanging from a hook. Ugly, ugly baloney! Not so-good baloney with the fringe on the top and when the sparrows come back to Orange Blossom Lane . . . She was out of the square of light from the store now and on the corner where the signpost said "Jay" in one direction and "Maple" in the other. Jay and Maple. Maple and Jay. She heard music from somewhere playing something, and she turned and started up Jay Street.

She walked for a long time. For a while she neither thought of anything nor felt anything. It was as if there were a huge rock on her chest, too heavy for her to move. And then one single, coherent thought came and repeated itself over and over. She had to do something. She stopped on the curb at an intersection and watched the light change from green to red and back to green. She had to do something. But still the rock was there and she could feel nothing. Stepping off the curb, she crossed the street and started up the incline that led to the Clarissa Street bridge.

She stopped halfway across and leaned against the iron railing. It was cold and wet. She could see the lights of the city, indistinct and blurred in the mist. The buildings in the distance were bulky shadows and only the eagle on top of the Times Building was distinguishable. She fastened her eyes on it and shivered. She heard the rumble of a train somewhere and then she heard the rush of the water far below. She looked down at the river and it was black and roaring and moving. The blackness was deep and the roaring and the moving never stopped. A fog rolled up and out of it and that seemed to roar and move too. She stared down and her eyes slowly opened and closed. The water would be soft

The water was going far away. She had to do something.

"Thinking about jumping?" The voice behind her was low and close. Margaret gripped the railing and turned around quickly. It was a man she had never seen before, wearing a tan raincoat and a hat with the brim turned down to keep off the rain. She couldn't see his face very well, but she knew he was smiling.

"Jumping?" she repeated. "Jumping?"

"Yes," he chuckled. "You looked as if you were about to leap right over the railing and drown all your troubles in a long drink of the Genesee."

He laughed and walked on.

Jumping! He had said she had looked as if she were thinking about jumping! She turned back toward the railing and looked down at the water again. It was roaring and moving. But it was cold! It was cold! Then suddenly the rock lifted from her chest

and she began to feel again. It was cold and she would never know the warmth of Al again. Never, never know the warmth, the warmth of Al again!

Suddenly she turned and ran. She ran back down the incline and across the intersection and up Jay Street. She would have to put Al to bed when he came home. She would have to tell him tomorrow that they were moving again.

—◆—
". . . and I do wish I could have read it, for I know your sediments."

—◆—
The author writes it down—that's the only difference.

—◆—
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-Sketches-

(Continued from Page 13)

soul, as defined by minimum require-
ments, is confirmed. Again, if such
is the case—if there is a spiritual ele-
ment in the human personality (as
Rhine is quick to maintain)—then
there is a theoretical possibility of some
sort of life after death.

"If research has yielded nothing, if
the E.S.P. tests had produced only
chance data, it would be much more
difficult indeed to entertain the con-
cept of a spiritual world of surviving
personalities."

In a way these are oddly consoling
words, but Rhine would be the first to
admit that there is a vast research prob-
lem still ahead for psychology. But
at least he seems supremely confident
that the important beginnings are here.

In an article in *Harper's*, Dr. Ernest
Hunter Wright adds, concerning
E.S.P.: "If what we are hinting at here
should turn out to be true, it is hardly
too much to say that we may be travel-
ing toward a revolution in the realm
of mind, more or less comparable to
the revolution effected by Copernicus in
the universe of matter."

Julian Huxley, the biologist, made
the following assertion: "There are
other faculties, the bare existence of
which is as yet scarcely established; and
these too might be developed until they
were as commonly distributed as, say,
musical or mathematical gifts are to-
day. I refer to telepathy and other
extra-sensory activities of the mind,
which the work of Rhine and others
is now forcing into scientific recogni-
tion."

With such works bounding about in
one's mind (extrasensory), one rises
from Dr. Rhine's psychological chair
and leaves, wondering if it is all propa-
ganda, or—thinking vaguely of peo-
ple like Kepler and Brahe—pondering
the fact that there might really be
something new under the sun.

By

WILLIAM STYRON

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124 W. Parrish

-The Bus Ride-

(Continued from Page 21)

The man was talking. "See the news today?"

Claude opened his eyes. "News? What news?"

"Newspaper, I mean."

"No."

"They're going to have trouble with those Russians sure'n hell."

Claude did not answer.

"I don't know. Looks like those fools don't know what they're doing. Git through with one war and ready to fight another one. Same way after the last war. Everybody said that was the last war. Crap. That's all I gotta say."

Claude leaned his head back against the cushion with his eyes open. He saw the white glare on the windshield past the broad back of the driver and he watched the glare get brighter and brighter and then he heard the rushing sound of the car going past and it was all dark again.

"Some fellow—I was reading this editorial—and this fellow was talking about Russia and he wants to go easy on 'em. Wants to go easy on 'em. Wants to give 'em the damned atomic bomb, I guess. I guess he just wants to give 'em the damn bomb and be nice about it. Damn fool, that's all I gotta say. I don't trust the red bastards. They'll stick a knife in your back. That's what they're doing. I don't trust them as far as I can spit. This has been coming on a long time now. Been expecting it myself. Might as well kick 'em and get it over. Gonna have to do it anyhow. Might as well go ahead and get the jump on 'em. That Byrnes fellow. See what he said in the paper?"

"I don't read the papers," Claude said. He wished he had not answered.

"Well, this Byrnes said—"

"I don't give a damn what Byrnes said."

"That's what I say."

"And I don't give a damn what you say." The man saw now and was sitting up.

"Now, look," the man said roughly.

"Shut up. Dry up. Goddamn you, dry up."

"Listen, young fellow."

"Don't young fellow me, damn you. You're a pretty rough joe, aren't you? You want to go to war. You're a pretty rough joe, I guess. Well, who's going to fight your war for you? Who's going to fight your goddamn war?"

"I didn't mean . . . look, now."

"You didn't mean. Then shut up, will you? Just shut up." Claude felt it loosen now.

"O.K., buddy, just settle down."

"O.K. Shut up. Just shut up."

Claude leaned back again and closed his eyes. He could feel his heart bump-

ing inside him and could feel the bus swaying under him and could feel the fresh breeze in his face. He could hear the quiet roaring of the motor and with his eyes closed could see the light of the car coming. He heard the car rush past. He felt the man move closer against the window away from him.

When the bus stopped in Thomson, Claude woke up. His neck was stiff and there was a bad taste in his mouth. The man next to him was gone. He went in the bus station and asked for a cup of coffee. He drank the coffee without cream or sugar and it was bitter and hot.

On the way home his head cleared a little but it still felt heavy and sluggish. Tomorrow he would get up early and go in swimming. I'll feel much better in the morning, he thought. I'll feel much better in the morning.



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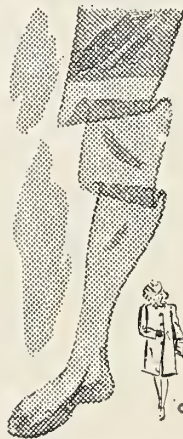
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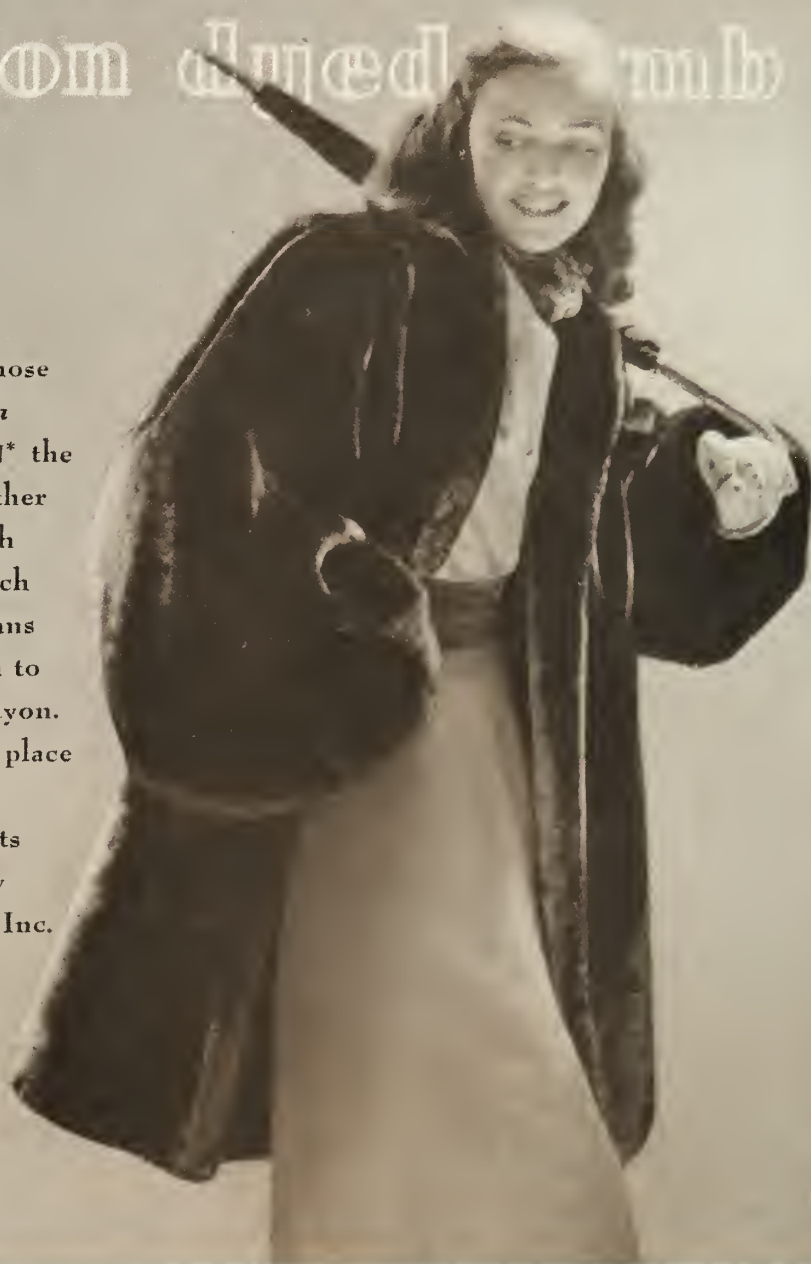
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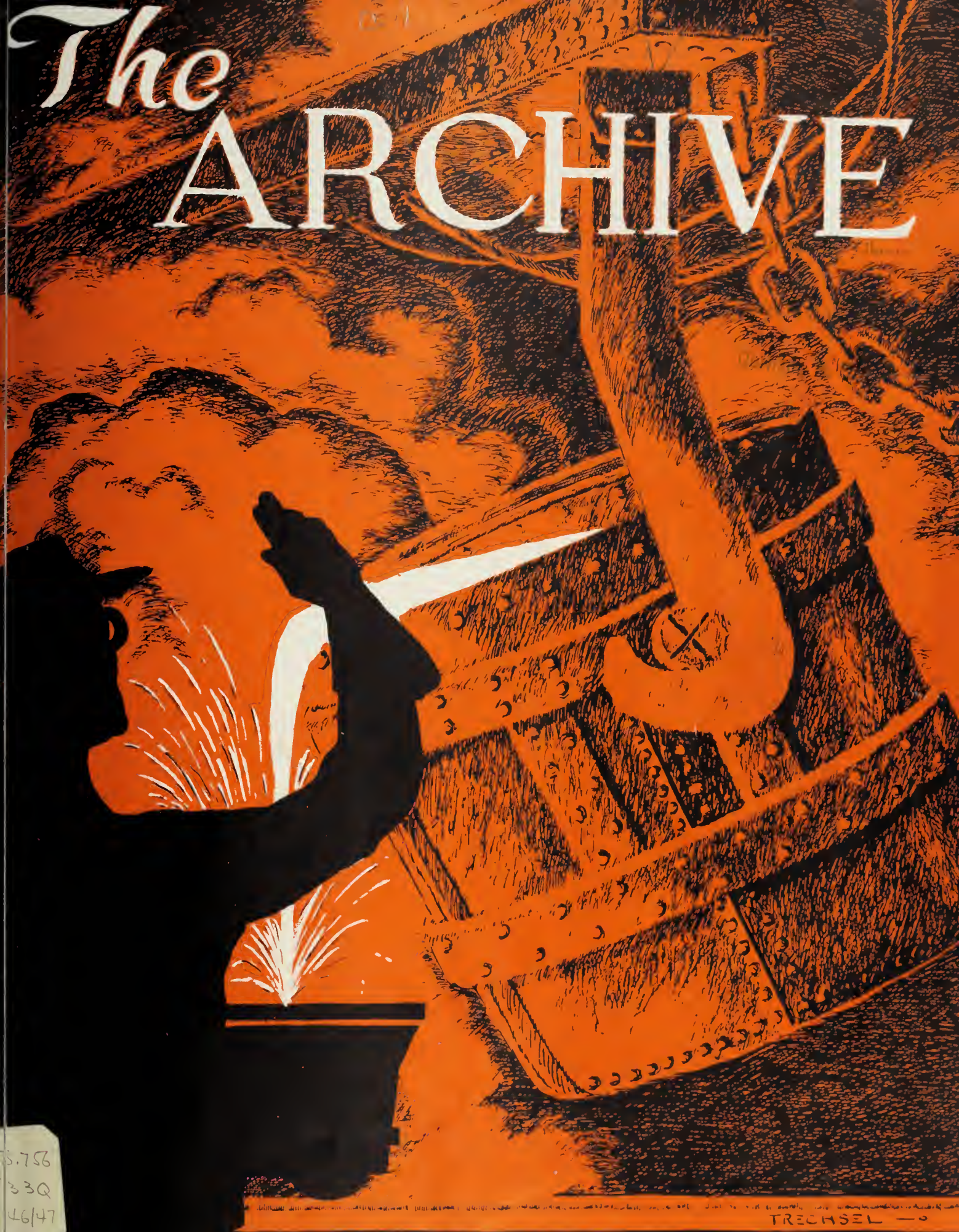
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February

1947

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This Month

Is You Like It . . .

BILL SNITGER, whose "Pattern of the Moth" appeared in the October *Archive*, has another story in this issue. "Late in November" is perhaps one of the longest stories ever published in this magazine. The quality of the writing only reinforces Bill's reputation as one of Duke's outstanding writers. The two excellent illustrations were done by Bob Parks, capable successor to Larry Coe, who graduated last semester.

Now for something entirely different. A week or so ago, Tom Greet dropped into the office and handed us a story, "Greeny," which he confessed was a little "unusual" but which he nevertheless hoped we could use. We agree with him in the first case and are almost overwhelmed in our approbation in the second case. Read it for yourself and see. By the way, the appropriate illustration was done by Clarence Brown.

An amusing incident in the big city is narrated by Pat Way in her "Luck for You." Written in a refreshing style, this story is Pat's first contribution to the *Archive*. Pat Wimberly did the illustrating.

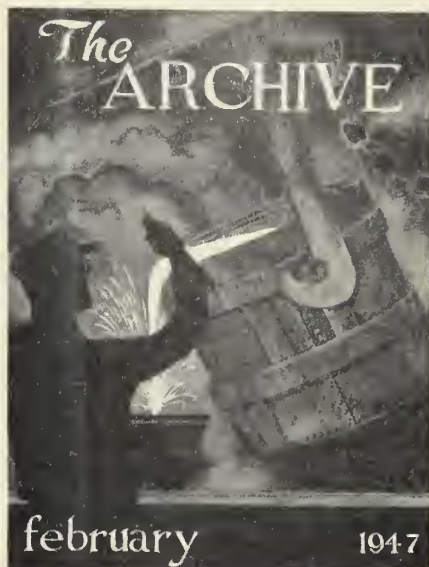


With The Bards . . .

TWO OF THE poems on the Poetry Page, Lewis Buck's "Muse No. 10" and Donald Thompson's "King Nicotine," have an especially interesting background story connected with them. Lewis and Thompson were both in Dr. White's poetry-writing class, and when Dr. White asked them to write an impromptu sonnet on some object in the room, they both, by coincidence, chose the same subject. Santa Harriette Cove, Rosalie Albren, Bev Weaver, and Bob Loomis contributed the other poems on this page and some elsewhere.

h, Oh, Orlando! . . .

VIRGINIA Woolf's *Orlando* occupies the book reviewing limelight in this issue and the criticism is expertly managed by Bob Loomis. Bob has had several reviews in previous issues of the *Archive*.



If You Want To Be A Football Hero . . .

HARRY E. BEAUDOUIN, Sports Editor for the *Chronicle*, contributed our article this month. "No College Football for My Kid" expounds some ideas that Harry has been mulling over in his mind for a long time. For the majority of people, college football still embodies the old "rah, rah" spirit of good, clean competition. This article presents a point of view quite different from the ordinary. Perhaps you may not agree with some of Harry's ideas, but we doubt if you can help being stimulated by them.

Dante Out Of Hand . . .

"TREN" says that when he started this month's cover, his original idea was to depict a Dante-like scene of the Inferno. The more he thought about it and worked on it, however, the more his original conception changed. The final result is what you see on the front.



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Consider Those Others

By HELEN MERCNER

In Europe and Asia, 400,000 students now are combatting not only a text book scarcity and building shortage, but malnutrition, hunger and disease in their struggle for individual advancement and for national rehabilitation. To alleviate these conditions, the World Student Service Fund this year set its goal at one million dollars to be expended in direct relief for students and professors on an international, inter-racial, non-sectarian, and non-political basis.

As its share in this global relief program, Duke University will seek to raise \$5,000 for WSSF aid to be used directly for the Charles University of Prague with a minor percentage allocated to general WSSF work. The Duke Plan, conceived by the Student Religious Council, establishes a bond between the students of two nations, resulting in a warmer and more personal interest for both donor and receiver. Because of the democratic ideal of the Czechoslovak people and republic, the University in Prague was chosen. Here, in this college community similar to Duke in size and organization,

students are reconstructing their academic life in converted hostels.

Founded in 1348, the University in 1934-35 had 4,600 students enrolled in the school of law; 3,109, Medicine; 1,383, Philosophy; 1,362, liberal arts, and 160, Theology. Now 54,000 University students are enrolled, compared to the prewar number of 21,000 and to 43,000 of last year. The increase in students has not been met with a corresponding expansion in living quarters and study materials. The library, nine feet wide by nine feet long, contains only a few German text books which were left after the systematic robbing in 1939. Map collections, scientific books and films were destroyed or transported and the archives of the Senate, highest university authority in Prague, were burned. Under the Nazi regime, students were forbidden to continue intellectual studies and were barred from all scientific libraries.

A report of 1944 prepared by the British International Student Service states that intellectual life had ceased: cultural institutions, libraries, scientific institutes and high schools had been

closed. Quoting from the *Volkische Beobachter*, it adds the German comment "The Czechs have a younger generation which is too well-educated and far too studious; we must prevent too large a number of their young men from undertaking higher studies. . . . Thereafter police representatives patrolled lecture halls. Czech scientific reviews were forbidden to quote foreign sources, especially French or English. Following a demonstration resulting from the death of a Czech student by the Germans, thousands of students and professors were arrested, massacred or deported. In 1942 some opportunities were extended to Czech students for study at Berlin, but the next year, they were conscripted for the German army or forced labor.

This is the heritage of Slavic students of today. Theirs has been a struggle for freedom which did not end with the cessation of hostilities, but which began anew. Now they are fighting for release from poverty and deprivation. To foster the education of intelligent and thinking citizens of the United Nations, American students may contribute to the WSSF drive beginning February 16. This need is real. The Duke student's contribution is his answer to the *Volkischer Beobachter* comment.

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Meredith Moore—'32

O. G. Sawyer—'23

The ARCHIVE

Vol. Sixty

February, 1947

No. 5

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*A Monthly Magazine Published by the Students of Duke University
Durham, North Carolina*

The publication of articles on controversial topics does not necessarily mean that the Editor or the University endorses them. The names and descriptions of all characters in the fiction of this magazine are fictitious. Any resemblance to any person or persons is not intended and is purely coincidental.

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WE ARE glad to see that the feud between the *Duke 'n' Duchess* and the *Archive* is flourishing nowadays.

Besides, I have to get mail some-
way.



LATE IN NOVEMBER

By BILL SNITGER

The steady pounding of the rain on the front window and the tinkling of the glasses as the bartender mixed the drinks created a kind of music to which he was trying to apply a name. He listened carefully, closed his eyes, and tapped the edge of his cocktail glass with a stirrer. The rhythm was easy, persuasive and yet a little disturbing. But the rhythm was all that was there; he could find no melody. What could one call it?

It's funny, he thought, all the name-

less things I've tried to put a name to during my life. Mostly feelings, I guess, feelings that have no identity, no name.

He put down the stirrer and glanced at his watch and was a little startled to see that it was five o'clock. Three hours had already gone by.

He tried to think about the series of circumstances which had led him to that little bar on 56th Street, but they were fading in his memory. He realized, too, the futility of searching back in

his life to find the starting point, the moment when he had said "Yes" instead of "No," or the street that had had no signs when he reached the end of it.

We don't stop any more, any of us, and figure out how we got where we are, he thought. We accept the conditions and refuse even to see the challenge. We read our lines which we learned before memory began, and we make our silly entrances and exits accompanied by a music that has no melody, no name, only rhythm. Only the rhythm of the rain against the windows in our life, and the tinkling of the glasses as we drink Martinis.

Most of the stools at the bar were now occupied. He glanced around the room and wished that Vivien would arrive. Not that he particularly wanted to see her, but he was sick of the bar, sick of the cocktails and of the noisy people who surrounded him, and he wanted to walk in the rain. He knew that Vivien would come in at exactly five-thirty and wondered whether he would be able to wait that long for her.

The bartender, who had spent most of the afternoon cleaning the blue mirror behind the bar and was now busy waiting on the five-o'clock customers, asked him if he wanted another drink. He nodded, smiling at his reflection in the mirror for giving in to himself so easily.

He could barely hear the music of the rain now above the chatter of the people who carried evening newspapers and discussed the headlines over a constant stream of smoke and a steady procession of cocktails. An animated blonde complained bitterly that her friend in the South Pacific would be coming back soon, now that the war





"Bill!" she called. "Bill! Wait!"

had been over for two months. "And now," she asked her well-dressed escort, "am I going to explain you to him?" Another girl was telling an elderly, corpulent male how a friend of hers in Jersey had sent Frank Fay a miniature rabbit. She screamed in delight when he asked her why.

Bill was glad it had rained all afternoon: his being tight could now be explained more easily to Vivien. But he set himself that she would want to know why he hadn't gone to a movie. If it rained, you went to a movie. But if it were not raining, Vivien considered it a wonderful afternoon in New York just to walk around and watch

the people coming and going, to listen to what she called "the voices of the city," to look for new restaurants or cafes, or to sit in the park and think. Most people found the city a means to an end, but Vivien insisted that it could be an end in itself.

The trouble is, he thought, it's always raining.

Bill had been introduced to her over a year ago at this bar, and so Vivien always insisted that they meet there when he came to New York. He had seen her dozens of times during the past year; their affair had started after the

fourth time he took her to dinner. But there were shades to Vivien's character that always remained a puzzle to him.

Six weeks ago she had quit her job at Bressen's Rare Book Store on Seventh Avenue because she claimed that she had found a new religion. An old woman had come into the store looking for a book that was out of print, and after talking to Vivien for less than an hour, she had convinced her that The Society, as Vivien later told him, was her calling. It took her exactly ten minutes to make up her mind. The next day she reported to the old woman's office to begin work. The whole business sounded strange to Bill, but since

ILLUSTRATED BY BOB PARKS

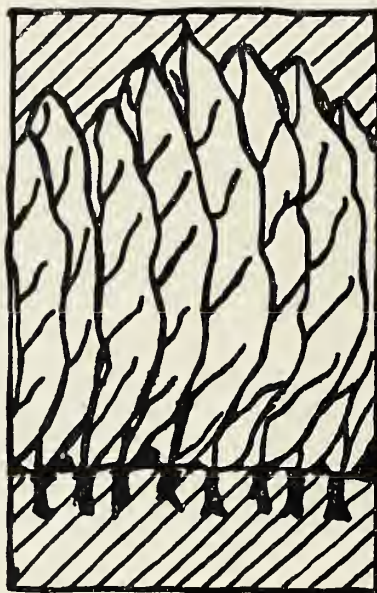
He wasn't in the habit of questioning Vivien's life, they didn't talk about it. The few things that she said, however, about The Society had at times aroused a passing curiosity in him. Once while they were eating, she suddenly exclaimed, "I think I've really got on to Silent Period at last!" His dumbfounded expression silenced her immediately and she began to eat with renewed vigor. He didn't ask her what "Silent Period" meant and had almost forgotten it. Then one evening several weeks later they saw an old man stumble out of a barroom door and lurch across the street. Vivien asked, "Did you see his eyes? He wants to be in tune with it all, but he doesn't know how." Bill tried for twenty minutes to get an explanation, but she shook her head and mumbled that he wouldn't understand.

He once asked her how she reconciled her actions with him to this new faith, and she had stated that there was no wrong in doing anything as long as you were sincere while you were doing it. He had laughed and said that it sounded like a hell of a good idea but might not be too healthy a doctrine if it were carried too far. Vivien had then moved over in bed and refused to speak to him until breakfast.

He had often attempted to analyze his feelings for her—a certain sign, he thought, that he wasn't in love. She had only one feature that might be called beautiful—her eyes. They were intensely blue and compensated for the irregularity of her other features. She wore her hair combed back severely over her ears, which gave her face a somewhat constantly startled expression. Her thin lips were firmly set, and only when she smiled did a kind of warmth light up her face. Her body was small, and perhaps a little too heavy, but he had always found it fascinating. Only after they had spent the night at her apartment several times had she allowed him the pleasure of lying back in bed and watching her undress.

He fished the olive out of his Martini and ate it, then lit another cigarette.

Even before Vivien had become involved with The Society, she had been somewhat of an enigma. Another reason, he thought, why I know I'm not in love: no one can fall in love with an enigma. Once she had asked him about his work and his home, and when he had told her only one fact, that he lived in Newark, she had never again questioned him. There's something wrong with us, he thought. We have none of the normal desires to know about each other. I don't know where Vivien is from and she has no idea what my background is. It's like acting on a stage without scenery, without a script, and with no knowledge of what comes next.



The night they met, Bill had struck up a conversation with a middle-aged book retailer who had been waiting for Vivien and who introduced them when she came into the bar. He had seen her there several times after that. And finally one Friday night at five-thirty she had come in alone and sat down beside him.

He remembered that evening clearly. A cold October evening when he was celebrating his discharge from the Army. He had been staring at a sign in French pasted on the blue mirror and wishing that he had taken more than one semester of French back in high school. *Un repas sans vin c'est une*

journée sans soleil. And his mind had fumbled with the words.

A meal without wine, he had thought is like . . . is like . . . a journey, yes! A journey without a soul. My life has been like that in so many ways. Always the meaningless trip, the wasted time. All the wrong decisions. . . .

After she had come in and started to talk to him, he asked her, indicating the sign, if she ever felt that her life was like a journey without a soul. And she had smiled and corrected him.

"*Journée* means day. It reads: 'A meal without wine is like a day without sun.'"

Now he stared at the sign. Vivien was always right. She never says enough to be wrong, he thought. But even the things that she says seem to be backed up by a cryptic knowledge.

He thought about it a moment and realized that he couldn't put a name to it. When she found something she liked, she adopted it as her own. Ideas, people, or religion. Once she discovered them, they were hers. When Vivien said that it looked like rain, it almost always rained. And when she lightly remarked that it was like a day without sun, he knew that she would never go on a meaningless trip, a journey without a soul.

At five-thirty he finished his drink and watched the front door in the mirror. Vivien came in shaking an umbrella. She stood by the door a moment and took off her steamed glasses. When she saw him, she smiled and walked past the small crowded tables to the bar. He swung around on his stool and stood up.

"Am I late?" she asked. Her black hair was sparkling with drops of rain and he noticed that she had worn a little more make-up than usual. Her lips were a thin line of vivid red, and the faint touches of rouge on her cheeks emphasized the blueness of her eyes.

"Yes," he said. "You are exactly thirty-six seconds late."

When she stood close to him, he heard
(Continued on Page 16)

MURPHY stood looking into the tiny pool. The water was clear and green. On the rock-paved bottom soggy, black leaves made patterns against the gray stone. The green godlet was poised on his stone pedestal in the center, and a brown leaf rested in the crook of his bronze arm. He did not look at the water but ahead over the garden that, like the leaves, was dead. The soggy leaves on the bottom did not move, and soon the fresh leaves that floated, moving gently on the surface would be black and soggy and altogether dead on the bottom of the pool.

Murphy looked into the pool. The surface, he thought, is like a Purgatory for the leaves that fall dying from the trees into the pool. On the surface they float and live a little longer. Then they wriggle to the rock and lie dead on the bottom at the feet of the green godlet. The little Cupid poised on one foot, on the toe of one foot, as if he were ready to leap. Not to leap into the pool, for his eyes are fixed greenly on the brown garden. He has forever been ready, here in the pool, to leap; and yet

GREENY

By T. Y. GREET

Illustrated by Clarence Brown

he stands waiting, afraid.

The green of spring and all the garden springly green beckons him. The colored garden like an easel in the summer tempts him from his stone perch. In the summer nights, in the moonlight nights of summer, why does he not leap and run green through the color and the grass? Fear is fearing to leap, and he waits until the fall. But he does not fall. He just stands here poised, paused, impatiently poised and does not run green through the rustly leaves.

Leaves dying and the surface of the pool like a Purgatory at the feet of Green Godlet, God Green poised for the Second Coming when he shall leap from his throne in the spring. He should spring from his throne, but he is afraid and looks at the garden in the

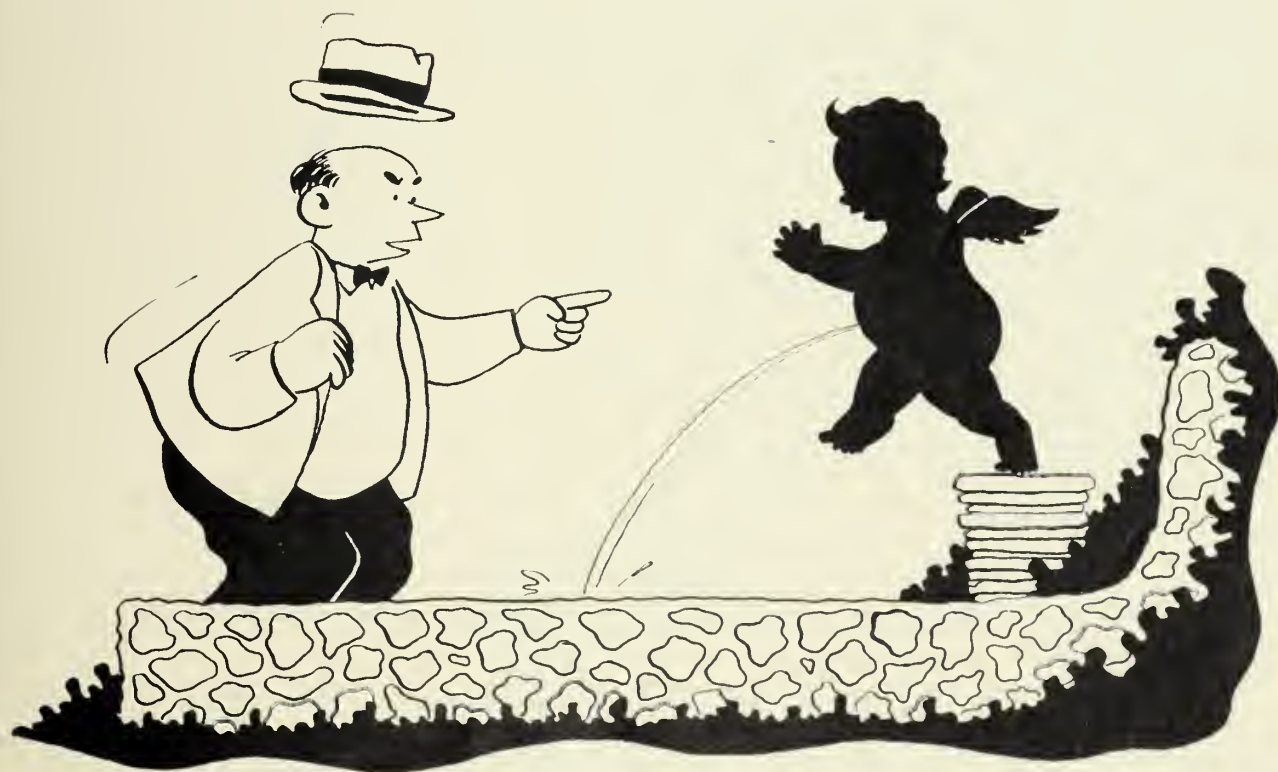
brownly winter—the bare brown garden.

Why doesn't he move? How hard it must be in the spring to see all about him stir with life while he stands dead above the grave of the black, soggy leaves.

The Green Bastard knows. He must know by his nose when summer comes, and the flowers perfume the air in the night. The powdery wings of a butterfly on his cheek, a flutter-by flitting about his head, must warn him of the summer even if he sleeps through the spring.

But in the living seasons, the green months, he stands and spurts water from his belly-button; his unbuttoned belly sprays water at the pool. He's not even

(Continued on Page 24)



"I'll get you. I will. You've got no right to stand there alone and do nothing. Like a scholar, a scholar on spurting."

The Poet's Page

On Being Young

I am young.
And being young I wonder.
In wondering I think of maturity,
And while maturing I yearn for fleeting youth,
In yearning for the passing of my years, I sigh
And in sighing,
I am young.

ESTA HARRIETTE COVE

King Nicotine

A pack of cigarettes, a match—how odd!
That in our modern age supreme should rule

King Nicotine, the Yellow-fingered God,
The deity, for poets, and a tool.

"When in disgrace with Fortune and men's eyes,"

We would compose, remember, or forget,
We've but to let the votive incense rise
From fuming pipe, cigar, or cigarette;

And in the dry, enslaving weed is found
The final panacea: we inhale;
The smouldering orisons replace the sound
Of others prayers, hold solace if we fail.

Tobacco bred of Earth, Promethean fire
Thus meet and intermingle; gods retire.

DONALD THOMPSON



Muse No. 10

There never was an object more observed
And less appreciated than the tray
That catches all the ashes that have served
To burn a million daily cares away.

Who stops to think that in a crystal dish
May lie an after-dinner joke,
Or, at the time at least, a heartfelt wish
That swirled and was forgotten with the smoke?

Who knows how many hearts this tray contains?

How many thwarted dreams have found a grave

Amid the twisted ashes—gray remains
Of lives that even poets could not save.

Here is a cemetery, never seen,
Of scraps that are—and worlds that might have been.

LEWIS BUCK



Think Not That We're Apart

We parted come the leaving time—

What's that? We parted did I say?
Oh foolish thought that thinks that I'm
Apart from you since you're away.

It makes no matter where you are;
Your kiss lives with me constantly.
The greatest distance is no bar
To dear and lifelike memory.
So think not that when we're apart
We truly absent are; for we
Are ever close in mind and heart,
And that's as close as one can be.

R. D. L.



I Have Met The Night

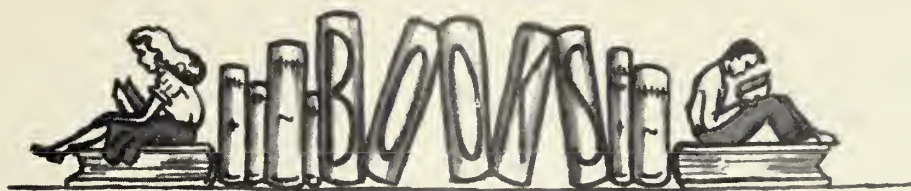
And so at last I have met the night.
I've walked alone
And felt its might,
Its strength and its
Immensity
Cuddle and lull to rest a city.

And I have walked alone with rain.
I've felt it cool
The tired brain
Have felt it soothe
The heaving breast
Of earth—who finally can rest.

As darkness comes, the lights go on.
And laughter comes
For a little while.
Sorrow gone.
But laughter ceases,
And earth remembers, and gathers the pieces.

And so at last I have met the night
I've walked alone
Past city light.
At last we've met.
When day is o'er
I know that we will meet once more.

ROSALIE HALBREN



ORLANDO

By Virginia Woolf
Harcourt, Brace & Company

In June, 1920, the *New York Times Book Review* had the following to say about Virginia Woolf's first novel, *The Voyage Out* (printed by the Hogarth Press—Virginia Woolf and husband, publishers):

"Aside from a certain cleverness—which being all in one key, palls on one after going through a hundred pages of it—there is little in this offering to make it stand out from the ruck of mediocre novels which make far less literary pretension. . . . The story itself is painfully lacking both in coherency and narrative interest . . . it is announced as the author's first novel. That fact is the most hopeful thing about it. With the cleverness shown here, crude as some of it is, there should be a possibility of something worth while from the same pen in the future."

No matter what the value of the whole review, the critic on the *Times* was not mistaken in his last surmise. During the next few years, Virginia Woolf wrote the three novels that generally are considered to be her best, *Jacob's Room*, *Mrs. Dalloway*, and *To the Lighthouse*. A reader coming upon these books in the order in which they were written cannot help noticing Mrs. Woolf's growing jealousy of the part that action plays in novels. More and more, she attempted to make her books in imaginative narrative of thought, with what little action that was necessary shown only in the faint reflections of a mind. Gerald Bullitt describes her as a "metaphysical poet who has chosen prosefiction for her medium."

Then, in 1928, she departed from her already radical theories and tried a new experiment. She wrote *Orlando*.

Orlando, from any hasty inspection, appears to be a conventional biography. The reader will find an Index wherein are listed the various names, books, and places that are mentioned in the text; he will find grateful acknowledgement in the Preface for help received in writing the book; he will find sources pertaining to Orlando's life mentioned throughout the book itself, and many times Mrs. Woolf decries the fact that information about certain periods in his life is lacking.

A closer inspection, however, reveals that Orlando is anything but a conventional subject for a biography. When one first is introduced to the hero, he is a small boy living in Elizabethan times; but at the close of the book, Orlando, who somehow changes from a man to a woman in the middle of the story, is only thirty-eight years old and the time is "Thursday, the eleventh of October, Nineteen hundred and Twenty-Eight"—more than three hundred years later! After discovering this, one begins to feel that perhaps he should prepare himself for anything—an attitude that is highly commendable.

Orlando supposedly is a deviation from Mrs. Woolf's "ordinary" style;

yet, in more instances than not, it is basically the same type of writing that characterizes her other work.

Orlando's unorthodox performance of changing sex immediately brings to mind a like circumstance in another of Virginia Woolf's books, *Mrs. Dalloway*, in which Clarissa Dalloway and Septimus are supposed to be the same person. Then, too, as in *Orlando*, she always has shown very little respect for the conventional conception of time. *Orlando* does contain, it must be admitted, a little more action than usual; but it is the type of action that is peculiar to Mrs. Woolf (that is, never action for the sake of action). Finally, to complete the similarity of this book to her other books, it is overly pretentious. *Orlando* never quite realizes what it seems to be trying to say.

It is this last characteristic, perhaps, that is the crux of the matter. Disappointment stems from one's meeting with less than is expected. The jacket blurb boldly states that "*Orlando* is one of those rare books that immediately stamp themselves as literature. . . . It invites comparison to *Tristram Shandy*, *Gulliver's Travels*, and *Candide*. . . . The only modern work that equals it in wit and learning, symphonic point-counter-point of reference and skillful echoes of the great stylists . . . is Joyce's *Ulysses*, a less realized, more topheavy novel." The reader is urgently advised to take the last statement with a grain of salt.

In *Orlando*, one supposedly finds a "wild-bird's-eye view of English history." This is true in part. It certainly is a "wild" view; and in many instances, it definitely is "bird's eye." Orlando very markedly reflects in his (her) character the customs, dreams, and obsessions of the different periods

(Continued on Page 25)



No College Football For My Kid

By HARRY E. BEAUDOUIN, JR.

Chronicle Sports Editor

If and when the writer is ever blessed with a boy child, the little rascal is going to be impressed at an early age with a few facts of life from his old man. Besides giving him The Word on such matters of import as the evils of women, cheap liquor, and shooting craps with strangers, I intend to drill one other bit of wisdom into his head—college football is not for him.

Providing he happens to develop a liking for the game, I'm going to try my best to make him realize that if he has adequate command of his senses he will voluntarily terminate his playing days upon graduating from prep school.

When he gets to college he may take up any extra-curricular activity he chooses—lacrosse, necking, track, or potsy—but not football.

Perhaps by the time I'm old enough to resemble a Calvert ad I'll have changed my mind. But right now I don't think I want my son to be a collegiate "football hero" or even try to be one.

It isn't that I fear he would break his neck (despite the fact that I almost did that very same thing). It's just that I think college football has become so "loused up" that much of the fun has been taken out of it for the boys who play.

College ball today isn't as harmful to a man physically as it is psychologically. Under the present set-up he stands a better than fair chance of having his sense of values distorted to the extent that he is hardly prepared to make his way in the world when he leaves school. And understand that the football player who makes such good grades

that he has business firms bidding for his services is quite the exception.

I feel awfully sorry for this Justice boy over at Chapel Hill, just as I do for any All-American in this day and age. Football will be his meal-ticket just as long as his legs hold out. When his pro days have ended, at the approximate age of 32, this "Wonder Boy," now fawned upon by students, alumni, and half-baked sports editors alike, will have to convince some employer that he has something in his head besides an abundance of gridiron savvy. And you'd be surprised to know how many personnel managers there are who don't give a damn how well you can thread your way through a broken field.

The major universities today, as far as their football players are concerned, rank in the same category as minor league baseball clubs. A kid doesn't try to make the team just for the honor alone. That sort of thing went out with button shoes. Today there is another incentive—money. The better you are, the more money you can ask for. And if you are really hot stuff, the chances are that you will get it.

It is almost impossible to try to play college football now just for the fun involved. I know. I tried it.

Mind you, I have no ax to grind, nor do I have a chip on my shoulder because I failed to make the grade. My

future financial security, thank God, is not contingent upon my being drafted by the Chicago Bears.

My first year in college, despite the fact that I didn't weigh 160 pounds with a brick in each hand, I went out for the freshman team. I did so because I liked the game and hadn't had my fill of it in high school. As a high school junior, I had broken my collar bone three days before the first game and that shelved me for the season. My senior year, consequently, was the only one in which I had played any football at all.

Down here, not being a scholarship man, I was a complete non-entity. Other than playing with no distinction whatsoever against State's freshmen, about the only action I saw was at practice when the coach had me run the ball — without interference — against various defensive alignments, just to give the first-string backs and ends some live bait on which to practice their tackling. It was always rather interesting to see if I could beat the six of them to the line of scrimmage after the ball was snapped to me. I seldom did. But, what the heck—I wasn't getting killed, so I stuck it out. Besides, I was having my character built.

Ultimately, though, I did get my lumps—but good. In the latter part of the season I was clipped from behind in a practice scrimmage and my left knee was shot to hell. The inboard cartilage was torn apart and jammed between the joint. The leg, to bore you with the gory details, was locked at a right angle, and the pain, to say the least

**Pic on opposite page of
Jerry Lee Whitford and
George Clark
by
Johnny Morfit**

was considerable. I felt as if I had been pole-axed.

A couple of assistant managers shoved me off the field and helped me to the locker room, where I lay on a bench while they cut the pants off me with scissors. When I asked the equipment man for a pair of crutches, so that I could get up to the hospital, he said he

part of my leg was about as big around as Buffa Garrett's forearm.

Well, it wasn't my intention to use this article as a means of singing the blues to anybody about my misfortunes as a would-be football player. I related the foregoing little personal history merely to point out that you can't play the game for fun. In other words,

the pain of three cracked transverse processes, which are small bones attached to the vertebrae. When he did get into the game he couldn't do much anyway. The other team won, as a matter of fact, 21-0, and the following week, before another important battle, the process was repeated.

Now I ask you—is a football game



had "no auc. — them to me and walked away. I made the trip from the gym to the hospital (a good three quarters of a mile) by hopping on one foot.

After the doctors got through working me over, my entire leg was encased in a plaster cast for two months. When they chopped me out of it the lower

unless you are somebody to begin with, you don't even rate a pair of crutches when you're washed up. It's things like that that make a guy a little bitter at times.

Before a game in 1945, one university's star halfback was jabbed in the spine with a hypodermic needle filled with procaine so that he wouldn't feel

worth so much that you dope up a 19-year-old kid's spine just on the theory that if he is sufficiently benumbed he might grind out a few first downs?

Hell no, it isn't. And I don't want anybody sticking my kid with a hypo when he is already suffering from a serious back injury.

(Continued on Page 26)

LUCK FOR YOU

By PAT WAY

where it is? You're going there? If that isn't luck for you. Isn't it wonderful that I bumped into you! All right,

calls me Mame. They know I don't like it but they do it to tease me, think. What? Oh, this bus? Isn't that exciting! A two-story bus. And open-air, too! What they won't think of next. Can we sit on top? Oh well, if it's only four blocks I guess it's not worth going upstairs either.

Isn't it a shame it's so dark out today? Everything looks so dull and grey. Why, I can hardly tell one shop from another. Does New York always look this way? I didn't think so. I mean the sun just *has* to shine sometime. Grand Forks is grey some days, but most of the time the sun . . . oh, look! There's Peck and Peck's. What a beautiful store! The stores here are so beautiful. Where? Oh, there's Altman's. Where are you going? Oh, we get off here. My, that was such a short ride. I just love busses, don't you, Mr. Saloman?

Right across the street? Oh, it's so tall. I wonder how they ever made a building so tall. They'd have to have terribly long ladders to get up there, wouldn't they? Now don't take me seriously. . . .

Oh, of course I want to go to the top. You have to pay? Now isn't that ridiculous! I won't pay a dollar and a quarter; that's an outrageous price. You can get passes? Mr. Saloman, you're wonderful. You're the president of your company? I had no idea that such a young-looking man could be the president of a *whole* company. You must be a very clever man. What? Oh, of course. I'll wait for you right here under the clock and you hurry and get the passes. Now don't be long, Mr. Saloman.

Here I am, here I am, Mr. Saloman. You almost walked right by me. If I hadn't turned at that instant I be-

"You're going to the Empire State Building? Now isn't it wonderful that I bumped into you?"

OOPS! Oh, I'm so sorry, I didn't mean to bump into you. I was just looking for the Empire State Building, and New York is *such* a big town to me! Not that I don't like it—oh, please don't get that idea—but it's the first time I've been here and everything is just *so* big. Don't you agree? Oh, you've lived here all your life? Well, you must think I'm just a stupid little country girl. But I really would like to see the Empire State Building. You know

I'll just follow you. . . .

What did you say your name was? Mr. Saloman? Isn't that nice. I used to know a Mr. Salomon in Grand Forks, but he didn't look like you. Do you know any Mr. Saloman in Grand Forks? Oh, that's a shame. My name? Now why would you want to know *my* name? It's such a simple little country name. Well, if you insist . . . it's Helen Marie Ivan. Isn't that terrible? Most people call me Marie, but my family

you would have missed me. There I am being lucky again! You couldn't get them? Well, how long will they be using them? Oh gracious, I just can't wait that long. But thank you so much for trying. No, I absolutely refuse to pay that price. No, I won't let you do it. It is silly to waste money just to see the top of a silly old building. I'd rather go into the bar here and have a drink . . . then I wouldn't feel that I was wasting the money. But it's a nice-looking bar, Mr. Saloman. Your private club? Oh, how exciting. I'd much rather go there. Where is it? We can't? But it shouldn't be closed today. Today is only Thursday. Now why would they have to be redecorating today? Isn't that a shame. Well, we might as well go right in this bar.

Illustrated By
Pat Wimberley

Gracious, it's crowded in here. Oh look, there's a cozy little table right over there in the corner. Don't lose me, Mr. Saloman. Let's hurry before anyone else takes it. Oh! Now look what that clumsy waiter did. All over my brand new suit. Never mind, it will dry in a few minutes. But I feel like such a mess. Let's sit down. . . . I hate to have people staring at me.

Oh, aren't those darling menus. Do you think they would mind if I just tucked one inside my purse? My mother would think I wasn't her own daughter if I didn't bring home a lot of souvenirs. There. They'll never miss it. Pardon? Oh, a daiquiri sounds delightful. Yes, that will be fine.

I'm so glad we came in here, Mr. Saloman. It has so much atmosphere. Why, you can't even see who's sitting at the next table. You don't like it? Well, we'll just have one drink and then leave.

My, I just can't help pinching myself. It all seems like a dream that I should run into a distinguished man like you. And out of all these millions

of people, too! Oh, here are our drinks. Don't they look delicious! No money? Well, can't you cash a check in here? How unfortunate. Me? Why, ah, ah, I'd be only too glad to, Mr. Saloman. No, I don't mind, really—you can pay for the next ones. Now don't feel embarrassed. After all, it's the least I can do after you have been so nice to me.

Ah, now where do you suggest we go from here? I've heard so much about the Cafe Rouge—I wonder if we could go there. Oh, come come, Mr. Saloman. Are you going to let a stuffy business meeting stand in the way of what promises to be a delightful evening? No, I just won't hear of it.

You don't like the Cafe Rouge? Well, we won't go there then. You suggest some place. No, I never heard of that place. What about the Waldorf, Mr. Saloman? Oh, but I like crowded places. Well, if you'd rather go to a secluded spot it certainly will be all right with me. But the Waldorf is nice I've heard. Greenwich Village? Yes, of course I've heard of it. But do they have good eating places down there? They do? Well, that is where we'll go, I guess. I just love secluded places anyway.

Oh my, don't feel badly about not having a car. I'd rather ride a bus any-

(Continued on Page 30)

"Isn't that strange? You're the first person I've ever heard of who didn't like filet mignon."



-Late in November-

(Continued from Page 8)

to look down at her. He tilted her chin with his hand until he could look directly into her eyes.

"What took you so long?"

Embarrassed at his public familiarity, she glanced around the noisy room, but he was sure he noticed a look of satisfaction and relief in her eyes, as though she were once more sure of him.

"Shall I check my things?" she asked smiling again.

"No, let's get the hell out of here."

"You might ask me if I want a drink."

"Do you?"

"No."

He paid his bill and got his coat and hat from the checkroom by the front door, and they left.

The rain had diminished to a steady drizzle and looked like snow in the lights of the evening traffic. He held her umbrella and she took his arm as they walked east to Fifth Avenue.

"You've had quite a bit, haven't you?"

Her voice held no reproach. She was merely asking a question. He nodded and steered her across the street, where they began to walk south on Fifth.

After they had gone half a block, he realized that he was walking too rapidly for her and he slowed down.

"Where are we going in such a rush?" she asked, holding her small black hat on with her free hand.

"Nowhere. This is the journey . . ." but he stopped.

She pulled him into a darkened doorway and looked up at him.

"Would you do something for me?"

The flashing lights of the passing cars gave her face the illusion of fading into the depths of the dark corner and then returning in a startling brilliance. He watched her eyes and could see, when they were lighted, that they were serious and almost pleading.

"What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to come with me to a meeting tonight." She hesitated, un-

able to see his expression. "I want to show you what The Society is doing, how important it is. In the future. . . ." She stopped and waited.

Finally he spoke. "Goddammit, I'm hungry."

She began to laugh but checked herself, deciding to stick to the point.

"I mean after dinner. The meeting doesn't start until eleven-thirty tonight. Quite a few people at the office are bringing guests, and I told them that I would, too. You don't have to worry about joining or anything, all you have to do is listen."



He felt slightly logy from the alcohol, but the quick walk in the rain had sobered him. Vivien continued to talk, but Bill was only half listening; he was concentrating more on the sound of the rain dripping in front of the building. He had a word on the tip of his tongue, but it remained behind a thin screen; and Bill looked at Vivien and said, "All right, I'll go with you. But let's get something to eat first."

They entered the darkened building on Seventeenth Street through a door in the side alley.

"What's the matter with this outfit?"

he asked. "Are they afraid they'll be raided?"

Vivien held his arm and led him down a narrow stairway to the basement.

"I told you not to drink so much at dinner." Her voice showed that she was annoyed. "I was hoping you'd get something out of this, but if you're going to adopt that kind of attitude—"

He stopped when they got to a hallway in the cellar and turned to her.

"I'm not adopting any attitude. I'm just mildly curious to see what this is all about. Certainly the abracadabra you went through at dinner and at your apartment didn't make much sense. I fear the high lama didn't teach you how to brief people very well."

Her eyes were pleading again. "Bill, it's a little difficult to tell you anything when you're drunk. But at least I'm glad you're curious. Let's go on down the hall or we'll be late."

They moved on to a door that had some faint light shining through the glass in the transom.

"Doesn't sound like anyone's at home."

Vivien shook her head and motioned for him to be quiet.

"They're having Silent Period. We are late. We'll just have to go in quietly and sit in the back."

She opened the door slowly, and they entered the room. It was too dark to see much at first, but as they stepped by an elderly man in order to get to two vacant seats in the last row of chairs, Bill could see in the faint candlelight that the man was staring off into space with an odd expression on his face. He didn't seem to notice them as they passed him, and he failed to acknowledge Bill's "Excuse us."

Bill gazed around the room. There were about fifty people sitting on straight-backed chairs, and all the people that he could see were staring off into space like the old man beside him.

(Continued on Page 19)

HAS YOUR ARM DROPPED OFF?

By NED MARTIN

"Why, you and I know that fraternities are as American as apple pie. What could be more democratic than a group of fine young men living together, sharing each other's problems, enjoying each other's company, working together for the good of all?"—*Max Shulman*.

This profound and weighty quote from the sage of the age serves as a suitable springboard to this equally weighty article. It is a quote that has in part been quoted copious times on our ivyless campus during the past few weeks.

For rushing is with us once again . . . that time of year when a freshman's fancy lightly dwells on the relative merits of the Omicrons, Epsilons, and Taus. Grizzled fraternity men pull themselves together for another siege; and for a short, blissful period the welkin of wholesale good fellowship rings in every tastefully-appointed chapter room on campus.

Every freshman, be he war veteran or beardless neophyte, gets a new slant on life at Duke during this open season. During the first semester—when the sagacious Pan-Hel Council forbids extra-curricular relations between freshmen and fraternities—he is alone, faced with his own problems, and friendly only with his freshman classmates. But now, look what new worlds are opened to him! In two Sundays plus he has made the acquaintance of distinctive, key-rattling men in *eighteen* fraternities, all of whom are clamoring for him and wanting to know him better. He is a man-on-campus now, sought-after and feted at every turn.

For two Sundays he goes around to all the fraternities and graces each hallowed hall with a half-hour of his time, shaking hands, laughing and talking with these swell fellows. They all are so nice and amiable. These two days,

they explain, are just preliminary periods in which everyone gets to know and size up everyone else.

Just for the record, let's accompany the typical American college freshman, Aberdeen Outhouse, on a few of his preliminary tours. He enters one fraternity section and is pounced upon by a large group of hand-pumping, grinning Cheshire cats. A card is made out for him, a blinding flash camera takes his picture, and he is pushed into a spacious chapter room furnished with cream-colored Venetian blinds, a blue plush carpet and approximately thirty-eight armchairs. Each armchair is casually filled with one or two well dressed men, while the brothers left over are piled in regular heaps on the floor. It is one of the larger fraternities.

Aberdeen is seated in one of the quickly-vacated armchairs, offered a cigarette, light, pink-colored lemonade, and is immediately surrounded by many, many fraternity men who seem intensely interested in his name, home town, activities and opinions of Duke so far. For half an hour Aberdeen is besieged with queries and cigarettes, the while meeting everyone in the lodge. He meets half the football team, several ODK's, the editor of the campus newspaper and a bifocaled, wall-eyed Phi Beta.

"We have lots of pretty important men on campus, Ab" says the chapter president, a sparsely-thatched individual who is in his eleventh and final semester at Duke. "Sports, scholastics, everything. Wait a minute, let me introduce another one of the brothers before you leave. Aberdeen, this is—uh, oh, I

know your name as well as I know my own."

"You should," sniffed the other brother, "I was initiated two years ago."

So Aberdeen fights his way to the door and emerges into the open air once more, eyes smarting from smoke, to continue on his rounds. Nice guys at that place—they make you feel right at home.

His next stop is also interesting. One man meets him at the door, tears off the other fraternity's card, replaces it with another, and leads him into a pink and purple chapter room where ten or twelve of the brothers are strategically seated to create the impression that the room is filled. This is one of the smaller fraternities.

The men shake Ab's hand hungrily and usher him to the finest armchair in the room. They hang over him and a small-scale third degree begins. Aberdeen answers their sporadic questions easily and listens with a smile to the gay banter and strained laughter of the brothers. They josh each other good-naturedly about such topics as the study habits of one brother or the comparative frigidity of the other's date last night, all the while thoughtfully including Ab in their conversation. When they exhaust their supply of talk and find out that only one present has ever heard of Ab's home town, they ply him with literature about the fraternity.

"The main thing about us," smiled the president, a nondescript character with no shoulders, "is that we favor a small well-knit group instead of a large one in which no one knows anyone else. We're all very close, and have a helluva good time."

"That's not a bad idea," admits Aberdeen, "But tell me, do you have a chapter in Utah?"

"Well, no, not right now. But plans
(Continued on Page 29)

**A brief satirical take-off on
Rush Week by one who
knows from whence
he speaketh.**

REMEMBER—

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(WORLD STUDENT SERVICE FUND)

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SEE PAGE 2

-Late in November-

(Continued from Page 16)

He thought about a lecture he had once heard on mass-hypnotism. The candles on the table in front of the room flickered in the silence and cast on the wall and ceiling distorted shadows of the woman sitting behind the table. He turned to ask Vivien about the silence in the room, but remained quiet when he saw her with her head in her hands. No one seemed to be praying. Their lips were motionless, their heads erect, and their eyes staring fixedly at nothing in particular. Bill waited for something to happen. The heat in the room seemed almost overpowering, and he began to yearn for the coolness of the rain.

He was ready to believe that they were all in a trance when suddenly a deep, guttural female voice shouted, "Nothing! Are we thinking about nothing? Are our minds a void?"

He started and looked at the woman behind the table at the front of the room. She had thrown back her head and was extending her arms to the audience. Someone turned on a bright light which hung from the ceiling in the middle of the room. The piercing voice of the woman behind the table and the sudden light brought the room to life. Greetings were exchanged, several people began to smoke. Vivien turned to him and, with a rapt expression, said, "Oh, Bill, she's wonderful! Wait till you know her!"

Bill smiled weakly and muttered, "I can't."

Vivien seemed to be enchanted. Her face was radiant.

"She'll probably explain a little bit about The Society tonight since there are quite a few guests here."

Bill glanced around the room again. Most of the people seemed to be conservative looking white-collar workers and housewives from modest suburban areas. There were, however, a few somewhat disreputable looking characters in a corner beside a water heater. Bill wondered which ones were the guests.



Are you EVOORG EHT NI*



Each month a box of Life Savers is given to the person contributing the best joke of the month.

You might be—if you love onions *and* men too! They just don't go together, Honey! Unless, that is, you keep your breath sweet with yummy Life Savers. Then, you're *in the groove* right. You can go on loving onions, men, and of course you'll love Life Savers, too.

* "In the groove" backwards



This Month's Winning Joke

Two coeds went for a tramp in the woods.
The tramp escaped.

—submitted by Joe Di Mona



"Who is the woman behind the desk?" he asked.

"She's the one I told you about. You know, the one I talked to at Bressen's that day. I don't know her name. We don't use our names here."

"Oh. Well, what was the meaning of the silence when we came in? Were you supposed to pray?"

"Not exactly. You see, we try to forget our identity. We try to lose our individuality. That's so we'll be in tune for the meetings. It's hard to explain right now, Bill. I think you'll understand better after the meeting's over." Then she noticed that his eyes were half-closed and she added, "Bill, if you'd try to sober up—"

The woman dropped her arms to the desk with a loud thump and then stood up. She was wearing a long, flowing red dress and might easily have been mistaken for a fortune teller. Her hair was pulled back behind her ears and tied with a wide gold-colored ribbon. The harsh light emphasized the abundance of wrinkles and chins and was reflected from the dozens of tight bracelets she wore on each arm.

The room was again quiet, but this time there was an air of expectancy in the silence. Even Bill felt the sudden desire to hear what the leader was going to say.

Maybe, he thought, there *is* some-
(Continued on Next Page)

thing to all this, and maybe I think that there mayn't be because I'm tight.

But he wasn't drunk enough not to be afraid of allowing himself to believe that there mayn't be. The bitterness of his disappointments had always blackened his hopes. But, after all, he thought, there have been so many attempts, unsuccessful as far as I'm concerned, to reach the right religion; the years have produced so many people who were almost able to speak the word that remains behind a screen—almost able to, but not quite.

Then once again the startling voice spoke: "The Society greets you! We welcome back the familiar faces and we extend just as warm a welcome to the new faces, the new hopes that are here tonight. As in the past, I want you all to feel free to ask questions or speak any time. Any time at all! If you've got something to say, say it! Just consider me a force through which you may reach each other. For if you can reach others, then you can reach yourself."

She took a pair of thick glasses out of her pocketbook and slowly and meticulously cleaned them, holding them up to the glaring light bulb to inspect her work. Finally she put them on and sat down.

"Now, let's get on with it!"

Her voice had calmed down to a conversational tone, but she spoke with relish.

Bill, looking quickly at the others, found that they were as fascinated by her as he was.

Maybe it's because I'm tight, he thought.

But her dramatic gestures, the studied tone of her voice, her immense size, and her costume were enough to arouse more than a casual interest.

"First of all, I'll attempt to explain briefly about The Society. Since there is no better way of saying it, we'll have to use the word *religious* to define our purpose."

Through the thick lenses of her glasses, her eyes seemed twice their

normally large size. The ribbon in her hair fluttered back and forth and she looked from one side of the room to the other.

Bill leaned towards Vivien and whispered thickly, "Did you ever read any of Rabelais?"

Vivien was irritated. "Who? Oh, Bill, please be quiet."

Bill lit a cigarette and offered Vivien one, but she pushed his hand away without taking her eyes off the leader.

"I say 'religious' in the sense of giving a meaning to life. That's what I think religion is. Most of us spend our lives searching for meanings and wind up compromising on something we're not even sure we believe in. We're here tonight because *we* are not willing to compromise!" And she emphasized the "we" by banging her fist on the table.

Bill blew out a thick stream of smoke and watched it gathering around the light bulb. In spite of the heat in the room, the effect of the alcohol was wearing off and leaving an enormous thirst for water.

"The main trouble with our searching is that it's been mostly on the wrong track. People have created gods throughout the centuries, worshiped them, lived in fear of them, fully expecting to be rewarded by them when they died. And when they died, they found that they had only begun, that they had wasted their time and efforts going along the wrong track. This Society has no name. We don't believe in names, but if you wish to think of it in terms of words, then perhaps you

might call it the 'Oneness in All.'"

She paused and wiped her forehead with a large lace handkerchief.

"The Oneness in All.' We believe that the eventual destiny of all peoples of all time is the glorified unity of one, that all time and space will be as one. And so, our purpose is to further this belief, to spread the knowledge of the coming oneness throughout the world. By doing this we will be ready for the second process when we reach the next trial after leaving this world. It would take me as long to tell you the complete story of The Society as it did for me to learn it. And," she smiled, "that would be a matter of over fifty years."

Bill suddenly thought about the way he felt on a spring day along the coast of Jersey and wondered if he would ever willingly become one with the universe.

It's the way the sand feels under your bare feet, he thought, and the new way the air smells. It's not a matter of intelligence. And it may be better to let the word remain behind the screen if...

"I imagine that some of the guests are thinking right now that we're a bunch of Yogis." She smiled knowingly at several of the members. "But I'm afraid that you're on the wrong track. No, we don't recommend going off into the hills and meditating over some nasty-looking food. Not at all. You can live the life you're living right now and still be able to benefit by The Society. You don't give up anything; you keep what you've got and we add to it."

Of course, I'm dreaming, he thought. I'm dreaming two things at the same time. I'm dreaming about a mad woman who claims she's not a Yogi, and I'm dreaming also about the beach in spring when you suddenly know that the salt air and the crunch of the pebbles under your feet close to the water and that new smell in the air are enough... they're enough...

"For if the world is to be one, if all mankind is to evolve itself finally into

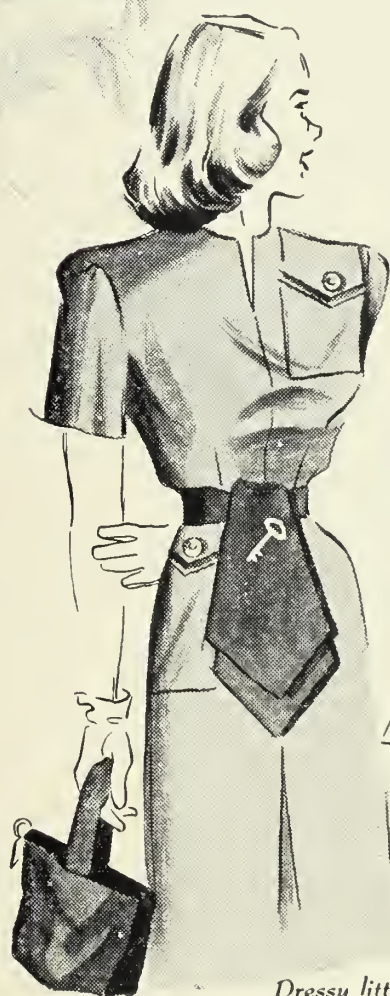
(Continued on Page 22)



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-Late In November-

(Continued from Page 20)

one, then we must start today to live towards that glorious end. When I think of all the time that has been wasted! All peoples everywhere are destined for the same thing, and so all peoples everywhere should *now* live as one. There actually are no boundaries, no rich, no poor, no black, no white—there is only one. 'You are the stranger who lives next door. And you are the person sitting in the next seat.' And she waved her finger at the audience.

Bill felt a little uneasy, but he was no longer curious.

You get a better show at Columbus Circle from the soapbox orators, he thought.

"If that person, who is really you, has greater wealth of material things or greater knowledge of the oneness, then you should have it too. Part of what he has is yours. All is in all, and one—"

Before she could finish, a little bald-headed man in the front row leaped to his feet shouting, "I thought so! I thought there was something fishy all along! You're nothing but a bunch of communists! You ought to be turned over to the cops."

He was shaking his fist at the leader, who stood like a giant eagle ready to swoop down on him. He swung around to the bewildered audience. His face was red with rage and his eyes blazed in the sharp light.

"Why the hell do you all sit here and listen to this idiot babbling about 'one' and 'all' and if you got more than I do then by God you give me some?"

Some of the members were standing but the entire group rose as the ill-clad men in the corner rushed to the front of the room and grabbed the little man who continued to scream.

"You filthy communists, let go of me! You all ought to be behind bars!"

They carried him out of the room and his screaming protests could be heard from the hallway and the stairs.

Bill turned to Vivien and said, "Let's get the hell out of here."

She hesitated and looked at the leader, who had stood like a martyr during the performance, and who now raised her arms to quiet the people.

"Friends, there are some who do not have as yet the needed intelligence to begin work with The Society. We regret this, but. . . ."

Without waiting any longer, Bill took Vivien's arm and moved rapidly towards the door. As he passed the elderly man on the aisle, Bill shouted in his astonished face, "Excuse us!" And he opened the door and pulled Vivien through to the hall. He didn't stop until they reached the alley. He hadn't listened to Vivien's protests, but now she drew away from him and leaned against the building.

"Bill, please!"

He looked at her intently. There had been a kind of excitement in rushing out of the meeting that way, but

NIGHT

Night is a black velvet curtain
Whispering down over glaring stagelights.
Footlights of sunset along the horizon
Fade as the theater empties.
The world seems to echo the now silent applause
Of the day that is ended as night slowly falls.
BEV WEAVER

He saw that no one can make up another person's mind. He held out his hand and watched the drops of water fall from it.

"It's raining, Vivien."

"Bill, why did you do that?" She was breathing rapidly, and her voice seemed unusually harsh.

"It rained all afternoon, and now it's raining again."

"Bill, shut up about the damned rain. Why did you drag me out of there? What will she think? What will she say to me? Just because a stupid little man is unable to understand something, you lose your mind. You heard what he said, he just didn't have the needed intelligence. . . ."

Bill put his hand in his pocket. "I don't either, Vivien."

"Oh, Bill, you do! Come on now,

please take me back."

"Do you really want to go back there?"

"But you didn't hear everything; she was really just getting started. Please, Bill, take me back."

When Vivien stopped talking he could hear the hollow sound of the rain hitting a garbage can back in the alley somewhere.

"What do they usually do with people like that little man?"

"Bill, they had to remove him from the meeting, or she wouldn't have been able to go on. They just removed him, that's all; honestly, Bill, you've got to take me back. She'll be furious. I'm even afraid to go in now, but I've got to. You can't imagine. . . ." And she stopped and gasped.

Before Bill could question her, she began to talk again. She was frightened and her voice sounded almost hysterical.

"Even if you won't come back tonight, promise me you'll come next week. The leader from California is coming East, and he'll talk at the next meeting."

"California?" he asked.

"Yes," she went on excitedly. "He's going to talk about the results in the Western Area. Oh, he's wonderful, Bill. So intelligent. I know you'll benefit by what he'll say. I've read all his correspondence to the New York office, and I can't wait to hear him talk. Promise me you'll. . . ."

Bill turned up his coat collar and began to walk slowly out of the alley.

"Bill!" she called, "Bill, wait!"

But it was too late for Bill to wait. He hurried towards Seventh Avenue. The bars wouldn't be open much longer.

It all could be so simple, he thought. It's just a case of saying "No" instead of "Yes" at the right time.

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DURHAM, N. C.

-Greeny-

(Continued from Page 9)

a decent godlet to spray from his navel. Even the Mannekin Pis is a better sprayer than Greeny who ejects water from his midriff.—They also serve who only stand and spurt.—Is that what the Olympic sonneteer has taught all the Green Cupids?

Why doesn't he jump? I could raise my foot and kick his little behind to make him jump. And then I would take his place, his pedestalic place, until he could run through the crunchly leaves.

Murphy began to walk around the pool. He studied the godlet from all sides.

I'll kick you in the rump, skop, hip, jump. You've no right, no moral right, to stand here and be superior about it as if you didn't want to give anything but a squirt to life. Damn you, it's worth more, more than a squirt from your belly-button! Suppose, Hose, I stopped up the button, and you wouldn't spurt but burst and fall clank-clink on the leaved rocks in your little pool.

He began to speak aloud. The godlet was too obdurate.

"Too damned obdurate! Why don't you live and come off your pedestal? Off your foolish ped-es-tal. If I must rustle white through the leaves, you must come with me. You must. You must!"

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He leaned far over the edge and grabbed for Greeny. He almost fell into the little pool.

"I'll get you. I will. You've no right to stand here alone and do nothing. Like a scholar, a scholar on spurting.—Here I come, Spurt, in a spurt of speed and off your throne you'll fall clink o you'll jump and live and run green through the brown winterly garden. Watch out now!"

Splash and the water was cold, and the green body was cold in Murphy's hands. It was cold, hard, and green—the nymphian neck in Murphy's hands.

"You gonna jump? You poised paused little squirter I'll throw you out thump on the grass.—I'll stand back now.—You got no right, no moralistic right, to stand here always giving nothing to life. Everybody has to give something. Everybody."

The leaf in the crook of the bronze arm fluttered to the surface of the pool. The green eyes turned pleadingly to Murphy. He stepped forward again menacingly.

"Go on. Jump!"

Clinkety, clinkety, clink, clink. The green teeth tinkled. Clank. The raised foot dropped to the stone and didn't move.

"Jump, goddamit!"

Thump. Clunk.

Green he ran rustling through the brown leaves. Across the paved wall clanked his feet.

Murphy's brain split and wriggled burst and roared with laughter. He sprang to the mound of stone and stood, straining on the toe of one foot to watch the green figure flee through the garden. He suddenly felt cold and started to step down.

A brown leaf fluttered from the sky and settled in the crook of his arm. The water cleared and the strange, soggy patterns were black on the rocks.

Murphy shivered. "Good God! don't know how, through my belly button, to squirt, forever."

The End

-Books-

(Continued from Page 11)

e (she) lives in. But it is more than just reflection. Mrs. Woolf seems intent on interpreting also. It is difficult to ascertain whether her conclusions are acceptable or not, for they are so vague and ambiguous that almost anything can be inferred. A person whose knowledge is scant concerning the history of England will learn little more by reading this book; on the other hand, a person well versed in English history will certainly learn nothing new. In other words, if one knows enough to understand the book (if, indeed, there is something to be understood) he need not read it; if he doesn't, there's no use reading it either—that is, as far as interpretation of history is concerned.

Time and time again Mrs. Woolf lays very base tricks on the reader. For instance, she goes exploring to find out what life is, only to end a long passage with "... back we must go and say straight out to the reader who waits tip-toe to hear what life is—alas, we don't know." Or she will state that he is going to come to a conclusion upon Victorian literature in six lines. He starts with a few vague remarks and then comes to her "final conclusion, which was of highest importance but which, as we have already much overpassed our limit of six lines, we must omit." Admittedly, this could be a very clever way of saying that these questions are unanswerable; but it is a cheap and underhanded method of doing so. This manner of leaving things unsaid is most prevalent in the book. He is "strip teasing" with ideas—with a lot more "tease" than "strip."

Mrs. Woolf, of course, retains her every enviable characteristic of being a master of prose artistry. Her sentences flow like music, always balanced, always harmonious. But even this "perfect writing" can, after a time, become monotonous. W. Somerset Maugham, speaking of this type of prose, says that

"It is like the sound of water lapping a shingly beach, so soothing that you presently cease to be sensible of it. It is so mellifluous that you hanker for some harshness. . . ."

But for all its pretentiousness, *Orlando* certainly is not devoid of merit. There is a certain magical atmosphere about the book that compels one's interest. One has the feeling that there certainly is something there if only it could be found. The book is cleverly written throughout, and at times the cleverness approaches profundity.

Perhaps Mrs. Woolf herself contributes the most pointed observation about her that anyone could. The scene is the last page of *Orlando*. Orlando is lying under a tree, philosophizing fancifully as usual, when Marmaduke Bon-

MOON

Moon like a warrior's bloody helmet
Shows boldly at the horizon.
Moon of violence, struggle and passion
Marches brazenly up the horizon.

Moon like the face of a dreaming maiden
Peers timidly through the leafless branches.
Moon of tenderness, love and repose
Tiptoes gently down the heavens.

BEV WEAVER

throp Shelmerdine, her lover who does nothing but sail back and forth around Cape Horn ("It's about all a fellow can do nowadays."), lands in an aeroplane. "And as Shelmerdine, now grown a fine sea captain, hale, fresh-coloured, and alert, leapt to the ground, there sprang over his head a single wild bird.

"'It is the goose!' Orlando cried. 'The wild goose. . . .'"

And if the reader is quick, he may feel, with Shelmerdine, the fleeting beat of the bird's wings upon his mind.

The main failing of the book lies in the fact that Virginia Woolf is writing about something that neither she nor anyone else knows very much about—a condition that is not to be censured, only mildly regretted.

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—No College Football For My Kid—

(Continued from Page 13)

Yet that sort of thing seems to be almost a standard practice in the big colleges today. Duke is no exception—in any respect. Players here, in fact, receive better treatment than they would at most of the other well-known institutions. But this business of doping up injured ankles, vertebrae, and knees isn't a good thing, any way you look at it.

A friend of mine, who played wing-back at one of the great and well-publicized Ivy League schools a few years

ago, broke his clavicle in the second game. Five weeks later he was untaped and all the muscle and excess flesh on his arm had, of course, wasted away. Two days after his untaping, the coach called him into his office and asked him why he hadn't reported back at practice. Astonished, the boy replied that he had just been released from the doctor's care. The athletic association, the coach said, had invested \$45 in a special pair of shoulder-guards, just for him, and if he wanted to keep his meal job

he had better be out for practice that afternoon.

The physical danger to which a player is subjected these days because of over-zealous coaches is no more harmful than that which is likely to influence his character.

Understand, I am not advocating de-emphasis. I have no desire whatsoever to see my alma mater become the laughing stock of the nation, as Chicago became when it ran up an unparalleled string of defeats.

As a matter of fact, I am in favor of athletic scholarships, as long as they consist of board, room, and tuition—and no more. I think that any boy who gets clubbed around the ears five months out of the school year deserves financial assistance in obtaining his education.

But what I do consider objectionable is the practice of differentiating between players according to their ability, just as the professional teams do. In the pro ranks, the more valuable a man is the more cash he receives. In today's colleges it is not so much a matter of cash as it is extra gifts thrown in to keep him happy—an occasional suit of clothes, perhaps an automobile, or even a rent-free apartment for him and his wife. Then, too, it's ten bucks here and ten bucks there. It's been carried to such an extreme that coaches now offer a cash prize to any man who blocks a kick in Saturday's game.

When you have to put up greenbacks as a means of spurring a boy on to "greater heights" in a football game, it's time to throw in the towel.

The point is this: a college football man today gets so accustomed to having people *give* him things for four years that if he bothers to consider the future at all he figures it will be the same old bowl of cherries. Some grateful alumnus, he reasons, will offer him a fat-salaried job. But the hitch is that most of these school-spirited alumni who never miss a game and who treat the boys like kings (while they're play-

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ing) are not always willing to hire a slightly used left guard when what they really need in their firm is a first-rate accountant or a young man whose grades indicate that he knows something about business principles.

I again remind you that some of the "evils" I've discussed in this piece are not necessarily peculiar to Duke university alone. No sir, by no means. The situation is nation-wide, and these same malpractices are to be found in any conference you care to examine.

If Army and Notre Dame were on the level, I certainly believe that they were wise in suspending their gridiron relationship for a few seasons. In recent years the game had been so blown up by the press and the goons known as "subway alumni" that it had assumed the proportions of a Billy Rose spectacle.

Look at the bowl situation. Whereas the Rose Bowl used to be the only one in existence, there are now 19—count 'em. What do they decide? Exactly nothing. All they result in is a tidy bundle of cash for the schools involved—and no Christmas vacation for the players.

Squad members at the University of California recently demanded a flat rate of \$75 a month—a "decent living wage," they said. And California, you know, is supposedly one of the more conservative coast institutions.

'That's how far the thing has gone—players are now demanding a certain monthly wage, just like coal miners or steel workers.

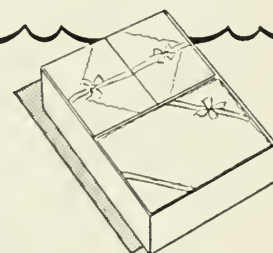
I say, phooey.

There is not much sense in pointing out examples the country over when there is plenty of housecleaning to be done right here at dear old Duke. Before throwing mud at other schools, it might be wise to sweep our own front porch. And bear in mind the fact that the sweeping to be done here is practically infinitesimal when compared with many of America's "leading" universi-

(Continued on Next Page)

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—No College Football For My Kid—

ties—the authorities of which loudly deplore proselyting whenever given the chance.

It's all very well, I know, to beef about a situation and quite another thing to offer a practical solution. Well, I'm offering mine, and you can take it for what it's worth. As a means by which college football can assume its rightful proportion, and by which the men who play the game can derive the most from it, I propose the following:

If you are going to give scholarships at all, give stars and scrubs alike the same deal—room, board, and tuition. If a man still needs help, give him a legitimate part-time job—and that doesn't mean winding a clock or emptying waste-baskets.

Discontinue the practice of incidental "gifts." In the long run, you're hurting the man, not to mention the fact that he is considered something of an over-privileged ape by his fellow students.

Above all, give the game back to the boys. When a football game become a national issue, as most of the "traditional rivalries" have become, commercialism rears its nasty head and the 22 young men involved assume the role of Christian gladiators hacking each other apart before an arena filled with howling spectators, many of whom have a few coins riding on the outcome.

If colleges would play in their own backyard—that is, maintain their football series on a home-and-home basis—the publicity preceding the game would not be quite so hysterical. Colleges don't send their teams into Yankee Stadium or the Polo Grounds just to give more people the opportunity of seeing good football. Don't kid yourself. The only motive is moola, dough, gelt. The more customers the better—hence more publicity. Gate receipts buy field houses and halfbacks.

I think football was designed to be an outlet for student enthusiasm. Bu

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Now the game has been taken out of the hands of the students to such an extent that at many schools their seating section is behind the goalposts, from which point they are expected to cheer for their "team." Cash customers receive top priority in every respect. The desires or interests of the student body play a very minor part in the collegiate football scene.

Nope, if the present sad state of affairs continues as far as college football is concerned, I don't want my son to have any part of it. I'd prefer him to play the game for the fun that he and his fellow students would get out of it. I definitely would not want him to play his heart out every Saturday afternoon just to fatten the pocketbooks of thousands of morons who have money bet on the game and who have never seen the interior of a library.

It's a damned shame. That's just what it is. A lot of nice boys are being treated nowadays, and it is especially sheartening when you stop to think of that a great game football is—or used to be.

The End

SHADOWS

Shadows dance to twilight's music,
Leave weird rhythms to the beat of branches.
Shadows twist in wild exulting
To the cadence of rising wind.
Shadows creep, dispelling daylight
Gloating out each gleam of sunlight.
Shadows cast their gray deception,
And their depths fear comes unbidden.

BEV WEAVER

-Has Your Arm-

(Continued from Page 17)

"I'm going through now to put one at the State in about seven years."

And so it goes all afternoon. Abernethy makes all the stops, large and small fraternities alike, and finishes up at six o'clock a mere shadow of his former self. His mouth tastes like the bottom of a laundry bag, his eyes are bleeding,

(Continued on Page 30)

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and his right arm has shaken the equivalent of thirty-five innings of fast-ball pitching.

But it was worth it. He has met them all, and now the only problem is to go back to his room and check the fraternities which impressed him most. Easy. Let's see, the one with the piano, they were the Mu Mu Xi's, weren't they? Or was that the one with the fixed pin-ball machine? No, they were the Chi Gammas, or was it the Nu Nu Nu's? Oh, hell, I can't remember any of them. What am I going to do?

While over on the other side of the campus, the fraternity men wash their grins off, break out the arm slings, and collapse. The large outfits tuck away their closest members 'til next time and the small ones look around for a couple they might have overlooked.

'Twas a day of great accomplishment.

The End

-Luck For You-

(Continued from Page 15)

way. You can't help it if it's in the garage. No, now I wouldn't think of taking a taxi. Busses are so much more quaint. But there *is* a taxi right over there. Over *there*. Taxi! Taxi! He sees us. Let's hurry. Don't you think it's much better than standing out here waiting for a bus?

It certainly got dark in a hurry. Look at all the bright lights—'lil tongues of flame' as some poet said once. Isn't it beautiful, Mr. Saloman? Call you Art? Oh, I really couldn't. It's such a pretty name, but it wouldn't be quite proper to call you that. As I was saying, I guess the lights would seem beautiful to you. That's what happens when you get used to something. It loses its beauty. Oh, you see the sweetest things, Mr. Saloman. But it's not true . . . you wouldn't think it was beautiful if you got used to it. Would you really? Now, now, Mr. Saloman, behave yourself. Remember that I just met you. No, I said no. You stay over on your own side. Oh look! The cab is stopping. Is this Greenwich Village? That's right—I forgot you haven't cashed your check yet. What will we do? Well, I guess I have enough. How much? That's terribly expensive just for a little taxi ride. I guess we should have taken the bus. Now don't worry about it. After all, such a prominent man as you should let a little thing like that worry you. You can pay me back later.

Oh, this *is* a cute place. How do you ever think of it? I hope we can get a table. You know the manager? No, isn't that fortunate. You must know everyone in New York. I bet you're better known than the Mayor. You know the Mayor too? I just can't believe it. There's the manager—speak to him. It's a different one? Oh dear. I wonder what he was fired for. Well, we'll just have to make friends with this one.

Here's a lovely table. I do want



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hey had a dance floor in here. But I guess that would ruin the atmosphere. Yes, of course I'll excuse you—I do hope you can get that check cashed.

Back so soon? Did you get it cashed? That's fine. I looked at the menu while you were gone and you'll never guess what I found. Filet mignon! And in a little place like this. Isn't that lucky? You're not hungry? Oh, but really, Mr. Saloman, don't you want some filet mignon? No, of course I don't mind if you have a sandwich, but I do wish you would join me. Should we have a cocktail first? Well, I think I will anyway. One champagne cocktail, please. You know, I can't get over how I knew a Mr. Saloman in Grand Forks. Are you sure you don't have any relatives there? Miami Beach? No, I don't know any Salomans down there. A winter home! But how can you afford two homes? Three? When do you go to the one in Maine? My, you must be a very worldly man. Don't you get tired of travelling? Well, I guess I wouldn't either. No, I've never been abroad. Oh yes, *do* tell me about Paris. Do they have pretty clothes there? You certainly are fortunate to have been all over Europe, Mr. Saloman. Well, here's our dinner already. Um-m-m, doesn't the filet mignon look delicious? Isn't that strange—you are the first person I've ever heard of that doesn't like it. But everyone to their own tastes I always say.

I really don't care what we do afterwards. It's up to you. But I've heard so much about the Stork Club; I wonder if I would like that. You don't? Well, there are a lot of other places I've heard of. What about—pardon? Your apartment? Oh dear, it's a shame our friends are staying there, because I really would like to see it. A ballroom in the apartment? Oh, it sounds just like the movies! But as I was saying, we could go to the St. Regis Roof. Oh, you have a hotel room while your friends are in your apartment? No, I don't think I would like to go there. Mr. Saloman, I really wish you would

let go of my hand. After all, what will people think? Yes, I know we could have a few drinks up there, but can't we drink at St. Regis? Now really, I don't see why you don't like places like that. No, I don't agree. I absolutely *refuse* to go. I guess we had better call it a day, Mr. Saloman. Finish your sandwich and we'll leave. I have to go meet a girl friend of mine anyway in a little while, and I guess it would be better if we didn't go anywhere from here. And it's been a big day—I'd better go to bed early. Let's see—I think I'll have crepe suzettes for dessert. You don't want any? Aren't you feeling well, Mr. Saloman? Oh dear, that's a shame. Waiter, I'll have crepe suzettes, please.

Before I leave you, I want to tell you what a big thrill it has been to me to meet such a distinguished man as you. My mother probably won't believe me when I tell her that you showed me around New York. And you were so nice to spend your time doing it. I wish there was some way I could repay you, Mr. Saloman. If you're ever in Grand Forks be sure and look me up—Ivan is the name—Helen Marie Ivan. And I can't thank you enough for this delicious dinner. I certainly will remember New York as the most hospitable city I have ever been in.

Mr. Saloman, you're not talking very

much. Are you sure you wouldn't like some of my crepe suzette? Well then, what's the matter? I do hope you're not mad about me not going to the hotel with you, but I've thought it over and I've decided I just wouldn't have enough time. In fact, I really should be going now. Don't bother taking me anywhere. You stay here and pay the check and I'll just catch a cab outside. Good-bye, Mr. Saloman—Arthur—and thank you again for being so sweet. Oh my, do you think you could pay me for those drinks and the cab? I'm afraid I don't have any change for the taxi. Yes, that's about right—thank you again.

Now where's the door to this place. Oh, here it is. Hope it isn't raining outside. Nope. Just a little cold. Oh well, I can walk. Now let's see—he looks quite prosperous. Oops! Pardon me. I didn't mean to bump into you. This is my first trip to New York, and I'm afraid I'm a little lost. Are you going anywhere in particular? Hotel Pennsylvania? Well now, isn't that luck for you. It just so happens that that is where I'm going too. Isn't it funny the way I ran into you out of all the people in New York? By the way, have you ever been to the Cafe Rouge of the Pennsylvania? I hear it is just *beautiful*!

The End



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This Month

Soup's On . . .

A picture cover introduces *The Archive* for the first time this year. Although spring has arrived, some of us still cherish the memory of Durham's three inches of snow. For those who don't feel at home without a little snow and for those who have just seen it for the first time, *The Archive* presents a page of winter scenes from its year-round album. Johnny Morfit is responsible for the artistic shots.



Literary Hors D'Oeuvres . . .

The March issue introduces a new feature, "Scraps for the Literati," penned by versatile Bob Loomis, includes brief comments on what is going on in the world of writers and is guaranteed to whet your literary appetite.



is sure to affect the most hard-boiled reader. Bill is recognized as being one of the best writers about campus, and there's certainly no dissension among the editors about the merit of this piece. We're always glad to see Bill in these pages.

Short Sweets . . .

The three poems featured on The Poet's Page are versatile in mood. "Comment of a Fisherman" is by a former Duke student, who is now doing graduate work at Harvard. He has awarded us the privilege of printing here one of his most successful undergraduate efforts. Lewis Buck, also an alumnus and a veteran contributor to *The Archive*, depicts in "Threnody" the delightful transition of seasons from winter to spring. Jeanne Eagles, possibly inspired by the recent recital given by the Modern Dance Group, gives the novice interpreter an idea of what modern dance is.



Entree . . .

Ever been to an ol' fashioned horsepull? If you haven't, Joan Angevine's story will introduce you to a custom which has always played an important part in the recreation of country folk. Joan shows us something that is usually true of such contests, namely, that the conflict behind the scenes is often more important than the contest itself. Threaded with humor, "The Horsepull" is just the thing to start your literary repast.

Another new author, Fred Wagner, comes into print with this issue. His story, "This Is It," should give you many chuckles, not only over the adolescent antics of the hero as he tries to attain a semblance of manhood, but also through the eccentric behavior of the middle-aged woman who seems more interested in him than in his lawn-mowing.

Bill Snitger returns again, and this time with a sketch whose mood of deep sorrow

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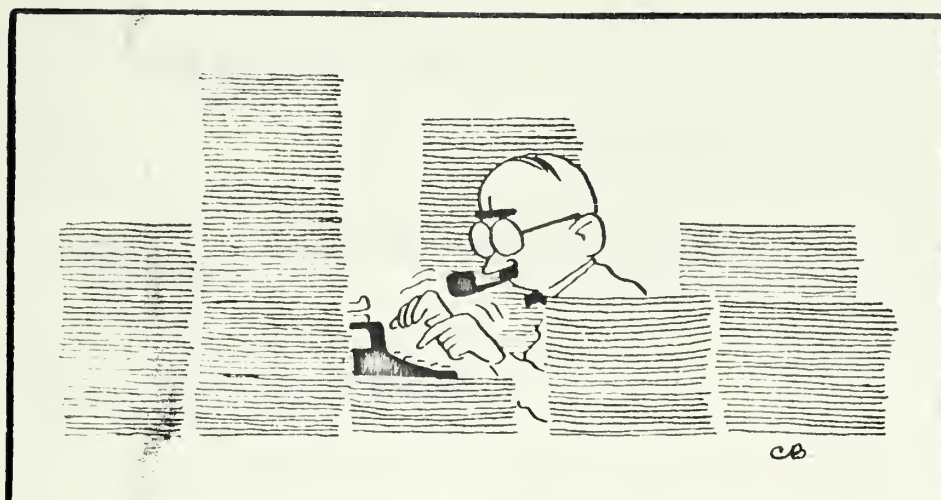
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SCRAPS FOR



THE LITERATI

WILEY WYLIE . . .

Philip *Generation of Vipers* Wylie has a new one out this month, *Essay on Morals*. It should sell pretty well just on the reputation of its predecessor. The *Essay* took about three months to write, which is the longest he says he has ever spent on one book. That isn't so astonishing, however, when you consider that Wylie has averaged a million words a year for the last ten years, and that once, under pressure, he turned out a 25,000-word novelette in one day. On the other hand, most authors are lucky if they can complete one page a day. Flaubert, when he was working on *Madame Bovary*, thought himself fortunate if he finished twenty pages or less in a month, working seven hours a day. But, then, look at the difference.

By BOB LOOMIS

SILARP RAZOR . . .

W. Somerset Maugham's *The Razor's Edge* now has passed *Gone With the Wind* in sales. Both books together add up to something over 6,000,000 copies sold. That's a lot of reading, son.

AIN'T CAIN ABEL? . . .

Someone commented that James *The Postman* Cain had made his characters break every commandment but one. None of them yet has made a graven image. But maybe that's a little tame, eh? . . . And speaking of Cain, his new one, *The Butterfly*, has been having its share of attention from the reviewers. We have a sneaking suspicion that he stirred 'em up a bit when he wrote

the following in his introduction: "I think my stories have some quality of the opening of a forbidden box—and that it is this, rather than violence and sex . . . that gives them the drive so often noted." Oh, come now.

STICKS AND STONES DEPT.

William Steig might as well draw a self-portrait for his *Lonely Ones*. An Atlanta reviewer panned his new cartoon book, *Till Death Do Us Part*, thusly: "This is a dull book made up of silly cartoons and even sillier captions. It is a sheer waste of paper in these days of pitiful shortage. There is an inane 'appendix' which is neither pertinent nor amusing. Save your money." Brother, you've had it!

(Continued on Page 16)

Welcome

Sawyer & Moore
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Welcome

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Meredith Moore—'32

O. G. Sawyer—'23

March, 1947

Volume 60

Number 6

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The publication of articles on controversial topics does not necessarily mean that the Editor or the University endorses them. The names and descriptions of all characters in the fiction of this magazine are fictitious. Any resemblance to any person or persons is not intended and is purely coincidental.

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*A Monthly Magazine Published
by the Students at Duke University,
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Archie Speaks

At a recent dance held in the Men's Gym, we watched one character in particular with a great deal of fascination. Wandering around the dance floor from couple to couple, he would grasp an astonished coed by the arm, peer intently in her face, then mutter "Nope!" and move on to the next couple.

Finally our curiosity could stand it no longer. "Pardon, friend," we inquired, "but what in the world are you doing?"

He wheeled on us with a look of anguish in his eye. "Well, it's so *dark* and I forgot my *bifocals* tonight and—" here his voice almost cracked with hysteria—"and I can't recognize a *single* girl!"

Lucky boy. We had to wave a five dollar bill behind the back of one female Mahatma Gandhi for three whole numbers before some forlorn individual took us up. "I've got to," he whispered despairingly. "I'm working my way through college!"

* * *

We heard about one fellow who wins hands down the first prize—an Ink Spots' record of "Saturday Night Blues"—in the sad story-of-the-month contest.

Seems that after months of patiently trying to find a phone on campus that was in working order, waiting his turn in line, dialing 5221 and getting the busy signal, and hearing the sugar-sweet "Sor-

ry! Any message?" he finally got hold of his girl, and she very generously reserved her first available night for him.

Alas! On consulting his calendar he discovered he would be graduated before time for the date.

* * *

Our Big Wheel correspondent reports authoritatively that Roll-Along Di Mona has now turned his attention to bigger things and is negotiating with Harry James for the Triad dance in May. We can see the hand bills now:

—Joe Di Mona Presents—

Biggest Event of the Year!

Di Monad Dance

Dance chairman: Joe Di Mona

Arrangements: Joe Di Mona

(Added attraction: H. James & Band)

* * *

The story goes that a Duke man, a State man, and a Carolina man were down at Oscar's Green Per-simmon the other day, amicably having a beer together. All of a

sudden a fly happened to fall into each of their beers at the same time, just by coincidence.

With a look of distaste the Duke man dipped his spoon into the glass and removed the offending creature.

The State man reached over and casually flipped out his fly.

The Carolina man, however, carefully picked out his insect and shook it thoroughly over his glass before throwing it away.

* * *

"Four-fifths of freshman class pledge fraternities." — CHRONICLE news item.

This set us to wondering. Suppose that proportion held true for the whole school. If the relative size of each of the various fraternities remained the same as it now is, by using some simple arithmetic (a working knowledge of calculus would be sufficient) it is evident that fraternal groups numbering in the hundreds would be entirely likely.

From here it is a simple matter to visualize a typical meeting of Bater Ater Mater, Bromo Seltzer chapter. The president is speaking.

"The meeting will now come to order. We will have the roll call."

Forty-five minutes later. "Let's get on with the business. We'll now have the committee reports."



THE HORSEPULL

By JOAN ANGEVINE

Some People, Like Grandpa, Prefer Being Martyred to Preserving Their Stubbornness

THERE'S just one thing Grandpa can't stand, and that's to think that someone else is smarter than he is. I call him Grandpa because that's what all the children call him and everyone else in the house just sort of picked it up. He's really my brother. But that's beside the point. As I say, Grandpa can't bear to be outdone. He gets as mad as a hornet if he thinks someone else knows a little more than he does. Maybe that's just because he's getting old. Anyway, I think this feeling of his was the cause of everything that happened last summer.

It all started the week that Jimmy got home for summer vacation from this agricultural school he's going to. I guess it must've been the end of May because it was the same time I caught my confounded heel going down the cellar stairs so that I had to trundle myself around in a wheelchair for the next two months. Jimmy had just finished his freshman year and was about to burst with new ideas on how to do things around here on the farm. Almost right away, Grandpa began to grumble.

"Humph!" he said to me one day. "Do you know what that young whippersnapper wants his father to do now?"

"What?" I asked, just to humor him.

"He wants to get rid of the pump, that's what he wants to do! He wants to have the water piped over from town. All the way across that mountain! Now how in tarnation does he think that can be done?"

"Well," I said, "maybe he knows what he's talking about. After all, he's been to agricultural college for a year now."

"Humph! That doesn't make him a plumber, does it?" he retaliated and then stalked away with his hands clasped behind his back and his heavy white eyebrows furrowed.

A few days later, as I was sitting on the front porch, I heard a small, thrashing sound from around the corner of the house. I knew, even before I could see him, that it was Grandpa. He always brushes his cane, which he doesn't need at all but carries for effect, through the hedge or in the grass when he gets mad or even slightly provoked. As soon as he came around the corner, I could see that he was more than slightly provoked. His patched gray trousers were caught here and there with pieces of long grass, and he was clutching in his hand a sizable clod of black dirt which he thrust under my nose.

"Do you know what that is?" he demanded wildly.

"What?" I asked.

"That," he proclaimed with a look of unbelief on his face, "is what my grandson, my own flesh and blood, thinks the potatoes should be planted in!"

"What are they planted in now?" I inquired meekly.

"The west field, of course, where else?" He was talking louder now and thrashing his cane through the air for lack of any bushes. "And now Jimmy wants to plant them in the north field."

He stopped, waiting, I suppose, for some look of horror to pass over my face. None passed. His shoulders seemed to sag a little and he let the dirt sift through his fingers.

ILLUSTRATED BY BOB PARKS

"Humph!" he said and turned and walked away.

It wasn't until the next week though that the whole thing really came to a head. Up to this point Grandpa had just walked around, mumbling under his breath or complaining to me. As far as I know, the rest of the family had no idea of how he felt. But when Grandpa finally did reveal his opinion on the subject to them, it was in a way quite different from what I had expected.

It was one evening in early June. Supper was ready and everyone was sitting down at the big, square table in the middle of the kitchen; everyone, that is, except Jimmy. He had driven the truck into town for some fertilizer and hadn't come back yet. I rolled the wheelchair over to my place beside Grandpa who was already surveying the food with impatience. Jimmy's father, who always said grace before we ate, was in the middle of "... and bless these gifts bestowed by Thee" when I heard the truck pull up next to the house. Jimmy looked flushed and excited when he came into the kitchen.

"Hey! Ya know what?" he asked.

"What?" said Grandpa.

"Sit down and eat your supper," Mary, who is Jimmy's mother, said.

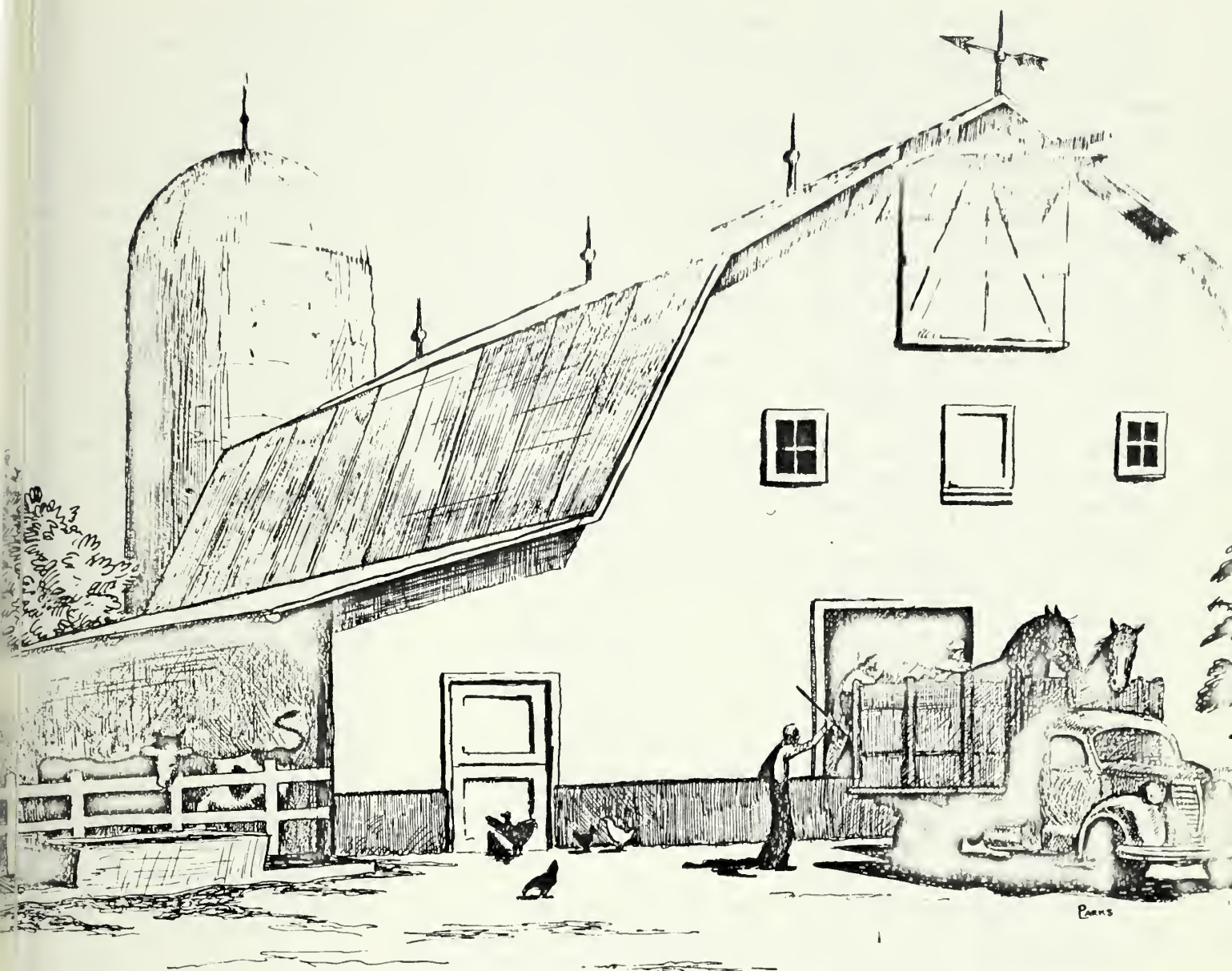
Jimmy sat down at his place between Helen and Dorothy, his two younger sisters.

"Well," he went on, "while I was in town I saw some posters advertising the big Fourth of July celebration they're having."

"When?" Grandpa interrupted.

I nudged him with my left elbow.

"Be still," I said. Jimmy laughed.



Grandpa gesticulated with his cane toward the truck on which Moses and Liza were being placed.

"And there's going to be a horsepull," he went on. I've always thought horsepulls foolish. They consist of several pairs of mammoth beasts tugging consecutively heavier bags of sand on wooden platforms called stoneboats. The horses get tired, the drivers get tired, and the winner gets twenty-five dollars, which just about covers the expense of transporting the animals to and from the scene of the contest. But I knew what Jimmy was going to say.

"I think I'll enter with Maxine and Willy," he concluded. "I know I can win!"

"Why, I think that's a good idea," Jimmy's father said enthusiastically.

"Yes," everyone chorused.

Grandpa said nothing. He shifted suspiciously in his chair and he had a strange look in his eye. I had a sudden feeling of impending disaster. I looked down at my plate and tried to concentrate on my mashed potatoes.

"Well," Grandpa said nonchalantly, "I guess I'll have to go down to the barn and have a little look at Moses and Liza. Yep, guess that's what I'll have to do."

Everyone looked quite puzzled. "Why?" two or three of them asked.

"If there's goin' to be a good, old-fashioned horsepull, I'm goin' to be in it, that's for sure!"

Jimmy's father snorted. Helen giggled.

"Oh, Grandpa!" Mary said.

Then Jimmy made a mistake. He kind of laughed. Grandpa stood up and I suddenly recognized the strange look in his eye as determination. He stared straight at his grandson.

"Humph!" he said. "I suppose they taught you all sorts of high-fallutin' methods of winnin' horsepulls too! Well, listen to me, young man. I'm goin' to show you that you don't know everything yet!" And with that he turned and stalked out of the room. Grandpa also likes to be dramatic.

During the next few weeks, the fam-

tried every way imaginable to dissuade Grandpa from entering the pull. Jimmy's father reminded him that he wasn't as young as he used to be. Mary tempted the ethical angle and insisted that it just wasn't the right thing to do. Helen unwittingly suggested that they settle it out in a game of checkers. Jimmy even offered not to enter it himself if Grandpa wouldn't. But Grandpa was not to be swayed. He spent his time personally looking after Moses and Liza, the two huge work horses, getting them in shape for the eventful day. It was a ludicrous sight to watch both he and Jimmy start out for the barn each morning, Jimmy trying to act perfectly natural about the whole thing and Grandpa still with that determined gleam in his eye. But it was hard for the family to accept the situation, and by the time the Fourth of July came, everyone had worked himself up into a fever pitch.

The day was bright and clear and I sat on the back porch in the morning sunlight and watched as Jimmy and Grandpa loaded the four big horses into the two trucks. Grandpa was waving his cane in the air and shouting orders to the handyman helping them. But Jimmy was rather quiet. Up to this point I hadn't endeavored in any way to talk Grandpa out of entering the pull. I had just relaxed and hoped secretly that he would change his mind. But now I decided I would say something.

"Grandpa!" I shouted across the yard, and had to repeat myself five times before he finally came. "Are you really going to go through with this?" He looked at me incredulously, his white hair lying sparsely on his head.

"Now why inarnation would I be join' all that," and he gesticulated with his cane toward the truck on which Moses and Liza were being loaded, "if I didn't expect to go through with it?"

"But, Grandpa," I said, deciding to appeal to his sympathy, "don't you realize how much winning this horsepull would mean to Jimmy? You're making it awfully hard for him."

"Hard for him! Humph! That young whippersnapper needs someone to show him a thing or two!"

Seeing that even I couldn't dissuade him, I let him go back to his supervising without another word. I didn't realize then what an important part I was to play after all in the final outcome of the whole thing.

The family had quite a hard time transporting both me and my wheelchair to the horsepull, and so it was almost one o'clock by the time we arrived at the field just the other side of town where it was to take place. Two strings stretched about a hundred feet along the levellest part of the ground, and I surmised that it was within the confines of these strings that the horses were to do their pulling. Mary sug-



gested that I sit a few yards back from the strings on a small incline, and stationed Dorothy next to my wheelchair to take care of me. The crowd was beginning to gather, but most of the people recognized my handicap and didn't stand in front of me. Jimmy and Grandpa had come earlier in the trucks and were over with the six other contestants, hitching the stoneboats and preparing, in general, for the beginning of the pull. Grandpa was strutting around self-confidently and Jimmy was looking unhappier by the minute. I saw him lean over and say something to Grandpa and Grandpa shook his head violently. I settled back and actually found myself hoping that one of the other contestants would win.

The pull finally started. Some man with a distinct nasal twang announced the names of the contestants and the

weight of their teams over a loud speaker, and then the fight was on. One after the other of the teams pulled the first allotted weight the required twenty feet. More sandbags were piled on the stoneboats, the crowd cheered wildly for their particular friends in the contest, someone set off a firecracker, and the pull went on. Then, as the weight on the stoneboat increased, one after the other of the teams were unable to pull it and had to drop out. At last there were only three contestants left: Jimmy, Grandpa, and some little man who appeared to need a shave.

"Hurra for Mr. Nelson!" someone in the crowd yelled, and, assuming Mr. Nelson to be the be-whiskered man since our name is Brown, I yelled "Hurra for Mr. Nelson!" too, and fervently prayed he would win.

But, as luck would have it, Mr. Nelson's team all but collapsed when another sandbag was thrown on the stoneboat, and so Jimmy and Grandpa remained. Another load and then another were thrown on the boats and still neither team gave in. I sat there expecting the worst. If Grandpa won, Jimmy would be brokenhearted, and, if Jimmy won, Grandpa would become so obstinate that there would be no living with him. There seemed to be no way it could end happily. And then the unexpected occurred.

Jimmy's team had just finished pulling a four-ton load twenty feet, and the men in charge were heaving sandbags onto Grandpa's stoneboat to make the load equal. Grandpa stood on the small platform and shouted to his horses. They lunged forward, pawing the ground, the stoneboat with Grandpa on it dragging behind them. It was at that moment that some friend of Dorothy's called to her and she turned, letting go of the back of my wheelchair. For a minute I didn't realize what was happening, and then I saw I was rolling slowly down the incline toward the runway. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Grandpa's team com-

(Continued on Page 15)

The Poet's Page

Comment of a Fisherman

The hail that came galloping under greenish
clouds and clapping on chlorotic
branches and the greener lake.

It lives,
here in the mind, as a stippling of water.

They were astonishing and ineffective,
the violent tiny eruptions:
flashing burbles, white-lined pockets
in an element of green or grey-green felt:
white pockets, or a novel pox of light,
or cannon puffs in dusky groves of olives.

One knew that the hail was water, it was
water
gone wrong in a cold-mass, in the blue slabs
of air:
one knew that it would melt, catfish and bass
accept it then, accept this stranger-violence
of summer's violence, as one has to accept
agonies of a gone war melted
to the lesser agony of peace.

The green light crept to the woods: the ruddy
sun
winked and strutted as if he had been there
always.
He had not been there: he had had no part
in the time of shadow and one knew it.
There had been no backing of the sun's
heroic splendor
and this was the first time tentacles of the sun
had reached and handled and blown light
crashing
green and white and purple through the
crystals.

The deception puzzled. One could hardly
credit
August summer crystallized to the angular
angry qualities of hail.

RALPH NASH

April 7, 1945



Threnody

Winter,
having made the land
defunct,
becomes
itself effete,
and in its ambient
white shroud
expires.

Warm winds whisper,
sun taught,
a paean
to the death of Death,

And willow leaves, called
from the grave
by the elegy of the wind,
irreverently,
in gay processions
go
stumbl-
tumbl-
umbl-
-ing
-ly

down the road;
go
stut-
tut-
tut-
-ter
-ing
down the road;
and slender willow leaves
go
car-
-t
-whieee
-ling
-ly
down the road,
to bury Death.

LEWIS A. BUCK



Modern Dance

1. Release
Throbbing—beating—surging,
Groping—aching—twinging.
Rigid, pierced with arrows,
Choking . . . biting dust.
Eyes empty sockets,
Lips half parted,
Skin, taut . . . burning.
Cool water . . . damp clover . . .
dew drops . . . pastel skies—
Swirling clouds . . . soft blue satin.
2. "Puck"
Wild dancing whimsy,
Whirling, blithe, and merry —
Stretching . . . leaping,
Icy rain with sun and shadows,
Flimsy . . . flaunting tinsel.
3. Mood
Torrid, swaying, beating rhythm—
Mad with music—
Flames, white heat
Dashing, scraping, scratching, bow-
ing,
Fired with thunder. . . .
Violent burning.
Soft now, soothing . . . clear blue
water
Where grass is green, and delicate
vines
Drape in patterns from tree
branches.
Power swaying
Passion of movement
Fierce and gentle.

By JEANNE EAGLES



FILTEE

THIS IS IT

By FRED R. WAGNER

ROLAND MAYNOR kicked at the piece of loose brick protruding from the uneven stretch of pavement, discovered a few seconds later from the sprained feeling in his big toe that the brick wasn't loose, and uttered a discouraged mutter of surprise. Just like everything else in this town, he decided, nothing is what it seems. He walked on down the pavement, letting the kaleidoscopic shadows of the sun through the leaves pass over him unnoticed, and

looked carefully at the numbers of the houses. Two hundred and sixty-five, he muttered the words half aloud. Two hundred and sixty-five East Main Street. A thin ray of sunlight pierced the leaves, flashing across his eyes. He paused and glanced around. Maybe I won't have to work after all, he thought. Maybe they're going to move or maybe a blight has struck the grass and there wouldn't be any use in cutting it. He stood still, enjoying the idea of going home and

sleeping some more.

Soon he became vaguely aware that someone on a bike had stopped at the curb. "Roly!" a delighted voice shrieked. Roland knew who it was without turning his head. Maxine Tuller. No one else would go on calling him 'Roly' after he had been away at military school for a year. He looked straight ahead. "Hello, Maxie," he said coldly and then turned to stare at her. "Hello, Maxie, what's new?"

Roland wanted to be a man, even at the expense of being naughty---but not at the expense of being caught.

Maxie, as usual, was erupting in an overabundance of high spirits. "Gosh, Roly," she said. "I hardly recognized you. What with the overalls and everything. You never used to wear overalls, did you?"

"No," Roland said tensely, "I never did." He wished she would go away.

"It wasn't just that. When I was riding by I thought the back of your head looked familiar, but then I looked down at your body and I said to myself, 'No, that can't be Roly—he's too thin.' But it was you, and I guess now we'll have to find something else to call you."

Roland felt like pushing Maxie off her bike. He knew she could always be counted on to say the most annoying things possible. "You might try calling me 'Roland,'" he snapped. "That's my name."

Maxie looked at him questioningly. "Oh, come off it, Roly. What's the matter with you? Just because you've been off at military school doesn't mean that you've suffered amnesia or something. You know you'll always turn around when someone calls 'Roly-poly.'"

"I hate that name," Roland said icily, wishing he could bare his teeth.

Maxie ignored his ferocity. "I guess we can't call you that any more. It just doesn't fit." She leaned over from the bike and poked him in the stomach. "You're sharp, kid." She hesitated for a second. "But what have you got on those overalls for?"

Roland groaned. Maxie was a pest, but she might sympathize with him. "I have to go cut Dr. Bregar's lawn. His sister is a friend of mother's and she said Mrs. Bregar couldn't find anybody to cut the lawn so now I have to go do it."

Maxie stored away the information for future repetition. "Do you know Mrs. Bregar?" she asked.

"No. Didn't she use to be the doctor's secretary?"

Maxie snickered. "Yes. She's supposed to be quite a person. Mom says that the house is a monstrosity, but Mrs. Bregar is real proud of it and shows everybody around."

Roland changed the subject. "I hate wearing these overalls; they're too tight."

"You don't look at all bad in them. Not so dignified, either." She ran her fingers through her blonde hair, cut in a Dutch-boy bob. "But don't you notice something different about me?"

Roland looked her over. He couldn't see any changes. Women shouldn't ask such questions, anyway. If they wanted you to know something, why didn't

they come right out and tell you?

"I've been on a diet," Maxie said. "I've lost fifteen pounds. Don't you notice the difference?"

Roland looked at her again. So far as he could see, she still resembled an underdone pudding. "Yes," he lied. "I knew there was something different but I couldn't quite put my finger on it."

Maxie absorbed the compliment, then glanced at her watch. "Oh, gee," she said. "I've got to get going. The butcher said he had a roast for Mom, but if she didn't pick it up before ten he'd let it go to somebody else. So long." She hopped back up to the seat of the bike and pedaled quickly away.

"So long," Roland called, happy to see her go. Roly-poly, he muttered in disgust. Fifteen and you meet a girl and she calls you Roly-poly. She must

(Continued on Page 17)

"Good night! I wonder if she's trying to seduce me."



ILLUSTRATED BY
JOHNNY BARBER

Fields Where Roses Fade

By WILLIAM SNITGER

As he walked slowly back to his ship from the room full of phone booths in the Officers' Club, he felt the wind against his face and saw the broad expanse of the star-filled sky. He was a stranger to the port, now a stranger to the sea, and he thought ironically that there couldn't have been a better night for him to find out about Carl. The sky and the stars seemed to mock him with their timelessness, and the wind, coming in from the black Atlantic Ocean, carrying torn pieces of newspapers across the dock into the water, made him feel like a stranger to his own existence.

He stopped when he was halfway down the dock and looked at the red aircraft warning lights on the masts of the ships on either side of him. He could see the lights of his own ship at the end of the dock and could imagine what was happening on board. The duty officer would be playing gin rummy with the Chief Machinist, and the radios would be blaring all over the officers' quarters and in the crew's compartment, the gangway watch would be drinking coffee and watching the clock in the mess hall until midnight. Everything would be just as it had always been when they were in port at night. And he wondered how many of the men under his command were doing their best to play a part too.

He kept thinking about the phone call, the room full of Naval officers waiting for their connections, the operators who had laughed and joked with some of the men for talking over five minutes to their girl friends, the black receiver and the mouthpiece and about the words that he had heard. He felt

that it was like dialing Meridian 7-1212 in New York and hearing a lifeless female voice give the time. Even if you stood there and shouted into the phone the voice would continue to tell you the time. A few minutes ago he had put his money in the proper slots and then a voice had said that Carl had been killed in Europe almost a month ago. You dial the proper number and the voice tells you that Carl is dead, and it doesn't matter how loudly you shout or how much you protest, the voice will keep repeating the same thing: "Carl is dead . . . Carl is dead. . . ."

He remembered placing the receiver back on its hook and walking to the desk at the back of the room. The attendant had laughed and said that there wouldn't be a charge for overtime since he was just about the first one tonight that hadn't broken that five-minute rule.

If he had read it in a letter he might have wanted to weep. You can reread a letter, say the words aloud, read it to someone else. The words on the page become very real when you accept their meaning. But now he stood on the dock wondering how it could possibly be real. If he hadn't made the phone call, he wouldn't have known until his mail reached him, and he wondered if the time between now and then would have been real.

He suddenly could see Carl standing at the top of a snow-covered hill, waving, calling out and then starting down the run on his skis. The wind sweeping the dock reminded him of the icy air of the hill where they had gone skiing each winter during those years in high school. The shifting, uncontrolled memories brought back the nights, too,

that they had spent talking and watching the boats pass on the river. Carl's voice, his spoken words, his phrases, half-forgotten, incomplete, the tone of his voice, tense, interested, yet touched with a special kind of irony as though he could be involved in the business at hand, yet detach himself in order to laugh at his own situations, seemed to return and speak to him from out of the darkness of the harbor. "Next summer we can hitchhike to New England . . . it's the kind of book that I wish I could write . . . wait until you see her in 'Waterloo Bridge' . . ." Phrases, pictures, frequently intermixed and unchronologically arranged, words that had been spoken in jest, pictures they had taken and developed in Carl's garage, girls they had dated, all had the air of something remembered from another life, another time; and he felt a pathetic strangeness to his own past. Carl was gone; only the flashes of memory, the brief pictures his mind could summon up, the wind of the hill on which they had skied, the books he knew that Carl had read, remained.

He started to pull his cap down tightly to keep it from blowing off, then decided to take it off, and the icy wind cut around his head as he continued to walk towards his ship.

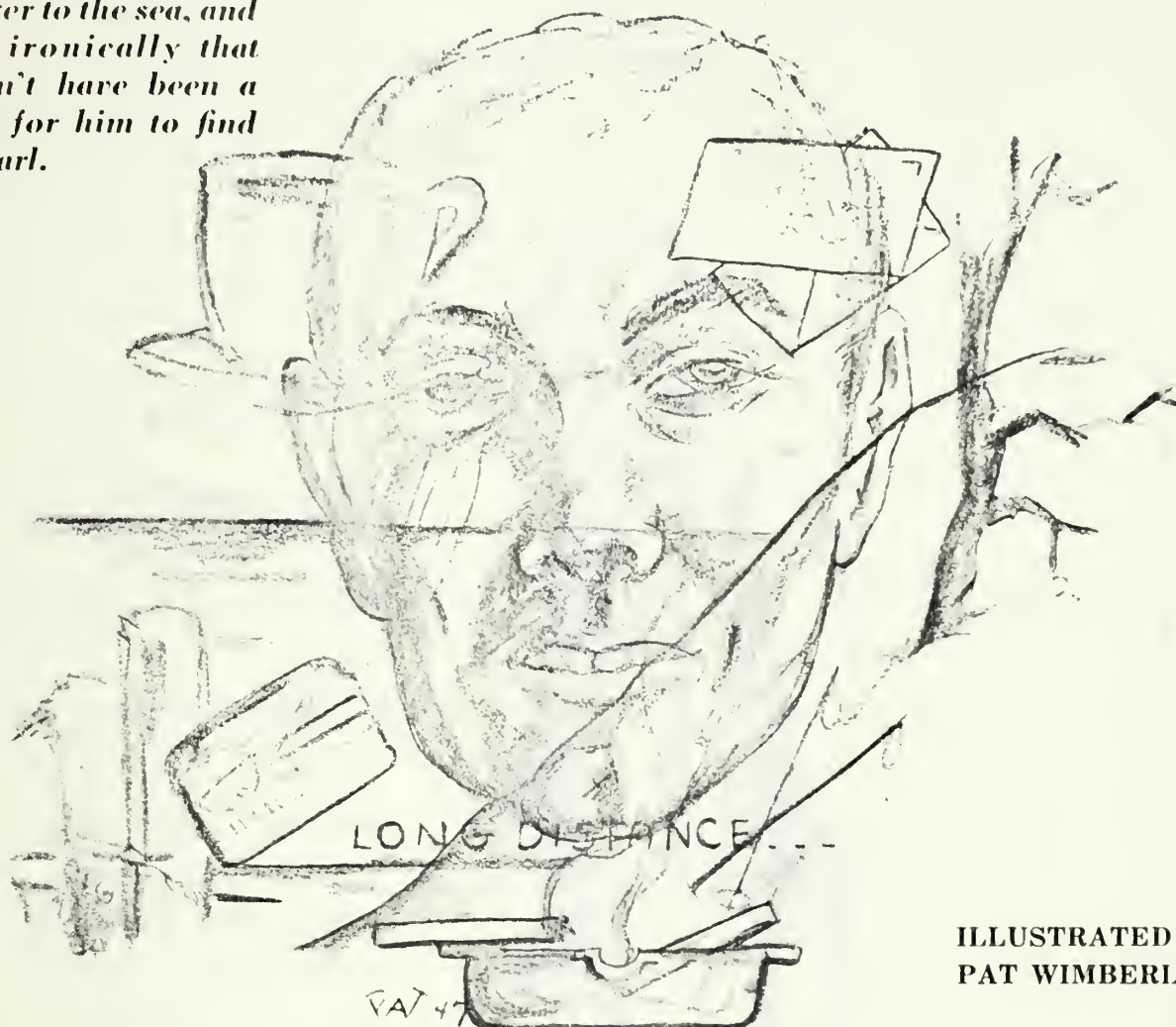
He walked up the gangway and could hear the radios playing "The Trolley Song." The gangway watch jumped out of the warm entrance to the fire-room and put a cup of steaming black coffee on a wooden box that held the ship's log.

"Good evening, Captain," he said saluting.

"Good evening, Ski."

This is not simply a war sketch—It is the story of any man and his sorrow.

He was a stranger to the port,
now a stranger to the sea, and
he thought ironically that
there couldn't have been a
better night for him to find
out about Carl.



ILLUSTRATED BY
PAT WIMBERLEY

He returned the salute and walked forward to the officer's country wishing he could get to his room without going through the wardroom.

Snyder, the executive officer, was alone in the wardroom reading a magazine.

"Good evening, Captain."

"Good evening."

"I was just up on the bridge. With the wind blowing, we can be grateful that we're not out tonight. But it's going at least twenty knots, probably thirty at sea."

"Yes. We're lucky. It's rather bad out."

Snyder put his magazine on the table and stood up.

"Think I'll have a cup of coffee. Would you like one?"

"Yes, I would, Snyder."

He took off his coat and sat down.

"Did you get your call through all right? There's usually a mob at those places waiting for calls."

"Yes. I got it through all right."

Snyder took the silex and poured two cups of coffee.

"When I was up on the bridge, I thought I saw you standing on the dock."

"I was. The wind felt good. I was just trying to think, I guess." He hesitated a moment. "I got some bad news tonight. One of my friends from home was killed overseas last month."

Snyder sat down across from him.

"That's really tough, Captain. It seems as though everyone gets news like that these days."

"Would you mind turning that radio off?"

Snyder reached around and flicked the switch. They could vaguely hear the remainder of "The Trolley Song" coming up from the crew's compartment. They drank their coffee and then each lit a cigarette. Finally Snyder spoke.

"It's really tough," he repeated. "Some of the best guys I knew at home have been killed. Always seems odd to hear about some one you knew in high school. You keep thinking about them as being so young. I guess you remember them that way. I never think about them growing older until I hear that they're gone. Always seems

(Continued on Page 26)

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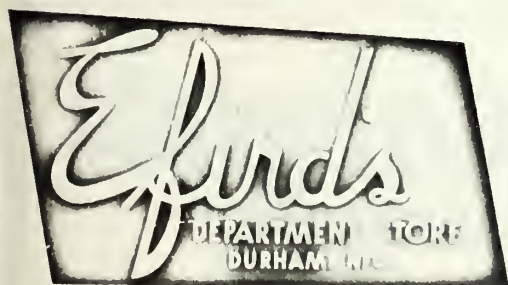
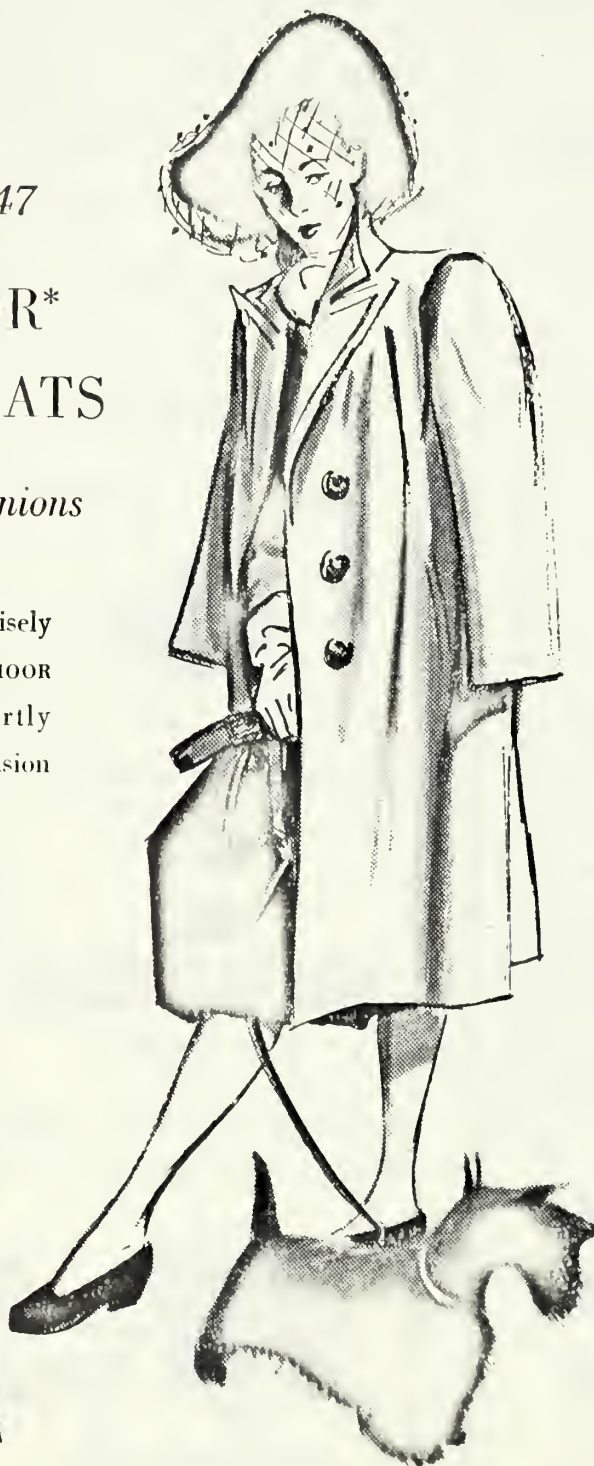
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-The Horsepull-

(Continued from Page 8)

g. I let out a little scream, thinking how much I sounded like a Rhode Island Red. Grandpa saw me then, and, much to my relief, started to rein in the horses. They snorted, stomped on the ground, and stopped. My wheelchair rolled to a stop a few feet from them. There was a moment's silence, and then suddenly everyone was shouting and hovering over me and asking me if I was all right. Grandpa pushed through the crowd.

"Sarah!" he yelled. "What in the name of Hill are you running around in at this thing for now?" And he ordered me to be placed back at my original starting point. The crowd still hung around me as if I were some sort of power and they were all bees. I tried fooling them away, but without much success. Finally, the man with the nasal twang announced with no little purpose in his voice that the pull would continue. Immediately the crowd forsook me and turned back to the runway. Grandpa climbed back onto the platform and began to shout at Moses and Liza. The horses tugged at the harness, but the stoneboat wouldn't budge. No one made a sound. Grandpa tried again and again, but with no better luck. I saw the look of determination fade from his eye and a look of helplessness came over his face. He glared at me accusingly, and then, as he glanced at me again, an expression

of self-satisfaction replaced the look of helplessness. He dropped the reins and stepped down from the stoneboat. For a moment I thought he was going to take a bow, but he went over and said something to the man with the nasal twang. The man picked up the microphone and announced to everyone that Jimmy was the winner.

Later, after the crowd had dispersed and the family had finished questioning—
(Continued on Page 17)

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May 10—W. Forest.....	Duke
May 17—U. N. C.....	Duke
May 24—U. N. C.....	N. C. State
May 31—N. C. State.....	U.N.C.

NOTE: The above schedule will be augmented later in the season. Follow the ball with the outstanding sports station of the Carolinas.

Looking Ahead

Station WDNC has been authorized to change its frequency to 620 kilocycles and increase its power to 5,000 Watts daytime and 1,000 Watts at night. Work on construction is now in progress meaning greater service to Duke University within the next few months.

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-Scraps-

(Continued from Page 2)

DOUBLE DOUBLE, TOIL AND TROUBLE . . .

China's Destiny, Chiang Kai-shek's new book, got a double printing in this country. The MacMillan Co. and Roy Publishers brought out editions at the same time. Reviewer Annalee Jacoby thought Roy's edition much better, not only because MacMillan glossed over some of Chiang's more shocking statements but also because MacMillan's effort was a "shoddy little book" whereas Roy had a "well-bound volume." She probably smelled 'em too.

THE HEX OF SEX . . .

Before you get into another argument about how much sex should be tolerated in modern novels, read Ben Ray Redman's article "Sex and Literary Art" in the October *American Mercury*. One of the best we've seen yet.

ME FIRST . . .

Allen, Towne & Heath, new publishers of books about music, launched their first one, a biography of Koussevitzky, a short time ago, and had the thing thrown right back in their laps. It seems it was written by a Mr. Moses

Smith, one-time feuder with Koussevitzky. Now Koussevitzky is suing for libel and a few thousand other things. Besides, Koussevitzky's own story of his life happens to be in the making at the moment. We see. . . .

HEAH AN' THEAH . . .

Nancy *The Manatee* Bruff's new *Cider from Eden* is due this month. Publishers Dutton say it has all the "drive . . . of a Greek drama." Hop on the band wagon, folks. . . . Scribners announced that Santayana has finished his autobiography, *Persons and Places*, but it won't be released until after his death. . . . There's a new Hemingway novel due soon. Scene: France. . . . Charles Jackson of *Lost Weekend* fame is now in Bermuda working on another novel. He says that it will be his first with a multi-character plot. . . . Aline Bernstein (She was the model for Mrs. Jack in Thomas Wolfe's last two novels) has just had a new novel released, *Miss Condon*. . . . How many knew that Frank Yerby, author of *Foxes of Harrow*, which was very popular in the South, was a Negro? . . . *Forever Amber* now has sold thirty editions. That's over 1,400,000 copies. And no book club either.

The End



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-The Horsepull-

(Continued from Page 15)

ing me, scolding Dorothy, and congratulating Jimmy, who appeared very pleased, Grandpa came over to me. Mingled with his look of self-satisfaction was a touch of self-pity. Before I could say anything, he spoke.

"Now, now, Sarah," he said, and patted me condescendingly on the shoulder. "I don't want you to tell me how sorry you are that I didn't win the pull."

I looked at him in amazement.

"After all," he went on, "I saved your life, didn't I?"

I nodded mutely and he began to push me away. Maybe Grandpa can't stand to think that there's someone smarter than he is, but there's something he loves more than he dislikes that, and that's to consider himself a martyr, and a hero to boot!

The End

-This Is It-

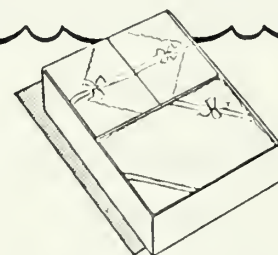
(Continued from Page 11)

think I'm still a little boy. That's the trouble with coming back to a place once you've left it. You grow up while you're away but people don't realize that, and they think you're the same childish little creature you were when you left. I've been away for a year, grown up, and now mother sends me to cut somebody's grass. Of all the stupid tasks, more of a job for some kid that's still in grammar school. Roland loosened his belt to see whether that would make the overalls more comfortable. I wish I could do something to show them I'm not a child any longer. Maybe I could take to drink.

He stopped before a huge, unpainted old house with a cupola on top. The numbers had fallen from the pillar on the porch, but Roland felt sure that it was two-six-five; the grass seemed at least a foot higher than any other lawn along the street. The day seemed dismal. As he hurried up the walk, Ro-

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-This Is It-

land looked at the sky, hoping for rain-clouds; but he blinked under the intense rays of the sun. Probably it was better that it wasn't raining. He'd only have to come back some other day and the grass would be even higher by then.

Roland started up the porch steps but checked himself. He glowered and blushed as he walked down the cinder drive to the back of the house. Back door, he muttered bitterly. Back door. Just like any servant. I guess mother feels she's pretty lucky to have me to send around to do all these childish tasks. If she wants to do favors for her friends, why doesn't she pick ones she can do herself? That's all I'm good for. Just a little kid to run errands.

He stood by the back steps, calling for Mrs. Bregar, and after a moment she stepped unsteadily out onto the back porch. "Well," she called out when her eyes focussed on Roland, "Hello out there."

"Good morning," Roland replied. He couldn't decide how old she was. Her face had a yellowish tinge, but her checked gingham dress counterbalanced that. "Mother said you wanted somebody to cut your lawn."

Mrs. Bregar looked around. "Do you think it needs cutting?"

Roland surveyed the tangled meadow of grass. He thought so, but he wasn't sure what she expected him to say. "I think it could stand it," he ventured. "In spots," he added hastily.

"Well," Mrs. Bregar said, "I suppose it does. Let me show you where the mower is." She came down the steps, holding on to the railing. "What's your first name? There's no sense in being formal."

"It's Roland, Mrs. Bregar."

"Roland." She meditated upon the word as she looked at him. "I think I'll call you Roly. It fits you better. You're just like a little cherub."

Roland pressed his lips together. I'm not going to stand for it, he thought.

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everyone thinks I'm still a little child. "We have a wonderful lawn mower," she said. "Dr. Bregar made it himself."

Roland waited.

"It's an electric one," she continued. "Runs by electricity."

"Will it cut this tall grass?" Roland asked, thinking that what he really needed was a threshing machine.

"Sure," she answered confidentially. "It just goes right on through everything."

She swung open the garage door and pulled out the machine. To Roland it looked like a square wooden crate with a handle. After explaining the details of its operation, Mrs. Bregar showed him the cylindrical set of blades placed in the bottom of the crate. "Watch out for them," she warned, teetering dangerously over the mower. "They're sharp. We had a little colored boy who was going to cut the lawn; but the first time he went to clean the grass off the blades he forgot to wait until the motor slowed down, and he cut the flesh off three fingers. Something like that is bound to dull the blades."

Mrs. Bregar pulled several hundred yards of black cord off a peg. "Here's the cord," she said. "There's a plug here in the garage and one on the porch."

"But where do I put the cord," Roland asked. "Won't it drag along the ground and get in the way and everything?"

"Oh, no." She laughed, a dry, hoarse little laugh. "You wear the cord across your shoulders. Like a toga." She tossed it to him.

Roland grabbed the twisting coils and slung them over his shoulder. He could feel his back bending under the weight. Mrs. Bregar swayed along behind him into the yard and then leaned close. "Cut it all down, Roly. I was out the other night mowing down the

(Continued on Page 21)

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-This Is It-

(Continued from Page 19)

lip bed. It's more fun to see the flowers flying out on each side."

"How much are you going to pay?" he blurted. Most of the fellows he knew were getting seventy-five an hour and some even more.

Mrs. Bregar smoothed her dress. The usual price is twenty-five or thirty cents an hour, isn't it? Will that be all right?"

"Yes," Roland said miserably. He'd live to cut the lawn anyway.

"Well, we'll settle up when you finish, Roly." Mrs. Bregar squeezed his arm and then giggled all the way back to the house. I hate her, Roland thought. She thinks I'm just a kid. I could have worn my old military uniform instead of these overalls. Then maybe she'd think differently.

He walked around for a few minutes, looking at the grass, trying to decide where to start. The task appeared almost hopeless, and the cord grew heavier with every step he took. Finally he dumped the cord into a heap on the ground, having decided to find a flower bed to weed before starting on the grass. No matter how fast he worked, the job would keep him busy for weeks. He moved on to the long narrow bed running along the front walk and, crouching to his knees, began to weed.

A bike screeched to a halt on the walk. Roland jumped. "Hi, Roly." It was Maxine again.

"Hullo," Roland said. "Get your coat already?"

"Guess you'll be busy here most of the summer." Maxie looked around. Lucky I live on the next street. I can come over and keep you company."

"Swell," Roland said without enthusiasm.

"How much are you getting paid?" Maxie asked.

"Enough." Roland went back to his weeding.

"I'll bet it's not much," Maxie con-

tinued. "They're supposed to be awful cheapskates. Dr. Bregar comes home for lunch every day because he's too stingy to spend the money to eat downtown. Have you met Mrs. Bregar yet? You'd better watch out for her. She drinks."

"I think she's wacky," Roland said, keeping up his weeding.

"And say, if you're not working some afternoon why don't you drop around to the house? There's always

a crowd hanging around. We'll all be glad to see you. It's been a long time what with you being away at school and everything."

"Okay, I will," Roland promised. Anything to get rid of her.

"So long," she said.

"Guhbye." She's just a kid. Just a kid in high school. Military school has made me a lot more mature than that

(Continued on Page 22)

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-This Is It-

(Continued from Page 21)

much of high school babies. I don't want to have any truck with them. They seem to think I'm just as infantile as they are, but I'll show them. And I'll show everybody else in this narrow-minded little hick town. I only wish I knew how.

He pulled more ferociously at the weeds. The occupation soon bored him; and he developed a method of groping for the weeds and pulling them while he kept his eyes shut, enjoying the damp, sticky feel of the earth and daydreaming ahead to dinner that evening. Maxie and her roast had made him hungry. Then he remembered Roly-poly. Roly-

poly, roly-poly, just a kid, just a kid, just a kid, kid, kid. He repeated the words, tormenting himself with their taunt. If only I could find some way to show them I'm not a kid any more. If only. . . .

He was groping around in back of a rosebush, trying to uproot a particularly difficult weed. The ground felt unusually soft and pliable. The texture was not really much like earth. I hope it's not fertilizer, he thought. That certainly would be unpleasant. Though I don't suppose they'd take the trouble to fertilize the place.

Roland opened his eyes and looked in back of the rosebush. "Ugh," he said. It was a dead bird. No wonder

it had felt soft. Roland stood up. His hand was shaking involuntarily, as if to throw off the germs. He hurried around to the back, opened the screen door, and walked into the kitchen. Mrs. Bregar was sitting at the kitchen table, a whiskey bottle in front of her.

"How's my little gardener?" she said, smiling at him.

Roland glared at her. "Do you mind if I wash my hands," he said. "I weeded a bird by mistake."

"Go right ahead, honey." She came over and stood by him. "My," she said, "you're a great deal older than I thought at first. You must be seventeen or eighteen. That blond hair and those innocent blue eyes fooled me at first. And I'll bet you're not as angelic as you look." She pinched his cheek. Roland blushed and turned from the sink, his hands dripping water over the floor. "Where are the paper towels?"

"Here you are, honey." She picked up a towel. "Let me dry your hands for you." Roland held out one of his hands stiffly. If she'd just stop treating me like a kid, he thought. She seems to like me—all those remarks she made about my hair and eyes. But she could act as if I was a little bit older. I guess she's had too much to drink. Maybe I bring out the mother instinct in her.

Mrs. Bregar finished drying his hands. "There now." She hung the towel over the rack and smoothed her dress. "Say, aren't you tired from working so long—it's about eleven now. Why don't you let me show you around the house? It's a wonderful old place. We're renovating it ourselves."

"I'd like to see it," Roland said. He was willing to do anything to keep away from dead birds. "Doesn't it take an awful lot of work?" he asked, as he followed Mrs. Bregar down the hall to the living room.

"It sure does, honey," she said. "But we're not going to pay the prices they ask nowadays. It's outrageous." They stepped into the room. "How do you like the paper? I put it all on myself—had the hardest time getting the circles



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to match." While Roland was still trying to decide whether he liked the effect of the dark green circles upon the light green background, Mrs. Bregar grabbed his arm. "Sort of looks like a bunch of bulls'-eyes, doesn't it?" She snapped her fingers. "Say, would you like to play darts? We have some out in the kitchen."

"No . . . no thank you," Roland said hastily. He was beginning to feel uncomfortable. I wish I knew how she acts when she hasn't had so much to drink, he thought. Mrs. Bregar looked wildly about for a second, slightly nonplussed by his refusal, and then pointed to the ceiling. The moulded figures were done in gold; the background was baby-blue. "I did it all myself," she said proudly. "Don't you think it looks pretty wonderful?"

"It's very attractive," he said. "I like the golden angels especially."

"Just like you, darling." Mrs. Bregar laughed and pinched his cheek again. Roland decided that the next time she did it he was going to pinch her right back. Mrs. Bregar moved quickly over to one of the large windows and pushed up the lower sash. "See," she said. "It's right level with the porch. Whenever we have a party we open all of them and play Go-In-And-Out-the-Window."

Roland smiled. He was beginning to like the woman. At least she didn't treat him so much like a child, and she had said he looked seventeen or eighteen. He wondered what she meant by being as angelic as he looked and then smiled again.

Mrs. Bregar took encouragement from the smile. "Let's you and me play," she suggested, clutching Roland and pushing him toward the window. "Go in and out the window, go in and out the window," she sang as she pulled him along. "Come on. You sing too."

Roland wriggled out of her grasp. "I really don't think I'd better, Mrs. Bregar. I can't sing very well." He was

(Continued on Page 24)

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-This Is It-

Continued from Page 23)

afraid that some of the neighbors might see them dancing along the porch and it would get back to his mother. "I think I'd better get back to work," he said.

"Wait just a few minutes more, Roly," Mrs. Bregar begged. "I have the biggest treat of all to show you yet." She led him down the hall and around a corner to the back stairs. Leaning inside the opening, she pressed a button. A low, humming noise started, and soon a folding chair came into sight from the gloom of the stair well. "This is our own private elevator," Mrs. Bregar said proudly. "Let's take a ride." She pulled down two flaps that looked to Roland like slender arms. "Come



on," she said as she at down on one of the arms, "let's get going."

Roland hesitated. "Will it hold both of us?"

"Of course it will." Mrs. Bregar was growing impatient. "Why, when we have company, five or six of us ride up and down at the same time until all the fuses blow out. Then we have to find our way about in the dark. It's a lot of fun. But come on. Don't act like a baby."

I'll show her who's a baby, Roland thought. Here I was beginning to think she was going to treat me like an adult and now she goes back to that old routine. I'll get back at her, he concluded

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angrily as he gingerly sat down on the other arm.

Mrs. Bregar pushed the button. "Stick your legs out straight," she said. "It feels more like flying that way."

Roland stuck his legs out, but they only felt rather uncomfortable. I wonder what she's taking me upstairs for, he thought. Maxie said she liked to show everyone around the place. But . . . good night! I wonder if she's trying to seduce me? He had heard at school that women did things like that to young men.

When the elevator reached the top of the flight of steps, Mrs. Bregar jumped lithely off, taking hold of Roland's hand. "You certainly are a cute kid," she said. "I'd like to have a few locks of that yellow hair you have."

It might be that's what she's trying to do, Roland continued thinking. I can't really be sure, though. Certainly she wouldn't do such a thing if her husband was coming home for lunch. But maybe he isn't today. Maybe the alcohol has got her muddled. I wish I knew for certain. It's evident she thinks I'm more than a mere infant.

Mrs. Bregar started to walk down the hall. "We haven't finished so very much on the second floor yet. Only thing really fixed up is the bedroom George and I sleep in. I think we're doing pretty well, though. We've only been living here three years." She opened the bedroom door. "Come on in."

I'll know soon, Roland thought. If she makes any advances, I'll string right along, so as to prove I'm no kid. He stood awkwardly in the middle of the room. "Sit down, Roly," Mrs. Bregar invited. She was perched on the edge of the bed. "Let's bounce. This is the springiest bed. Some afternoons when I get tired of painting I come up and bounce for a half hour or so and I feel like a new woman."

Roland sat down. This is it, he thought and reached for Mrs. Bregar's

hand in order to squeeze it. He missed; she had already begun to bounce. As he made a second attempt, a whistle pierced the noise of squeaking springs. Mrs. Bregar stopped bouncing. "That must be George home for lunch already. I didn't expect him so soon."

"Oh," Roland said weakly.

George whistled again. I guess I made a mistake, Roland thought. I guess she does think I'm a kid, and wasn't trying to seduce me after all. It was all Platonic. Then he smiled and trembled at the same time. George might not look at it that way. He might

(Continued on Page 28)

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-Roses Fade-

(Continued from Page 13)

odd to me. Was it someone you knew in high school?"

"Yes. I knew him in high school. I really never saw much of him after that. He went to school in the Midwest, and I wound up at Boston. We used to write once in a while. . . ." He paused.

"How about another cup of coffee, Captain? You still look kind of cold."

"All right, Snyder. Thanks."

Snyder got up and poured out two more cups of coffee.

"Whenever I stay on board at night I drink quarts of this stuff. But I'd rather do that than go ashore in *this* town and drink quarts of beer."

"Yes. *This is* a pretty bad place. I

wish I could take the ship to a good liberty town."

Snyder sat down and lit another cigarette.

"By the way, Captain, I meant to ask you about that availability we're supposed to get in a few months. Some of the departments really need to get their jobs done a little sooner than we expected. That valve in the engine room is likely to conk out again like it did last week. We were just lucky that we weren't going out through the jetties or something. Do you think you could speak to Operations about having the time moved up to the first of next month?"

"I'll see about it tomorrow, Snyder."

"Of course, some of the men are just hoping for a little leave around Christmas. They try to tell me that

Are you
*Maeb eht no**



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This Month's Winning Joke

Then there were the two maggots who were necking in dead Earnest.

—submitted by Logan Bruce

THE ARCHIVE, March, 1947

the ship will fall apart if we get under-way again. But I do think that some of the jobs ought to be done a little sooner than we had planned on."

"I'll check with the other officers tomorrow. Tell them we'll have a meeting at nine in the morning."

"Yes, sir."

Snyder glanced at his watch.

"Well, I think I'll check with the gangway watch then hit the sack. As long as we're going to be here a few days, I might as well get some things done. I'll get up early and check on the base for those communication publications and see about getting some more



men for the engine room. What time shall I have the boy call you, Captain?"

He waited a minute then said, "Seven-thirty."

Snyder put on his cap and started out.

"Well, I'll see you in the morning, Captain." He hesitated. "Sorry about your friend. It's really tough to hear about someone you used to know like that."

"Yes, you're right, Snyder, it is."

After Snyder had gone, the captain picked up his coat and hat and went up to his room. He turned on the light and glanced around at the desk, the chest of drawers, the sink, the bed, the leather settee. Nothing seemed familiar any more.

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-This Is It-

(Continued from Page 25)

think there was really something wrong. "I think I'd better go home," he said aloud.

Mrs. Bregar pouted. "Why?"

"Won't George mind?"

She laughed. "Oh, no. Why should he? I take people around the house all the time."

"I really think I'd better go," Roland said nervously. "For lunch," he added by way of explanation.

Without waiting to hear Mrs. Bregar's reply, he hurried out into the hall, deciding to go down by the back elevator



for fear of meeting George on the front stairs. He sat down on an arm, pressed the button, and closed his eyes. There was a nervous lump in his throat. Half-way down, he opened his eyes. George was coming up the steps, and, as the elevator passed, flattened himself against the wall. Roland felt obliged to speak. He thought wildly for a moment. Then he remarked brightly, "I certainly do enjoy riding on your elevator." He supposed it was the sort of thing George would expect a child to say.

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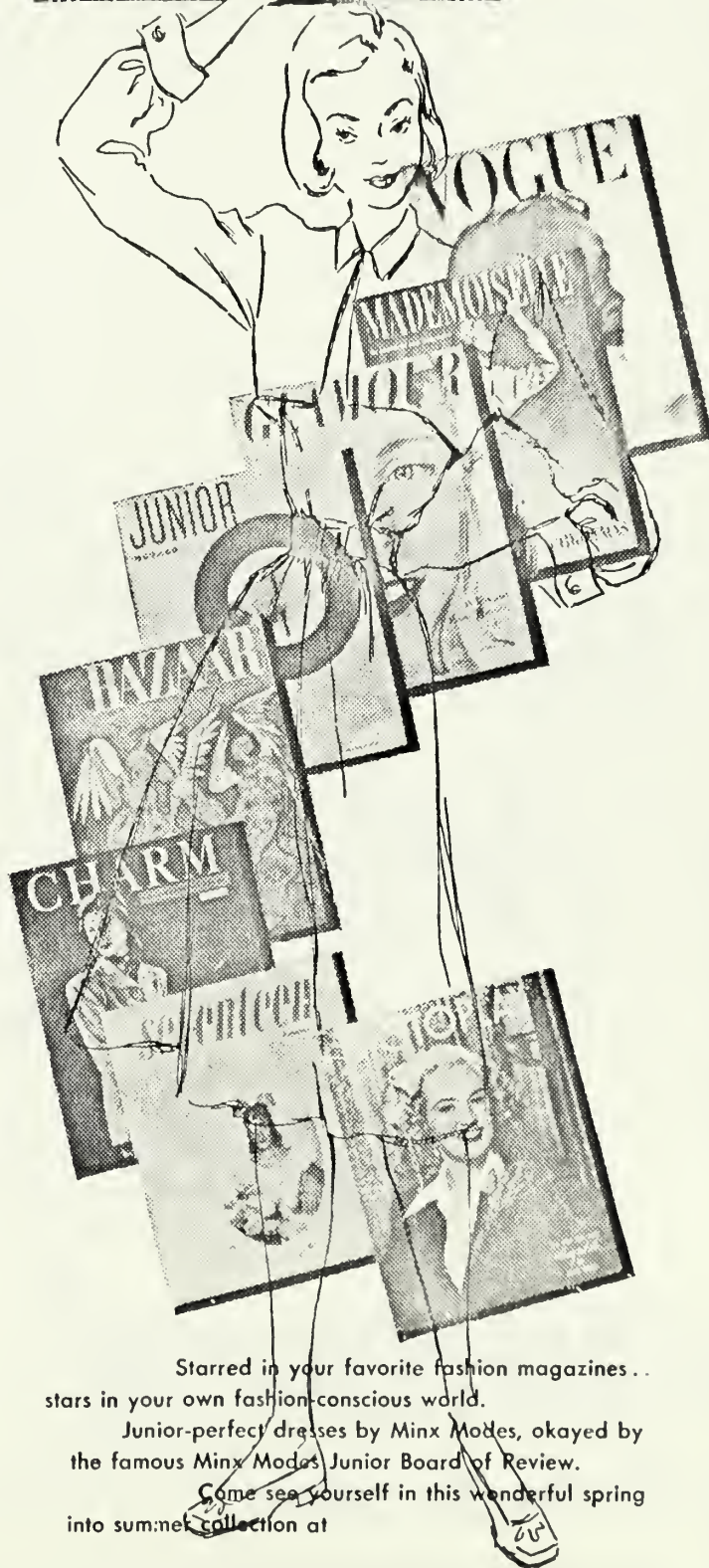
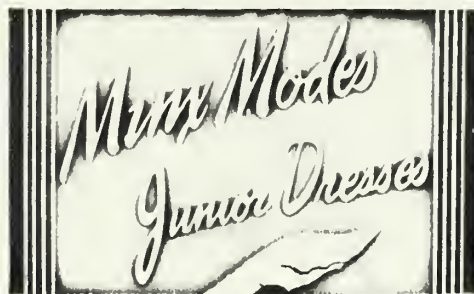
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This Month

Recipe for reading...Ingredients

Since the April issue is the last under this editorship, *The Archive* has something special cooked up for you. This time we are introducing a newcomer to the pages of the magazine. Norman Nelson's first contribution, "John and the Second Coming," may be a story about Army life, but it certainly puts a new slant on the old subject. The incidents resulting from the actions of a man who thinks he is John the Baptist are well-handled and, we think, make excellent reading. The illustration was capably done by Bob Parks.



Flavoring . . .

To add a tasty touch, Bob Loomis, our book-reviewer-in-chief, turns from his regular duties to write the recently inaugurated feature, "Scraps for the Literati." And Archie speaks again, of course, and in his usual manner.

Frosting . . .

This month's cover presents an interesting problem. Right in front of the Chapel too! The feet, reading from left to right, belong to Polly Weedon and Al Tallman respectively. The photograph is by Johnny Morfit.



Fred Wagner, whose "This Is It" appeared in the March issue, has come up with another good one. Entirely different from his previous story on the adolescent boy, "Professor Burbank and the Falling Star" relates the amusing events which take place when a settled college professor interviews a famous Broadway actress. Pat Wimberly did the illustrating.

To supply the final basic ingredient, Ginny Gunn, our own editor, has written "Night Shift" as her "farewell" contribution. A short short story about a man who drops into an all-night lunchroom for something to eat and his encounter with the waitress. It makes interesting and thought-provoking reading. The illustration was done by Clarence Brown.

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SCRAPS FOR THE LITERATI

A ~~FRIFR~~ AMBER—IF THAT'S POSSIBLE . . .

Forever Amber finally has been freed by a Superior Court of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts from the charge of obscenity. 'Twas interesting how the defense was made. In Boston, argued the defendant, citizens are exposed, without adverse comment, to all sorts of Amberish things—such as undressed wax mannikins in store windows (goodness!). Furthermore, on the third floor of the Boston Public Library are a few nude statues.

Miss Winsor's bibliography of 356 books read in preparation for *Amber* was interesting, too. Figure where these fit in if you can: *How to Name and Find Wild Flowers* by Fox; *A*



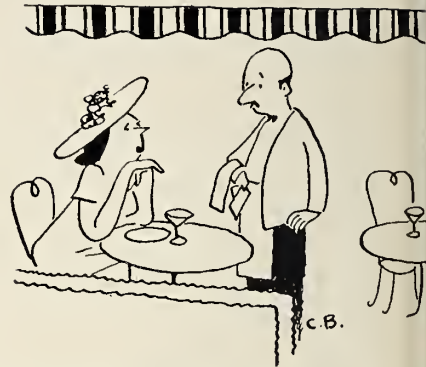
Pocketbook of British Birds by Hall; and two books on trees. Maybe you should read it again—for the *culture* this time . . .

But Associate Justice Frank J. Donahue had a few things to say about the book besides just signing the decision. Among other things he wrote that while *Forever Amber* "is conducive to sleep it is not conducive to a desire to sleep with a member of the opposite sex." So there.

WELL, THEY TRIED . . .

Some 800 entries have been submitted to the twenty-fifth annual exhibition of the American Institute of Graphic Arts, and despite the shortage handicaps the quality of workmanship seems quite up to normal.

Although serious in tone, the exhibition of the "Fifty Books of the Year" was not without a few startling happenings. An otherwise handsome entry had one of its pages unaccountably smeared with chocolate. Another, a book having to do with volcanoes, ingeniously contained what was supposed to be a piece of lava. But a Doubting Thomas had it analyzed and found it



to be only congealed machine oil.

CRY WOLFE . . .

The Tom Wolfe lore grows. Lotsa people are making money writing when-I-knew-him articles. The *American Mercury* has been running some interesting stuff by L. Ruth Middlebrook about Wolfe's year of teaching in New York. Of more interest to the Wolfe bobby soxers should be his letters to Mrs. Roberts that have been appearing in the *Atlantic Monthly*, December through February. They are far more penetrating than his *Letters to His Mother*. Mrs. Roberts was the model for Margaret Leonard in *Look Homeward, Angel*.

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April, 1947

Volume 60

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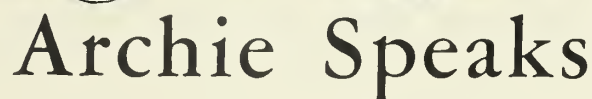
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John And The Second Coming

By NORMAN K. NELSON

I hadn't been at Camp Thornton very long before I met John. Everybody in the company knew him by the time the training cycle had been going on two weeks, especially the fellows in the first platoon.

I got acquainted with him the same way everybody else did. I was sitting on the barracks steps after chow one evening cleaning my rifle, when he came up and sat down beside me. He was short and stocky with a long oval face, deeply lined. His stiff black hair was streaked with gray. He had a twisted mouth and jagged teeth. He didn't say anything for a long time, and somehow I had the feeling that he was looking me up and down like anybody would inspect a horse at an auction.

Then he said, "Son, have you been baptized?"

It was none of his business, but for the sake of conversation I told him I had.

"Thank God for that." His voice was deep and resonant, yet it seemed a little strained. "There are so many who haven't been baptized. And the time is not far off."

He rubbed his chin with a hairy hand and stared at the stove pipe that sprouted awkwardly from the roof of the chow hall. I wondered what he was talking about but didn't feel free to ask questions. The man had a sort of melancholy dignity.

He sat in silence a while longer and then began to talk to me the way G.I.'s usually do when they're getting acquainted. We talked about the war

and the lousy food and the noncoms and our home towns. John was interesting to talk to, but after the conversation I realized that he knew almost everything about me, while I didn't know anything more about him than his name and the town he came from. I had the feeling that he had been granting me an interview and was unsatisfied with me.

I got to know more about him from listening to the fellows talk.

"The guy reads a lot," Mac, the Scotchman from Schenectady, said. "Gets all these books from the post library and curls up in his bunk like a

Illustrated by Bob Parks

damn tapeworm. Reads the Bible more than anything else, though."

Then Otty Pugh said, "Ever' once in a while he lays awake a-prayin' half the night. I'll wake up aroun' one or two in the mornin' an' hear him. Way he mumbles to hisself, though, I can't never tell what he's a-prayin' 'bout."

Things like that made the fellows start calling him John the Baptist. He didn't seem to mind at all. He'd just wag his long horse-head up and down and laugh his rich laugh. Before long even the noncoms were calling him by that name.

It was only natural that sooner or later he'd get acquainted with Gene Michaels. Gene and I had been buddies ever since we'd met at Fort Mac, the reception center. He was a dark

haired kid of around twenty, slender and not very strong, who had been drafted out of college during his senior year. He was quiet and pretty moody, and every once in a while he'd have a spell when he felt low for days at a time.

It was easy to see that Gene wasn't cut out for Army life. He'd never been on his own before, and though he wanted to be a good soldier, he tried too hard and always did the wrong thing. That, and the kidding he took made him feel terrible. He had a high-powered imagination and would fall for any line of bull, so naturally the G.I.'s kidded him all the time. Not that they didn't like the kid; they just couldn't understand his delicate nature. Gene didn't know how to take teasing, and it hurt him a lot. He had nightmares just about every night, and sometimes he cried in his sleep.

One afternoon when Gene and I sat in the supply room steel-wooling bayonets, he asked me, "Gus, what do you think of this person John the Baptist?"

"Crazy as hell," I said. "He seems to have taken quite a liking to you, though."

"He's rather intelligent in an odd sort of way. The other day we were talking about religion."

"What's his slant on it?"

"That's what I don't understand. He's memorized chapters of Scripture perfectly. Once he said something about a 'mission' he's supposed to perform, but when I asked him about it,

*A man can be bewitched if told
that he is greater than other men.*

he changed the subject in a hurry."

"Just goes to prove he's half nuts like the guys all say he is."

"I don't think so, Gus. He has too much common sense."

I didn't say anything else. I could tell from the dark, brooding look in Gene's eyes that he was getting in one of his low moods, and I didn't want to hasten it any.

Soon they started going in town together every Saturday night. They'd take off right after inspection and wouldn't get back until bed check. Usually they'd be a little tight when they came in.

That was a funny thing about John the Baptist. He didn't seem to have any objection to drinking in spite of all his religion. One time I asked

business. If he wanted to get mixed up with that crackpot, I couldn't do anything about it except keep an eye on him to see that he didn't get into any trouble.

I noticed that John the Baptist was constantly doing little favors for Gene now, and frequently giving him presents such as books or tickets to the municipal orchestra concerts. Often he



Suddenly his rifle dropped to the ground and he collapsed.

II

As the training cycle went on, Gene and John got to be better and better friends. They were always talking about books and religion or some nonsense that nobody else could understand. Gene had studied literature in college, and had read just about everything in print, so he and John must have had plenty in common. All the boys in the platoon liked Gene, even if they did tease the life out of him, but after a while they left him pretty much alone, the way he palled around with John.

Gene about it.

"We never drink anything but wine," he said. "We go in town and drink wine and talk."

"What the devil do you talk about?"

"Oh, everything in creation. I guess we talk about religion more than anything else."

"Ever find out any more about his 'mission'?"

"Why yes—" He paused and frowned. "No, he hasn't said anything more about it."

I didn't ask Gene anything else. I knew he was lying, but that was his

would take K.P. for Gene or help him clean his rifle. Once, when Gene wasn't back from town in time for bed check, John crawled in the kid's bed when the C.Q. came through with his flashlight. It worked, but of course John had to spend the next week cleaning BAR's.

Soon after that Gene had his twenty-first birthday. It was hard for me to realize he was that old, he had such a baby face and always looked so scared and innocent. That evening he came up to me and pulled back his shirt cuff.

(Continued on Page 12)



Professor Burbank and the Falling Star

By FRED WAGNER

It's too much to pay, Otis Burbank grumbled to himself, just to ride from one hotel to another. He slammed the door of the taxi, hurried across the pavement to the hotel, and waited impatiently for the revolving door to stop turning. I suppose I can afford a few luxuries now that I'm a full-fledged professor. Fifty-five isn't young, but there's still a good long life ahead of me. When the door stopped turning, he stepped into one of the sections and pushed on the glass. Elevators, escalators, and revolving doors! I wish I

were back at Southern College. But duty is duty and I have a mission to perform. I guess I'm really sort of a cultural Crusader. Then, having come safely out into the lobby, he gave a sigh of relief.

Well, Otis thought, the hour approaches. When he pictured the ordeal ahead, he nearly added "on little cat feet," but he knew that was the fog and he didn't believe in mixing quotations—it was much worse than mixing metaphors. The bright lights of the lobby startled him. He had im-

plicit faith in restraint, and his own hotel uptown was an exclusive residence for bachelors that had recently been remodeled from a distinguished but, unfortunately, bankrupt funeral home. After a second's indecision he started across the lobby toward the desk but paused halfway through the room to compare his wrist watch with the large clock above the elevators. Half an hour early, he realized with dismay. I certainly can't go up to see her this soon. And here I was absolutely sure that I'd arrive just about on time. He

There was something strange about the woman who used two teapots to serve tea.

peered around the lobby and finally selected an armchair that looked more comfortable than most of the modern furniture in the place. Not until he settled back did he notice that it was next to the entrance to the bar. I really should move, he thought, and sniffed to see if there were any odor of alcohol in the air.

A cloud of cigarette smoke was drifting by, and Otis sniffed a little too vigorously. As the fumes seeped down into his lungs, he choked and glanced about to see where the smoke had come from. His eyes met those of a blue-eyed blonde, slightly under middle-age, occupied at the moment in replacing a pack of cigarettes in the pocket of her scarlet raincoat. Otis frowned, and the blonde smiled. Apparently the frown was all the recognition that she needed, for she trotted over and perched on the arm of his chair.

"I know I'm a bad girl to speak to a perfect stranger," she gurgled, "but could you give me just a mean little old match? The nasty old wain has made my boy-friend late." She pouted, her eyes filling with tears.

Otis drew away and looked at her with scorn in his eyes. "I'm sorry, but I don't carry matches," he said firmly, enunciating each word clearly. Then he got up and walked away. The idea, he said to himself, the very idea.

He stopped before the newsstand, arching among the gaudy covers of the movie magazines for a copy of *The Saturday Review of Literature.* The scantily clad woman on the covers of the magazines scandalized him. Sin in Hollywood, that's what it is. A modern Babylon, a veritable den of iniquity. He drummed with his fingers on the counter, trying to attract the attention of the newsgirl, who was

immersed in a copy of "Delightful Love."

"What'll ya have?" She chewed out the words at him.

"The New York *Times*, please."

"Here ya are." She tossed the paper upon the counter, raked the change into an empty cigar box, sat down, picked up "Delightful Love," and opened another pack of gum. She worked with a dreamy air, as if, the monotonous routine of selling papers long since transcended, she now existed in a little world of her own, consisting mainly of the acrid tang of Spearmint gum and the mild amorality of "Delightful Love."

Otis snorted, and walked over to a chair fairly well removed from the vicinity of any ash trays. He opened the *Times* to the book review section but could not concentrate because his mind kept wandering back to the near-naked women on the covers of the movie magazines and then ahead to the woman he was waiting to meet. She's an actress, too, he thought. Of course, she was on the stage, not in the movies. That may make some difference—probably for the worse. Olivia Raines. He muttered the two words half aloud. Olivia Raines. Why, the very sound of the name is common. He made a little rhyme. Miss Olivia Raines has no brains. That's probably just the way things are. A stupid, silly, shallow actress without any trace of culture or refinement, and now the Administration wants to invite her to join the faculty.

The mere idea of choosing a woman in the first place is ludicrous. So long, so long, so very, very long I've dreamed of a dramatic department at Southern College. And now. What did Tho-

reau say? Build your castles in the air and then put your foundations under them? Well, I built my castles; now look at the foundations. A woman! A woman simply is not capable enough for the job, especially an actress. She'll probably want to produce the latest Broadway successes instead of something worth while.

Modern women, he thought, are of an entirely different sex from those of my mother's day. It's a tragedy that John Donne isn't living in this era. Otis believed that Donne had presented the best indictment of women he had ever come across:

"Though she were true when you
met her,

And last till you write your letter,
Yet she

Will be

False, ere I come, to two or three."

This Raines woman has probably been false to two or three dozen, he decided. And I suppose that's a fairly mild estimate for an actress. I'm glad that the Administration sent me to interview her; at least I'll have something to say about whether she's accepted or not. We have to be careful what type of person we admit to the faculty. The opening line from the Donne poem flashed across his mind: "Go and catch a falling star." That's what it is, he thought. She's a falling star and thinks that a position at Southern college will catch her. He was rather pleased with the simile. "Go and catch a falling star." Well, he concluded vindictively, if I don't approve of her, I'll just let her drop.

His hands relaxed their grasp on the paper, the middle section of which slithered down over his knees to the floor. Otis bent over, stretching to retrieve the scattered pages; and as he

(Continued on Next Page)

Illustrated by Pat Wimberley

settled back into the chair again, he caught sight of the baby-talk blonde. She was strolling across the lobby with a sallow-faced young man, who clutched her wrist with one hand and a flash-bulb camera with the other. A disgusting display, Otis thought. It's bad enough in youngsters, but people of their age ought to know better. I'm quite sure that I never acted like that. The two stood at the desk; and the blonde kept nuzzling the young man while he carried on an animated conversation over the house phone. When he finished, they started toward the bar. The blonde saw Otis and waved to him.

"Him comed after all," she chortled.

Professor Burbank flushed and closed the paper. It was now five minutes of four. Middle-aged women with young ideas, he muttered, should have husbands, and vigilant ones at that. But I suppose I shouldn't censure her too severely. Otis realized that, at times, he was inclined to bathe immoderately in the stream of morality flowing from his Puritan heart.

He walked over to the desk. "I'm Professor Burbank," he said to the clerk, "Otis Burbank. Will you see if Miss Raines is ready to receive me?"

The clerk picked up the house phone and dialed a number. He talked for a second in an inaudible voice and then turned to the professor. "She says to come right up. Room 619." Otis thought he leered suggestively.

This hotel is probably just a mask for a house of ill-repute, he mused as he stepped onto the elevator. The woman in the lobby was obviously trying to strike up an acquaintance with me. That brash young clerk saw it all. And undoubtedly he knows what type person this Raines woman is. I was almost too embarrassed to ask the number of her suite.

He was glad to leave the elevator on the sixth floor, and it took him a few moments to recover from a slight feel-

ing of airsickness. As he swayed slightly, the newspaper slipped from under his arm and scattered on the green carpet. Otis gathered up the sheets, looking around for some place to dispose of them. A large pot filled with sand and liberally sprinkled with cigarette butts stood beside the elevator doors. You might know, he reflected, that they'd have a place for cigarettes but not a wastebasket in sight. He took the newspaper, folded it, and stuffed it savagely in the sand. Let them figure that one out, he thought triumphantly.

Room 619 was directly across the hall from the elevator. Quite a convenient place for an actress. He hesitated before knocking. I must not be prejudiced. I must not be too severe. I must make all the allowances possible for a woman who has led a life like hers. It sounded like a list of New Year's resolutions, and he hoped that he would be able to stick to it.

The door opened almost as soon as he knocked. Well, Otis nearly exclaimed aloud. He stared at the woman who stood there. Well, I never. She was smiling demurely; and her grey dress gave the suggestion of being a tailored suit, although it was not.

"Why, you must be Professor Burbank," she said graciously. Her voice was deep and clear. "Won't you come in? I'm Olivia Raines."

Otis followed her into the room and waited while she closed the door. He did not know what to say. All the scathing remarks he had planned to make would be decidedly out of place. With a half-subdued feeling of shame he regretted that there would be no use for them.

"I hope I'm not late," he said. He knew that he wasn't, but he felt the obligation to say something innocuous.

"Of course not," she said pleasantly and held out her hands. "Let me take your hat and coat."

After she had deposited them in the

closet, she crossed the room and sat down on the sofa behind the coffee table, moving over to make room for the professor. Otis sat down on a chair opposite her. He did not believe in counting too heavily upon first impressions, but Olivia Raines certainly seemed to be a charming woman. Perhaps there is a difference between stage and movie actresses, he thought. The little poem that he had made ran through his head. Miss Olivia Raines has no brains. It sounded rather childish now.

"It was a shame that you had to come on such an unpleasant day," Olivia Raines said sympathetically. She carried a large chiffon handkerchief of the same shade as her dress, and she kept twisting it nervously about her fingers.

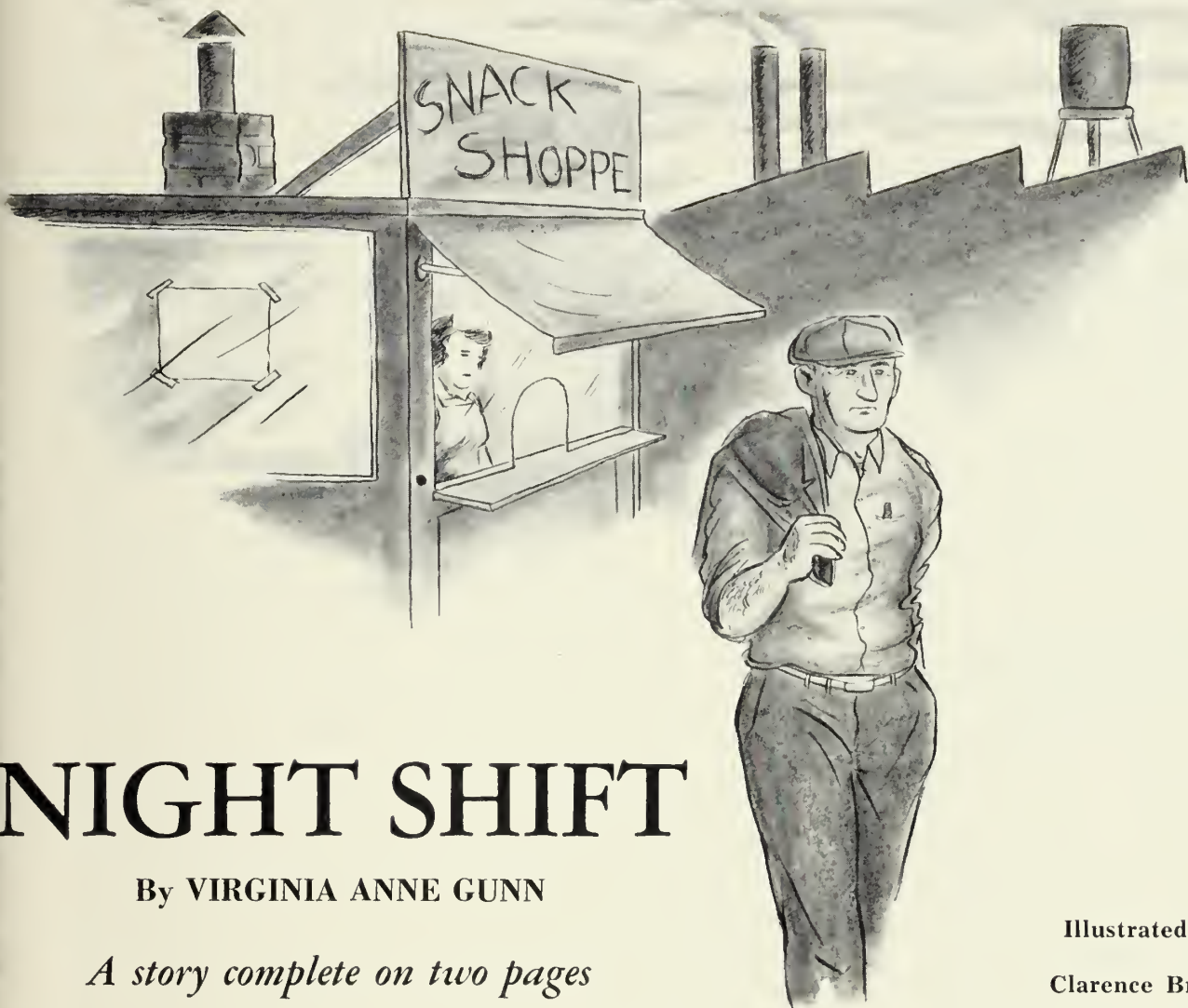
A bit of his old resentment cropped out. "It certainly was," he snapped. He was sorry as soon as the words were out of his mouth. I'll have to watch myself, he decided. Olivia Raines stood up and smiled. Quite a brave smile, he felt, after that remark I made. I hope I didn't hurt her feelings.

"Will you excuse me for a moment?" she said. "I'm sure you'd care for some tea."

I can see she's nervous, Otis thought. Probably this interview means a great deal to her. He began to realize the importance to his position and looked around the room with a condescending manner. The windows were shut and the velvet draperies drawn to exclude the dreary, monotonous drizzle of the rain outside. A few lamps were turned on, and Otis smiled sentimentally at the soft glow they cast over some pictures of children on the piano. They must be her nieces and nephews—well-behaved looking children.

In a few seconds Olivia Raines was back, carrying a small silver tray, which she set down on the coffee table before she moved around to the sofa. Otis

(Continued on Page 18)



NIGHT SHIFT

By VIRGINIA ANNE GUNN

A story complete on two pages

Illustrated by

Clarence Brown

The blue lights of the cotton mill stared back at their fading reflections on the river; for it was just before dawn and a light mist was rising from the river, blurring the blue squares on the water into a solid mass of reflected light.

The heavy bass blasts of the factory whistle signalled. Lights appeared, one by one, in the surrounding mill houses. With the same signal, the all-night lights on the bridge dimmed. Down around the bend of the river another faint but growing light spread upward over the horizon.

A man crossed the street from the factory to a sidewalk hot dog stand. He pulled his coat collar up around his neck in defense of the chilly damp-

ness of the early morning.

"Coffee and a ham," he said.

A shivering, sleepy-eyed girl rose from the stool where she was sitting behind the counter and put a slice of ham on the griddle. She poured the coffee into a thick white mug and shoved it through the hole in the glass partition.

"Sorry to hear about your wife, Sam."

"Yeah," he said, fitting his hands around the mug to warm them.

"Guess you'll be pretty lonesome in the house all by yourself."

He looked up at her and gave a short, significant laugh. She turned her back to him and picked up the ham from the griddle. She slid it in the

middle of a round bun and handed it to him.

"Twenty," she said without looking at him.

He ignored her remark and bit into the ham.

"Good cooking," he complimented.

"Twenty cents," she repeated.

He took a long swallow of the steaming black coffee.

"How do you happen to work this night shift?" he asked.

"You got to work sometime."

"Yeah, but this must be pretty hard on you."

"I don't mind it."

"Don't you have some boy friends? Maybe they'd like to take you out somewhere at night."

"Sure. I got boy friends. I can go out before I come to work if I want to."

"Wouldn't you like to get married so you wouldn't have to bother working like this?"

"I told you there's nothing wrong with this job."

"Just wondering about it, that's all."

She sat down on the stool and picked up the magazine she had been reading before he came.

"How about another coffee and ham?" he asked.

"Why didn't you say so before I sat down?"

He leaned on the counter with both arms and spoke through the hole in the glass.

"I just happened to think that I won't be getting any cooking like this any more. I'm not much on cooking myself, and there's nobody to do it for me."

She turned her head toward him; her face softened.

"Gee, Sam, I'm sorry. Guess I just forgot."

"That's okay. I don't ask anybody to remember my troubles."

She dropped another slice of ham on the steaming griddle and filled his coffee mug again.

"I'll fix you up something to take home with you if you want me to, Sam."

"Nuh. Thanks just the same. I'll get something somewhere. I might even hire me a cook if I could find one good as you." She flushed and handed him the ham sandwich. "Say, how's about you and me going out some place to eat sometime?"

"I don't know. With your wife just dead and all."

"We've both got to eat still, don't we? Some night maybe before the night shift goes on."

"Well, I guess so. If you think it's okay."

"Sure, it's okay."

He finished his sandwich and washed it down with the rest of the coffee.

"How much did you say I owed you?"

"Twenty cents."

"That was before I got this other ham."

"Twenty cents. That's all. You must not have heard me right before."

"Okay, honey, here you are." He laid two dimes on the counter. "See you then sometime."

"Sure, Sam."

He walked away from the hot dog stand, down the sidewalk toward the bridge. It was warmer now. The sun was in full view, and he felt better somehow.

A milk truck, with its rattling bottles and milk cans passed him on the bridge. There were other cars too. Their noise was loud in the yet early morning stillness. Sam felt good when he thought that everyone else was just starting the day's work when he had already completed his.

As he passed a house several doors from his own he heard the ring of an alarm clock from an upstairs window. It was followed shortly by a woman screaming oaths to her husband for not turning the alarm clock off sooner.

Sam went home alone and content.



-JOHN-

(Continued from Page 7)

"How do you like this, Gus?" he asked.

On his wrist was a new rose gold watch that must have cost two hundred dollars if it cost a cent.

"John gave it to me for my birthday. I didn't want to take it, but he made me."

"I'd like to know what his racket

is," I said. "That watch must have cost plenty."

Gene didn't say anything, but I had a feeling he knew more than he wanted to tell me.

The next day we were on the transition firing course and ate noon chow in the field. When we were going through the dishwashing line to dip our mess kits in the garbage cans full of hot soapsuds, Gene accidentally slushed a skillet full of the scalding water onto the leg of Purcell, a hairy bull-necked cuss with a nasty temper.

"God damn," Purcell yelled. "Watch what you're doing, you skinny son of a bitch."

He didn't like Gene anyhow, and if I hadn't been right there he would probably have made trouble then.

We had about a half hour for bulling and smoking before we had to fall in again. I lost track of Gene until I heard him and Purcell talking, somewhere in back of me.

I looked around just in time to see the big G.I. slap Gene on the face with all his strength. The kid was no coward, but I knew he wouldn't stand a chance in a fight with Purcell, so I rushed over to break it up. John the Baptist got there before I did, though.

"Do you dare strike the chosen one!" he screamed hoarsely. His eyes glittered wildly, and his face was twisted with fury. His hairy fist crunched against Purcell's jaw and then again on his mouth. The big fellow sprawled forward on the ground. He wasn't quite out but lay in a daze with a thick mess of blood and spit slobbering down his chin.

"And he shall be despised and rejected of men," John was muttering. "The hour cometh, though."

The crowd that had gathered around us broke up now. We still had about fifteen minutes before we had to fall in, so Gene and I stretched out under a pine tree on the brown matted needles and smoked, with our heads propped up on our helmet liners. Gene looked

worried, and his hand trembled slightly when he lifted his cigarette to his lips.

"Gus, what would you think if I told you that I'm Jesus Christ?"

"I'd think you're off your nut."

"That's who John says I am. Jesus Christ. Almost anyhow."

"My God! How does he figure that?"

"It's like this, Gus. He thinks he's a reincarnation of John the Baptist. I don't know where he got the idea, but that's what he believes."

"I know he's a crackpot," I said

"Maybe so. But anyhow, he thinks the Second Coming of Christ is right around the corner, and that as John the Baptist, he has a mission—remember, I said something about it one other time—a mission to appoint someone to be the body to receive the Lord when He comes. He believes Christ will come as a spirit and need an earthly body to go into."

"And he's decided that you're the most eligible candidate, has he?"

"That's right. He says he knows the exact date of the Second Coming, and it's not far off. He won't tell me the day and hour, though."

"I hope you don't take him seriously."

Gene flipped his cigarette butt away in a high trajectory. Sergeant Mullins saw it.

"Who the hell do you think you are, Michaels? Jesus Christ? You *will* field-strip that cigarette butt."

Gene grinned at me. I knew he would be all right so long as he believed that John was a crackpot. Still, I couldn't help wondering how things would turn out, knowing what a serious brooding nature Gene had and how ready he was to believe just about anything people told him.

III

I think John the Baptist must have constantly hammered away on the kid about his fool idea. I noticed that Gene was gradually getting quieter and

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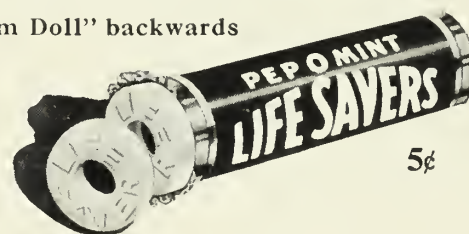
Does your poise rate zero when you hear "hubba-hubba"? Do you look over-anxious when the stag line stares? That's no way for a dream doll to click! Relax, instead! Munch on a yummy Life Saver. They're such wonderful little tension-breakers. They keep your breath sweet, too.

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* "Dream Doll" backwards



more moody than ever and always seemed to be thinking about something a million miles away. He started reading the Bible a lot now, something he hadn't been in the habit of doing when I first got to know him.

One night after lights out when we were lying in our adjacent beds shooting the bull, Gene said, "Gus, suppose someone really were to be appointed to receive the Spirit of Christ at the Second Coming. Can you imagine any human being worthy of it?"

His voice was strained and eager, almost afraid.

"Why don't you forget all that stuff and go to sleep?" I said. "The first thing you know, you'll be believing it yourself."

Gene laughed, but his laugh wasn't very convincing. We didn't talk any more. I rolled over and tried to go to sleep, but couldn't. About an hour later I heard Gene softly mumbling. I could tell that he was praying.

Most of the Joes in the first platoon were beginning to regard Gene as a little off now. I was the only one who knew what was wrong, I guess. He never would confess that he believed John, but I had the feeling this business of being the Messiah appealed to his imagination pretty strongly, and he got a bang out of thinking about it. And I knew the idea was there pounding away in the back of his mind, even if he wouldn't admit it to himself or anybody else. Whenever I'd ask him about it, he'd laugh it off with, "Of course I don't take him seriously, Gus. I just humor him along and act as though I believe him."

We were in the twelfth week of the cycle now. I was worried about Gene. The training was really getting rough with longer and harder marches and tougher exercises. The kid wasn't any too strong to begin with, and now he started losing weight and looking ter-

(Continued on Next Page)



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-JOHN-

rible. I don't think he ever slept much at night, but lay awake thinking and praying. Always in the morning he got up before anybody else. He would be dressed by the time the rest of us managed to get our feet on the floor. His eyes were bright, and he seemed full of energy, but I could tell that he was under a strain.

"Why don't you quit buddying around with that guy?" I asked Gene every once in a while.

"Why don't you mind your own business," he would say.

Finally I decided to have a talk with John the Baptist. One Saturday night I found him in the latrine after Gene had gone up to his sack on the second floor. They had been in town guzzling wine.

"I want you to leave that kid alone," I told John.

He looked at me with a kind of sad dignity, and his long face seemed to get longer.

"Brother, do you dare interfere with the plan of the Almighty?"

"I said leave that kid alone."

He didn't back away when I took a step forward, and his gray eyes glittered steadily. I knew I'd have a fight on my hands if I hit him.

Then he said in his rich strained voice, "Brother, no earthly power can hinder me in the performance of my mission. 'Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill

shall be made low.' The time is short, and my work is almost done."

He was tighter than I had thought at first, and now his lofty speech acquired a sly, earthy tang.

"I was very worried for a while, but finally the plan is working the way it should. At last I have found the divine receptacle. I will be sitting on the right hand of the Lord. You wonder how I know this, Brother?"

He grinned crookedly, showing his jagged teeth.

"He promised me that I would. I gained his favor by serving him and bestowing upon him rich gifts. I am his most trusted servant."

I saw that he was too tight to reason with. As I went out the door of the latrine, he called, "Be prepared, Brother, for the day of the Lord is at hand."

IV

Gene looked poorer and poorer all the time. Then I found out that he was eating hardly a thing. Just coffee and toast in the mornings and a little salad or bread at the other meals.

"Don't worry about me," he said when I hopped on him about it. "It's only yesterday and today I've been eating this little. I've gradually tapered off. 'Man does not live by bread alone,' you know. I think fasting actually purifies a person, and I certainly need it."

"So now he's got you trying to purify yourself to receive the Lord, has

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he? For Pete's sake, Gene, stop all this foolishness before you kill yourself."

"Don't make fun of me, Gus."

It looked hopeless, but I kept after Gene until he promised to start eating again. At the rate training was going, nobody could hold up more than a day or two on toast and coffee.

All the rest of the day Gene hardly spoke to me, but that night as I sat on the edge of my bed unlacing my leggings, he came up and sat down beside me. He was pretty nervous and excited. I offered him a cigarette, but he wouldn't take it. He had given up smoking several weeks before.

"Gus," he said, and his voice trembled, "tomorrow is the day."

"What day?"

"The day of judgment."

"They sure picked a fine time for it. We're supposed to run the infiltration course tomorrow."

"Laugh if you want to," he said, "but I advise you to spend the night in prayer. The kingdom is at hand."

"What time is all this going to happen?"

"John won't tell me the exact hour. He knows, but he won't tell me, except that it's to be tomorrow."

I didn't say anything else, but rolled over and went to sleep.

V

The next day seemed about like any other day to me except that it was smothering hot. A thin haze of cloud was spread out evenly over the sky, not thick enough to hide the sun, but just enough to seem like a stifling blanket covering all creation. Not a breath of wind was stirring, and the hot moisture made our fatigues cling stickily to us even when we weren't sweaty. Everything alive seemed hushed and wilted. Even the morning hum of insects was subdued.

It was a five mile march to the infiltration course. We were soaked
(Continued on Next Page)

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-JOHN-

with sweat before we got half way there. I looked at Gene. His face was white and strained, and syrupy droplets of sweat crawled slowly down the sides of his neck. He looked worse than he had any time yet.

Everybody was soggy and weak by the time we got there. We halted and stood at ease, waiting for the order to take a break. Gene looked like a wax-works dummy. Suddenly his rifle dropped to the ground with a metallic thud, and he collapsed. Sergeant Mullins and a corporal ran over to him. They propped his feet up on a water can and unbuttoned his fatigue shirt.

"My God," Sergeant Mullins croaked, "the crazy bastard's got long underwear on!"

Sure enough, Gene had on his heavy wool longies, both shirt and drawers. A ten mile march in the things was enough to cook a man alive in weather like this.

"It's a wonder he ain't dead," the corporal said.

They finally brought Gene around and asked him about the wool union suit.

"I had a chill when I woke up this morning and thought I ought to put them on," he said.

He glanced at me. I knew he was lying and that this must be some more of his purification. Self-punishment or chastisement or something like that.

They made him take off the long drawers, and after he rested a while, he seemed all right and wanted to go through the infiltration course with the rest of us. They decided to let him.

We crawled it without any trouble that morning, a hundred yards on our bellies with TNT charges spraying dirt in the air and machine gun bullets whizzing by four feet above us. It wasn't bad except for the sand that worked into our fatigues and rubbed our elbows raw.

We spent the afternoon fiddling



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with 60 mm. mortars, setting them up and adjusting the sights. That night we were supposed to run the infiltration course again when they would add skyrocket and parachute flares to the general confusion.

After evening chow, John the Baptist strolled over to Gene and me.

"When's the big event going to take place?" I asked him. "It's getting pretty late now."

He glared at me suspiciously.

"I told Gus about it," Gene said. "That it's coming soon."

"Before the birth of another day will the heavens be opened," John said grandly, "and Christ will enter the appointed earthly body. It is given to me alone to proclaim the exact moment of His coming."

Then his mouth clamped shut, and he wouldn't say another word.

The order to fall in was barked, and we assembled for orientation lectures. I looked at my watch. It was five minutes before nine, and the long Eastern War Time twilight was just darkening into night. By the time the lectures were finished, it was completely dark. Then the fireworks began, and the machine guns kept up a fitful thudding rattle of tracer bullets.

It was a little cooler now that the sun had gone down, but still there wasn't a bit of breeze stirring. A rank vegetable-smelling mist had started to creep up from a marshy gully that lay beside the infiltration course. The sky was heavily overcast now. It was murky black with not a star visible.

Our platoon would be the last one to go through, so we settled down for a long wait, sitting in little groups talking and smoking. It was so dark that if it hadn't been for the red glowing ends of our cigarettes we couldn't have seen where the other fellows were. The machine gun bullets traced little threads of fire in the darkness, and occasionally a parachute flare would splatter a crazy patchwork of light and shadow

over the course. Our faces would look pale and strained in the hard light. Then the flare would go out and leave us with little bright spots dancing in front of our eyes.

"What time is it now, Gus?" Gene asked me.

It was a quarter of eleven.

"The world has to end during the next hour and a quarter, doesn't it?" I asked.

Gene didn't say anything. I couldn't see his face in the darkness, but every once in a while I could hear him whisper something under his breath. I knew he was praying again.

At eleven-thirty, the third squad, the one Gene and I were in, crawled the course. Up out of the trench and through gritty sand over logs and under barbed wire, with flashes of aerial bombs overhead and the streaks of tracer bullets that seemed to be bearing down on us as we snaked along on our bellies, plowing little furrows with our elbows, inching forward, cradling our rifles in our arms to keep the sand from clogging them.

Finally we finished it. I located Gene and sat down beside him to dump the sand out of my shoes.

"What time is it?" he asked again.

I struck a match. It was seven minutes before twelve. I looked at Gene in the flickering light. His face seemed frozen, and his eyes glittered.

"Within the next seven minutes," he muttered.

The last squad was starting through the infiltration course. John the Baptist was in that squad, and I couldn't help wondering if he was getting a little worried about his mission by now.

They must have had a lot of fireworks left over that they wanted to use up, because when the fourth squad started through, things began popping like an ordnance plant on fire. The place was a screaming nightmare of explosives and tracer bullets.

(Continued on Next Page)

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-JOHN-

"It's one minute till twelve," I told Gene.

"It's coming, it's coming," he whispered feverishly.

No sooner had he said that than a parachute flare burst, drenching the infiltration course with brilliant pink light. A wild scream of exultation rose above the clamor of machine gun fire, and in the glare of flat light, I saw John the Baptist, oblivious of the machine gun bullets, scramble to his feet to announce the Second Coming.

"Prepare ye the way of the Lord," he screamed, throwing his arms wide. "The time has—"

He never finished that. There was a popping rattle of machine gun fire, and he pitched forward and lay on his face in the light of the flare that drifted slowly earthward, trailing a plume of white smoke.

Immediately the machine guns were silent. There was a confused shouting

among the noncoms as they ran out on the infiltration course with flash lights. The flare had died out now, and the night was dense black again. We were all jabbering in low excited voices.

John was dead when they carried him off the infiltration course.

There wasn't much I could say to Gene. He was hunched forward with his head between his knees, sobbing like a ten year old. It was five minutes after twelve now. I lit a cigarette.

"He was crazy as hell," Gene sobbed. "Crazy as hell."

"What's the matter with the kid?" one of the Joes asked.

"None of your goddamned business," I told him.

THE END

-Prof. Burbank-

(Continued from Page 10)

wondered why she had brought two teapots.

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"Sugar and cream?"

"Sugar only, please."

Otis took the cup and saucer and tasted the tea. It was very good, quite strong and so hot that he could drink it only in small sips. He watched Olivia Raines as she poured her own tea and was surprised that she poured it out of the other pot. Some special brand of her own, he concluded. I've heard that actresses are very particular about things like that. Personally, I think it's very silly. One type of tea tastes the same as any other to me. The graceful skill with which the woman handled the implements aroused his admiration. The professors' wives at Southern College could take a few hints from her, he mused. The majority of them brew the most insipid tea I've ever tasted in my life, and then they're clumsy when they pour. And social poise is very necessary in a classroom, very necessary.

Olivia Raines cleared her throat. "I was so glad you could come," she said. "If possible I'd like to get everything settled as soon as possible. I'm very enthusiastic over the idea of teaching at Southern College."

Otis stiffened. Not so fast, my dear woman, he thought. Then, from the startled expression on her face, he wondered if he had said it aloud. I guess not, he decided. The line from Donne popped into his head again. "Go and catch a falling star." Each time he thought about it, the poem seemed more silly. As for Olivia Raines, well, she impressed him, but certainly her personality was not overwhelming; he wasn't going to let her rush him into anything. The dramatic department at the college meant too much for him to take any chances.

"The committee is going to vote upon new faculty members at the end of next week," he said. "I imagine that they will get in touch with you soon thereafter."

Her eyes looked rather tired. Otis

saw with approval that she was not wearing any make-up. When women reach middle age, he reflected, it's time for them to abandon false vanity. Let them appear in their natural state. If they look ravaged, it's their own fault. He never approved of young women who wore make-up, either. Even if Homer did mention that Penelope wore it. He had always thought that Penelope was a loose woman, anyway. Otis inspected Olivia Raines closely. Statueque seemed a somewhat cold and lifeless term for such a vital person, but he finally seized upon that as the only word to describe her. Somehow, she reminded him of the Blessed Damozel.

He decided to ask her the most im-

(Continued on Page 21)



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-Prof. Burbank-

portant question at the beginning. "What type of drama interests you most, Miss Raines?" He almost felt as though he should have a notebook in which he could take down her statements. The idea had nagged at him, but he had finally come to the conclusion that a notebook would only get him all mixed up. His belief was in reliance upon sensory impressions. He fidgeted as he waited for her to reply, for he knew he would have to veto her admission if she made a stupid reply.

The question appeared to have taken her by surprise, and she appeared rather startled. "Why—what branch do you find most delightful, Professor Burbank?" she asked.

Otis smiled. "The classic drama."

Olivia Raines took another sip of tea. She seemed more sure of herself. "And so do I." She leaned forward a trifle. "Won't you tell me all about your work at Southern College?"

Otis beamed. He was relieved at the answer she had made. For a moment he had been afraid that she was going to say Shakespeare—so many people did—and he did not care very much for Shakespeare. Otis considered him much too vulgar. She had made exactly the right reply; Otis was overjoyed.

"I've been at the college for thirty years . . .," he began, but the ringing of the phone interrupted him.

"Excuse me, Professor," Olivia said and hurried over to the phone. Otis tried hard not to listen; he looked the other way and stirred his tea vigorously and noisily, but he could not help hearing the conversation.

"Oh, it's you," Olivia Raines said. "I told you the last time to wait until I got in touch with you . . . No . . . No . . . You'll just have to wait . . . The whole thing will be ruined if you don't."

(Continued on Next Page)

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-Prof. Burbank-

The poor woman, Professor Burbank mused pitifully. I imagine she needs money. I'll try to get the recommendation through the committee as speedily as possible. But I shouldn't eavesdrop. This may be something entirely different.

Olivia Raines placed the phone on the stand and returned to the sofa. She took a drink from the teacup and then refilled it. "Pardon me, Professor, weren't you just about to tell me everything concerning your work at the college?"

Otis began once more. "I've been at the college for thirty years . . ." His mind wandered away from the sound of his voice. The story had been told so often that he could repeat it now without even bothering to think about it. Olivia Raines was looking at her teacup, so he took the opportunity of watching her eyes without being noticed. They had looked tired at first, but now they seemed to sparkle. The tea must have revived her, he thought. She glanced up, her eyes met his, and they both smiled. Professor Burbank continued his story, and Olivia Raines sipped her tea and smiled. And as she listened her smile became broader. I suppose I'm being very witty, Otis decided.

The line from Donne kept running around his head in circles. "Go and catch a falling star . . . go and catch a falling star . . . go and catch a falling star." I'm surprised I can still say it straight. I wish it would go away; it's utter nonsense. I'll concentrate on something else, he decided and interrupted his own story.

"Do you care for sophisticated plays, Miss Raines?" he said, expressing his own disapproval by the scornful tone of his voice.

A spark danced in her eyes. "Oh, no," she said. "I don't care for sophistication in any form. Sophistication is like sunburn: it always peels. And in

the most embarrassing places.” Her laughter tinkled across the room, shattering his self-importance.

At that moment there was a terrific pounding on the door. The knob turned, the door opened, and the baby-talk blonde blew into the room with the fallow-faced young man and the flash-bulb camera in a cloud of cigarette smoke. As the young man came across the room, Otis placed his teacup and saucer on the floor and sprang hastily to his feet.

“We couldn’t wait any longer, Livvy,” the young man said. “Besides, they threw us out of the bar right after we phoned you.”

Olivia Raines nervously set her teacup down upon the table. Some of the contents spilled. “What are you doing here?” she said sharply. “I just told you on the phone to wait until I called you, no matter what happened.”

The young man disregarded her anxiety. “How about letting me get a picture of you with the old boy? This will make all the papers. I can see the headlines now: ‘Glamorous Star Signs Contract for Lecture Series at Southern College.’ That’ll start ’em off, Livvy. Then we can follow up with a series of pictures of your activities on the campus. By the time your contract expires down there, you’ll

have every producer on Broadway eating out of your hand again.”

Otis looked wildly about for the baby-talk blonde. Just as he turned his head toward the door, she came out of the closet. “Where’s the bathroom, Livvy?” she moaned. “I have a pain in my tummy.” At that point she caught sight of Otis. “Daddy!” she screeched with joy, her nausea forgotten. “What a supwize to see you again! Stay wight there. I’s comin over.” She dashed toward him, but Otis stepped aside and she overshot, landing in a heap on the sofa beside Olivia Raines, where she bounced limply once or twice.

The young man raised the camera and scrutinized Olivia. “How about letting me get a picture of you with the old boy?” He looked at her carefully. “My God. Go put on some make-up. And change into a decent dress. Where on earth did you pick up that thing?”

Olivia Raines sat on the sofa, dabbing at the corners of her eyes with her chiffon handkerchief. “I wanted to make a good impression on the professor,” she wailed, “and now you’ve gone and spoiled it all. I told you that the publicity pictures could wait. Getting the job was the important thing.”

(Continued on Next Page)

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-Prof. Burbank-

The blonde had stopped bouncing and was now humming to herself. Finally she picked up the teacup from the coffee table and sniffed at it. "My Dod, Livvy," she babbled. "What're you drinking whiskey out of a teacup for?"

"Shame on you," the young man reproached her. "You should have been able to keep on the wagon for a couple of hours."

Olivia Raines stood up and started to walk toward Otis. "He never would have known," she wept, "if you all hadn't broken in. But you'll forgive me, Professor Burbank, you will, won't you?"

The young man raised his camera again. "See if you can't stand up straight for a moment or two, Livvy." He sounded resigned and disgusted. "Maybe we can salvage something from the deal by getting a picture and telling the papers that you're refusing the contract because you want to stick to the stage."

Olivia Raines reached the professor and stood there, swaying unsteadily back and forth. Otis groaned inwardly. It can't be. It just simply can't be. I won't believe it. Such things don't happen to people like me. By that time the young man had finished adjusting his camera. "Hold it!" he shouted.

Oh, my goodness, Otis thought. She's going to collapse. I know it. I've got to do something. He mechanically stepped over to her. And then the bulb flashed and the shutter of the camera clicked and Otis sagged as Olivia Raines' weight hit his arms. He closed his eyes, mentally picturing the photograph and the headline as he knew it would appear in the *Southern Gazette*. It was all mixed up with that silly line from Donne: "Professor Burbank and the Falling Star."

THE END

THE ARCHIVE, April, 1947

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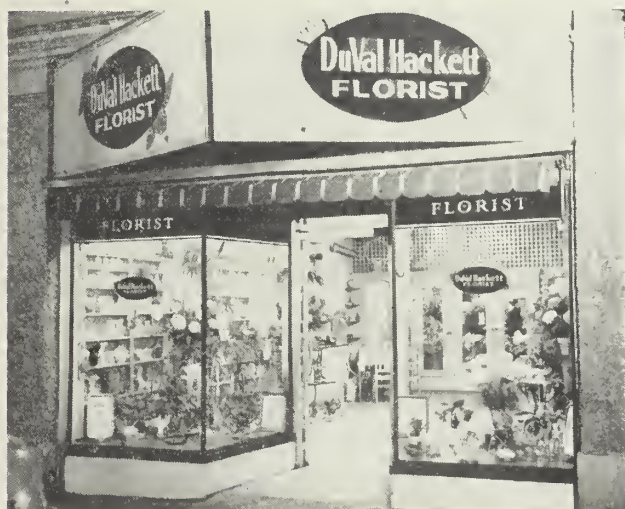
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Clarence Brown '47

May, 1947

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This Month

Past....

With the coming of graduation, many of Duke's best writers and the Archive's most frequent contributors will be leaving for parts unknown. Probably one of those to be most missed is Bill Snitger, three of whose stories have appeared in previous issues this year. His fourth, "Light of Common Day" we have in this month's magazine. About a little boy who experiences the first realization of his own individuality, we consider it one of Bill's finest pieces of work. The illustrations were done by our Art Editor, Clarence Brown.

Also numbered among the departing is Joe DiMona. As a final touch to his long writing career at Duke, he has given us "Past Tense," the story of a man whose attitude is a common one among those whose experiences have been the same.

Here around the office, we're going to be missing past editor Ginny Gunn. In tribute, we've "borrowed" her picture for this issue. Not without a struggle though!

Present....

Although many are graduating, there still remain the old standby's whose work has appeared in *The Archive* before and, we hope, will continue to be submitted. Among these is Bob Loomis who, in addition to his usual contribution, "Scraps for the Literati," has written "Striving for the Wind," the story of a young boy for whom reality falls far short of his desired ideal. It was illustrated by Bob Parks.

The Yet To Come....

A rising star on the Duke literary horizon is Guy Davenport whose first contribution we heartily acclaim. Guy not only wrote the short short story "A Visit From Maris" and the humorous poem "Opus," but illustrated them too! We're looking forward to more of Guy's work in the future!

Jeff Frederick is another newcomer too. He has taken over the book reviewing department this month and gives us a critical analysis of *The Gipsy's Baby and Other Stories*, by Rosamond Lehman.

Although Clarence Brown would hardly come under the category of an *Archive* novice, this is the first time he's ever at-



tempted a cover. The result is what you see on the front and we think it's pretty good!

A RETRACTION AND APOLOGY

In the April 1946 issue of *The Archive* there appeared a fictional story entitled "Altitude." The editor and staff had no idea at the time that the characters portrayed in it had reference to real persons, either living or dead. Unfortunately, and to our genuine regret, the names of real persons, namely Senor Victor Emilio Estrada and members of his family, were used in an embarrassing manner. We of *The Archive* have no reason whatever to believe that any statements in the story "Altitude" are founded on fact and we therefore take pleasure in so stating and wishing to take this public means of repudiating the whole story and of apologizing to Senor Estrada, to members of his family, and to any others to whom the story may have given offense.

The Editor.

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SCRAPS FOR THE LITERATI

By R. D. LOOMIS

ONE AND TWENTY—PLUS . . .

One and Twenty, the volume of Duke narrative and verse edited by Dr. Blackburn, showed conclusively that there was some excellent creative writing going on at this University. But what are the writers who were represented in it doing now? Well, almost all of them have continued with their writing or are in some type of literary work.

David Cornel DeJong's latest story was published in the autumn *New Mexico Quarterly Review*, and Francis Gray Patton has had two stories in recent *New Yorkers*. Mary Gus Rodgers' work has been appearing in the woman's magazines, and Williams Forest, who left Duke before he graduated, contributes stories to *Redbook* and the *Saturday Evening Post*.

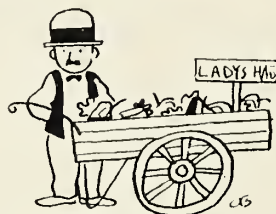
Besides doing creative writing, a few of 103's former members have been working in the literary field in other ways. Ovid Williams Pierce teaches creative-writing classes at Southern Methodist University. John Schaffner is now one of the editors for *Good Housekeeping*, and William Styron, who left Duke only a few months

ago, is an associate editor at Whittlesey House (McGraw Hill).

Clare Leighton, Helen Bevington, and George Zabriskie are all recognized as successful writers. Miss Leighton's recent book about her mother, *Tempestuous Petticoat*, received excellent reviews. Mrs. Bevington, besides having poems in the *New Yorker* and the *Atlantic Monthly*, has had her collected poems published in a volume called *Dr. Johnson's Waterfall*. She will also take over Dr. Blackburn's writing class next year while he is on a leave of absence. George Zabriskie has his second Guggenheim Fellowship and is now at work on another book.

BOOKMAN'S BANE . . .

Delos Avery, who will print anything in his column ("Bookman's Holiday" in the *Chicago Tribune*) as



long as it is detrimental to Henry James, received a letter the other day from a perplexed "Helen G." Miss G wrote that after reading his column she had got the impression that "there must be something wrong with any person who would (without special provocation) read the works of Henry James." Then she continued, "It now happens that there is a young man who has asked me to marry him, and I think I am in love with him, but I am not sure. He not only has read all the books of that author, but is now reading them for a second time. What do you advise?"

SPEAK FOR YOURSELF, JOHN . . .

And speaking of letters, Laura Z. Hobson got an interesting one concerning her present best seller, *Gentleman's Agreement*. Miss Hobson was all wrong, said the writer of the letter, and the whole trouble was that the Jews were cowards.

Who sent it? Miss Hobson doesn't know. The writer had decided he'd better not sign it.

(Continued on Page 23)

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Meredith Moore—'32

O. G. Sawyer—'23

May, 1947

Volume 60

Number 8

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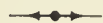
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LIGHT OF COMMON DAY

By BILL SNITGER

Three times during the night Tommy had been awakened by the clashes of thunder and brilliant bursts of lightning which had accompanied the driving winds and rain of the early spring storm. Through sleepy eyes he had watched his mother come in and close the window in his room, and in the dreamy state between sleeping and waking he had heard his father mention something about a power failure.

At breakfast his mother had made his toast in the oven of the old gas stove, explaining that a wire had blown

down at the side of their house, and that, until the repair man came, they would not have any electricity.

"And," she had added, "don't you go near that wire. The man at the plant said it was dead when I called him, but I don't trust things like that. Anyhow, don't you play near it or you might get badly hurt. Hear?"

Tommy had nodded and then noticed that his toast was crisper than usual.

Illustrated By Clarence Brown



He had asked her if the electricity got in the bread from the toaster and softened it more than the gas in the oven did.

She had smiled and said, "I guess you're right. I never thought about it that way before."

And Tommy, feeling warm and secure as on so many other occasions because of his mother's agreement, had laughed.

Now he sat on the steps of the front porch, after carefully examining the wire from a distance, and watched the older children going to school. The boys were jumping across the puddles in the dirt road in front of his house, and the girls were walking tremulously on the brick sidewalk. He could hear them talking about the destruction the storm had caused. One of the older boys noticed the wire dangling at the side of Tommy's house and pointed it out to his friends.

"Hey, Tommy," one of the boys called, "is that wire alive?"

"Sure," Tommy answered.

He stood up and leaned on the railing of the porch, seemingly engrossed in an examination of the wire at the side of the house.

"You better stay away from it," the boy in the street called back. "You touch it and you'll go up in smoke."

Tommy turned his head toward them and nodded seriously. "I know. The man's going to fix it."

The group of children moved on toward the school in the next block; and Tommy, until they were out of sight, continued to look at the wire which was moving slightly in the cool April wind. He wondered why the elec-

tricity didn't fall out of the end of the wire, and with a start thought that there might be piles of it, invisible, all over the yard. Maybe it was still leaking out.

As he walked down the porch steps, he saw Sue Ellen crossing the street.

"Tommy," she called, as he continued to walk to the opposite side of the house, "Tommy, wait! It's me!"

Tommy glanced over his shoulder and frowned. Sue Ellen was running in order to catch up with him.

"Tommy," she called breathlessly, as she ran across the wet front lawn, "did you hear the storm last night?"

Her feet made little squishing sounds as they hit the soft grass. Tommy looked at her disdainfully.

"Oh, course I heard the storm. I bet you were scared."

Sue Ellen stopped beside him. She was younger than Tommy and wore glasses. He remembered the spanking his father had given him one time for pushing Sue Ellen off his wagon and breaking her glasses. Now, if he so much as raised his voice at her, she would run home screaming. He sometimes wished that he had run over her with his wagon, hard enough so that she would never have been able to talk again.

"I wasn't scared," Sue Ellen pouted. "But Mamma slept with me. She said you can't look at the lightning or you'll go blind."

Tommy put his hands in the pockets of his leather jacket and dug one of his rubber overshoes in the soft ground.

"That's nothing. I'm going to see somebody go up in smoke today."

Sue Ellen blinked her large eyes several times and then smiled.

"Who?" she asked.

"Oh, somebody," said Tommy, looking away.

"I bet you're not either," she replied hesitatingly.

Tommy turned and walked slowly to the back of the house.

"Who?" Sue Ellen screamed at him. "Tell me!"

Tommy called without looking back, "Come on. I'll show you."

She ran once more and caught up with him. Her face was flushed and her voice quivered slightly.

"You tell me, Tommy Blackstone, or I'll go home."

"It's the man who's going to fix the electricity wire. If you touch it you go up in smoke because it's all full of electricity," Tommy explained with some degree of patience.

"What wire?" Sue Ellen asked unbelievably.

"The wire the storm blew down. Come on, I'll show you."

Tommy took her hand and led her around to the other side of the house. He stopped abruptly by the back porch and held out his arm.

"Don't go any further," he whispered.

"Why?" she asked softly, her glance darting about the yard.

"Because the electricity is still coming out of the wire. See, there's the wire near the big tree."

Sue Ellen studied the wire a moment. "I don't see any."

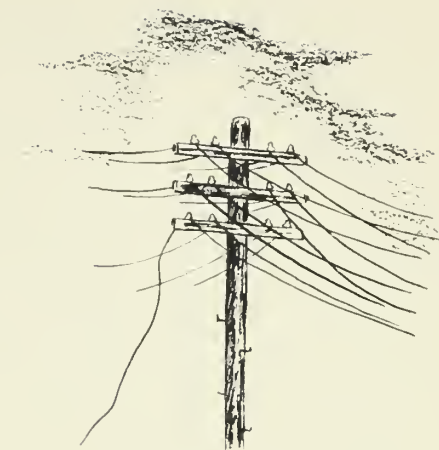
"Oh, you can't *see* it. You just feel it when you step on it."

She watched the wire which was still moving back and forth in the breeze.

"When's he coming?"

"He'll be here soon," Tommy answered, his voice still lowered in a tone of mystery.

He remembered a Tarzan movie he had seen one Saturday afternoon, and thought how wonderful it would be if the man who was coming to fix the



wire would appear swinging on a rope from pole to pole up the block, and like Tarzan, yelling as loud as he could.

The back door opened, and Mrs. Blackstone came out carrying the breakfast garbage wrapped in a newspaper.

"Tommy," she said, "remember what I told you. Don't you or Sue Ellen go near that wire."

Sue Ellen looked at Mrs. Blackstone wide-eyed. "When's he coming?"

"She means the man who'll fix it," Tommy added quickly.

"He'll be here soon."

Mrs. Blackstone put the package in the trash can by the back porch and went back into the house.

"Isn't your Mama going to watch, too?" Sue Ellen asked, turning to Tommy.

"I suppose so. She called him and told him to do it."

Tommy, followed closely by Sue Ellen, walked to the bench beside the garage in the back yard and sat down. Sue Ellen stood in front of him and looked at him questioningly.

"Will it hurt?"

Tommy sighed and took a small box of butterscotch out of his pocket.

(Continued on Next Page)

WHAT HAPPENED TO TOMMY HAPPENS TO EVERYONE SOONER OR LATER



OPUS

Vidimus venire de profundo aquaram hippotamos fortiores quam sunt elephanti.

—Epistola Alexandri ad Aristotelem

hippopotamuses, it is said
wear their guts inside their head

Infandum! shouted Aristotle
reading this from Alexander, that rough knave
ho, Menander!

bring me the specimen bottle, *hippotamos amphibus*,
the one with the river horse in it
ah, now, how does one begin it
oh, yes, a mammal, come from Egypt
where the doctors all agree
next page, let me see, o yes
where the doctors all agree
he is a blackened bag of devils
can float at different water levels
has several humors more than man
his height, at least, a double span
and, bless me, I knew 'twas so
this was written long ago, ah me
when men were wise and time went slow
the guts of a hippopotamus, liar!
float beneath his spleen on a lake of fire

14 March xxxvii
guy davenport jr

"Oh, I guess so. But he's got to do it because now we have to make toast in the oven."

He bit off a piece of the sticky candy, then gave some to Sue Ellen, who chewed it noisily with her mouth open. Tommy sucked on the sweet taffy and watched the piece of candy in Sue Ellen's mouth crumble, dissolve, and finally disappear. She wiped her mouth with her green scarf and said, "Thank you very much."

Tommy, seeing a small truck drive up to the house and trying to keep the excitement out of his voice, said, "Here he comes."

"Oh!" cried Sue Ellen, and Tommy couldn't tell if she were pleased or frightened.

"We'd better watch from here."

Sue Ellen sat down beside him and pulled at her knee-length stockings.

The repair man got out of the truck and walked up to the side of the house and looked at the wire. He carried a small metal box.

"Why doesn't he step on some 'lectricity?" whispered Sue Ellen.

"Because *he* can see it. He's the man who knows about it," replied Tommy, sounding a little bored.

"When does it happen?" she asked.

"Wait till he touches the wire."

They watched the man put his metal box down on the ground.

"This seat's wet," whispered Sue Ellen.

"Well, stand up," answered Tommy, not taking his eyes off the man in the side yard.

Just as he spoke, they heard the man gasp loudly and utter a brief, half-strangled yell. They both jumped up and took a few steps forward. Sue Ellen had grabbed Tommy's hand. The man was hanging on to the wire with one hand, his back to them. He was on his knees and his body was shaking violently.

Tommy began to laugh, quietly at
(Continued on Page 16)

A Visit From Marie

Written And Illustrated By Guy Davenport

Mrs Davis was shelling peas. It was a dull job, shelling peas, and Mrs Davis looked out the window while she was at it. The kitchen window was by Jefferson Street where a lot of negroes passed. And Mrs Davis liked to watch the negroes. Estelle Clinck-scales had just come by in yellow slacks. Mrs Davis would tell Mr Davis about Estelle.

—You should have saw Estelle Clinckscales tonight, she would say. She was dressed up fit to kill, I'm telling you. She had on yellow pants and, boy, she was swishing her tail. She was goin' up to Church Street. Estelle's a good nigger.

Mr Davis would make no comment. His wife wasn't saying anything about food, the evening paper, or going to bed, so he wouldn't listen.

Mrs Davis looked out the window. Evening was coming on. Maggie Jeremiah passed by.

—Very well thank you, Miss Davis, Maggie said.

—How do you do, Maggie, said Mrs Davis.

Maggie Jeremiah passed every day. Somehow or other her greeting with Mrs Davis was all mixed up. She knew it and Mrs Davis knew it. But any explanation of the reversed greeting got no farther than that. It was just so. Maggie was a good nigger, too. She beat her children unmercifully. She had reduced one of her children to idiocy by severe beatings. But that's the way niggers are. They are like that.

There was a knock at the back door. Somebody pulled at the screen door and found it latched.

—Just a minute, said Mrs Davis. She went to the back door. It was Marie Anderson. Marie was a tall negro, almost white. Mrs Davis had known her for years. Marie was in a white print dress, and Mrs Davis could smell the perfume she had on.

—How you, Miss Davis, said Marie.

—Well I guess, said Mrs Davis. How's your Mama? I usually see her pass coming from Mrs Todd's, but I didn't see her today.

—She's well. Miss Davis, er. Marie Anderson hesitated.

—What is it? asked Mrs Davis.

—Miss Davis, kin I see you just a minute in private?

—Why, yes. There's nobody here. Mr Davis won't come home for a while yet.

Marie came in and went with Mrs

Davis. They took chairs in the bedroom.

—What is it? asked Mrs Davis.

—Well, now, Marie said. Well, you see, it's this-a-way.

—I don't know what you're talking about, said Mrs Davis.

—Well, said Marie Anderson, I got married this afternoon.

Mrs Davis smiled. Marie went on.

—An', Miss Davis, I was wonderin' if you would, if you would keep my money for me.

—What in the world for? asked Mrs Davis. She was trying, but she couldn't understand the situation.

—Well, said Marie, I don't want the money to be on me tonight. I don't know the man I'se married so well.

—Sure, said Mrs Davis, smiling.

(Continued on Page 23)



PAST TENSE

By JOE DI MONA

It was cold in the night air, and as the bus drew to a stop in front of him, Johnny noticed it was all warm and steamy inside. In the bus he found a seat in the back, over the wheel, and settled back for the ride over the bridge into Philadelphia. He was feeling good inside, with that guilty excitement and expectation he always felt when he was on the loose. He couldn't wait until he got to Philly.

He got off the bus on Market Street below City Hall and walked north. Taxis were busy along the street; there was a holiday spirit about the people. New Year's Eve was not yet here, but it was just ahead, and everyone seemed to have caught the mood already.

He emerged on the other side of City Hall and again took up his trek along Market Street. He hurried by the movie houses with their clusters of middle-agers around the cashiers' booths. They're all looking for escape, he reflected. They want to see movies of men like myself, they want to feel the same emotions, hold the same hopes, touch the same temptations that I, Johnny Richards, of just the right age, 23, am now experiencing. And how much, he thought happily, would the old boys waiting in line with their wives (who would soon be sobbing heartily as Bette Davis—for the 100th time—became illegally pregnant before their very eyes), how much more would those boys like to be walking along Market Street with myself, free to enter any bar, pursue any street, turn any corner in search of pleasure, excitement, glory.

The lights of the new "Click" nightclub interrupted his meditation. This was the fabulous club with the

longest bar in the world. Drinks were expensive, but he knew from long practice you could nurse a rye and ginger for twenty minutes if you just treated the bartender nicely. He went on up the stairs.

It was still early in the night and the club was only half filled. He went along the length of the bar until he came to a spot directly opposite the stage and hoisted himself on to a vacant stool.

The bartender was in front of him. "Carstairs and ginger." He always ordered rye when he was out on a night like this. In the more expensive bars, the difference ran between fifteen and twenty cents less than bourbon. And, with the ginger ale, it all tasted the same to him, anyway. The thought always reminded him of the wonderful fellow who claimed he could tell the difference between rye and bourbon by the sound the ice made against the glass.

The bartender came and set the glass before him. "Mix?" "Go ahead." He watched the liquor spill over the ice, and then the bubbling ginger filling the glass. "Who's the band tonight?" "Sherwood. Bobby Sherwood. They're taking time out for a smoke right now."

He loosened his coat, and then sat forward, leaning on the bar, and stirring the drink with his swizzle stick. When he had stirred it completely, he placed the cool stick in his mouth and sucked it, thoughtfully, clicking it against his teeth. He let the drink rest for a moment.

Suddenly there was activity on the stage in front of him. Members of the band were straggling in, finding

their seats, hurling a few defiant, discordant notes into the murmur of the spectators.

The noise bothered him, and he picked up the glass and sipped slowly at the contents. The taste of the drink brought back immediately the old familiar sensation so that he was suddenly in a place where he had been many years ago, in any place where he had ever been, drinking this drink, this rye, this nectar.

"Drink the drink, I pray you,
As I will drink it with you,
Drippingly on the tongue."

Oh, it was wonderful to be educated, wasn't it. To know the lines of Hamlet well enough to ruin them to fit any occasion. And wasn't it great to be still a college boy. At an age when most men were married and winning their daily bread, to be still a college boy. Wasn't that great now.

His had been such a mixed-up, disrupted life, thrown out of joint by a war he had not yet forgotten. He wondered how all the boys were, the boys and men and older men that he had met and lived with so closely during those long years. He wondered if Hank, the First Lieutenant on his ship, had ever gotten to Law School. And how was Keller, the Engineering Officer, making out with that girl he had married in San Francisco? And how were all the others? Had they forgotten him already?

The things they had done, the liberties they had shared in those last few frantic days in the States before go-

(Continued on Page 17)

OUT OF THE STREAM OF SENIORS LEAVING DUKE THIS JUNE, RIGHTFUL FORTY-SEVENERS AND THOSE A LITTLE BELATED, WE, THE NEW STAFF, CHOSE GINNY GUNN FOR SPECIAL COMMENDATION IN RECOGNITION OF HER SPLENDID EDITORSHIP OF THE 1946-47 ARCHIVE.



STRIVIN

"A bite for your thoughts," she said, holding towards him a spoon that was lumped with ice cream.

He smiled as an apology.

Not that something new or different had occurred to resolve his thoughts, but the sum of little happenings finally had become great enough to determine a conclusion. This sequence, he supposed, was as much his fault—if anyone were to blame—as hers; for the combination of their personalities always produced the same results. A date invariably meant a show, a stop at Doc's drug store for a sundae, some forced conversation during the walk home, a good-night kiss that had become little more than convention but that was still almost awkward, and the making of another date.

"Nothing special, I guess. Besides," he said, nodding at the offered spoon, "that's mine anyway, you know."

He never ate all of his sundae, and she always obligingly finished it for him.

"So it is," she admitted, and swallowed it. "But," she added, "it was the last bite."

"Care for another? Maybe we could have one made up in a punchbowl or something."

"Now I'm not quite that bad, am I?"

"Well," he answered, looking at the two empty sundae glasses and laughing, "don't ask me that question during a weak moment."

The juke box stopped, and its swirling colored lights went out. The boisterous conversation in the drug store began to lower in volume as if it depended upon the music for stimulation. Then a couple got up from one of the booths and made some new selections.



For The WIND

ROBERT LOOMIS

"Don't do anything I wouldn't do" was a stock phrase, but it seemed especially ironical to him in his case.

The music started again, and so did the talking.

"Shall we go?" he asked.

"I guess we might as well," she answered, looking around. "They'll close in a half hour anyway."

They slid from the booth, and he followed her as they walked down the aisle between the fountain and the booths. He noticed how pretty her legs were. In fact, he thought, she was probably one of the most beautiful girls he had seen in his two years in High School. But no matter how beautiful a girl is, you just can't go with her for five months, feeling all the time that she's still almost a stranger to you, and not want to do something about it. And somehow she always managed to thwart any attempt of his to remedy the situation. He kept comparing her to another girl, and he remembered how natural and easy that former companionship had been. There was no doubt about it, he concluded to himself, he must stop dating her.

A voice yelled loudly and jestingly at him from one of the booths.

"Say, who you got there, boy?"

"Yeah," another called, "watch that stuff—and don't do anything I wouldn't do!"

They all laughed. It was a big joke. As old and as trite as it was, it was still a big joke. He waved back at them and half smiled, trying to show that he appreciated their humor.

The screen door twanged as he pulled it open. She went out, and he followed.

The clamor and music grew faint in the distance, and in the still and quiet night air his ears felt numb from all

the laughing and giggling and teasing in the drug store. They tingled, he thought, almost as did his feet after he had been roller skating for a long time.

"Do your ears ring a little bit?" he asked.

"No," she answered. "From what?"

"From all that noise in Doc's."

"Oh . . . no."

He didn't take her hand as usual. Instead he shoved his hands into his pockets. He remembered how his mother told him not to do that because it made him look slightly bent over when he walked, but at the moment he was thinking less about his appearance and more about not taking her hand.

"Just a little chilly out tonight, isn't it?" he said as they turned the corner onto the street where she lived.

He knew that he had said that as a half excuse for putting his hands into his pockets, but it only seemed to increase his awareness of the fact.

"I hadn't noticed it," she countered. "I think it's nice."

He had expected her to say that. If she had agreed, it would have surprised him. The temperature wasn't important. What was important was the fact that she hadn't accepted his opinion without adverse comment, without changing it in some way herself. Well, he remembered, this was the last night anyway.

They walked on in silence for a few moments, the only sound being the uneven rhythm of their footsteps along

the deserted side street. Somehow, he thought, she had the knack of making the silence appear to be his fault.

"Got much studying to do for tomorrow?" he finally asked.

"No, not too much, I guess . . . Why?"

"Oh, just wondering." He paused, feeling as if things were more up in the air than before. Then he said, "You really ought to go right to bed the minute you get home, you know."

She seemed amused and yet puzzled.

"Now why in the world should I do that?"

"Well, so you won't have so much trouble getting up in the morning, of course. Then you won't be late every time I stop by for you on the way to school."

It was a little game they played, this chiding of each other.

"Just because I was a little late this morning," she defended, "doesn't mean I can't get up. Besides, I'm always on time anyway. I suppose you get up at five thirty or something."

"Right on the nose," he said.

"Yes, I'll bet . . . But really, I get up at seven o'clock every morning."

"Except this morning," he reminded her.

"Yes, well I forgot to pull out the alarm."

"Uh-huh."

"Well, don't you believe me?"

"Oh, sure, sure . . ."

"Well, I did," she asserted.

"Did what? Believe yourself?"

"Oh, you know what I mean."

She threw her arm in an explanatory

(Continued on Page 19)

Illustrated By Bob Parks

BOOKS

The Gipsy's Baby and Other Stories by Rosamond Lehmann, Reynal and Hitchcock, New York, December, 1946, 192 pages, \$2.50.

REVIEWED BY JEFF FREDERICK

Rosamond Lehmann's writing has always been an enigma to reviewers. Indeed, her writing defies orthodox reviewing. Miss Lehmann is probably the most sensitive and certainly the most original of contemporary British writers—her prose almost never being compared with that of other authors. Even the critic of the sedate *New York Times* who reviewed *The Gipsy's Baby* at the beginning of this year, after making a serious attempt to bring forth the minor flaws of Miss Lehmann's authorship, finally admitted matter-of-factly that he is in love with her writing. This critic's difficulty is easy to detect for anyone who feels the same way about the Britisher's work as he does. Like a great musical symphony, her work has certain flaws; but the reader can but wonder whether by removing these technical faults, the sweeping beauty of the symphony as a whole will not be affected detrimentally. Miss Lehmann's writing is a symphony of literary form. It also has a message—presented with deftly handled subtlety, to be sure—but, nevertheless, a very definite message to which no two readers will react in the same way.

If one were to ask some people, who have read Miss Lehmann's greatest novel *The Ballad and the Source*, for their opinion of the complex character of Sybil Jardine, there would be an amazing variety of answers. This is as it should be. It would be strange, indeed, if everyone viewed Martin

Luther, Edward Windsor, or Marlene Dietrich in the same light. Yet, some critics praise highly those writers who depict personalities in a way so that all competent readers will judge them similarly. Their portrayals are said to be "lucid" or "clearly presented." Possibly, but Rosamond Lehmann's genius is of a different sort. Nothing about her writing is "simple" or "easily interpreted." It is exceedingly complex and those who expect the author to do all of their thinking for them had better stay clear of Miss Lehmann's novels. Her work is not for the lazy



reader; rather, it is intended for those who enjoy reading prose whose every word is selected with infinite care in order to set up a pattern of mental stimulation, the maturity of the response to which will be dependent upon the reader's ability and effort to judge the relative significance of every component of the pattern. It is irrelevant whether or not the work carries the same significance to the reader as it did to the author. It is important that the reader to his own satisfaction has fit the components into the whole in such a manner as to make the work's substance and effect manifest to him. Miss Lehmann has done her part so effectively that there are already harbingers of the imitations and adaptations of her writing which the future will undoubtedly produce in even greater numbers. As long

as mental exercise is a favorite sport of as many as it is today, Rosamond Lehmann's work will be in constant and increasing demand.

It is very likely that the release of *The Gipsy's Baby* at the turn of the year by Reynal and Hitchcock was missed by many devotees of her writing. Two of her novels have been republished this year, but those who remember that it took Miss Lehmann eight years to write her most recent novel, 250-page *The Ballad and the Source*, will welcome this collection of five short stories as very possibly the last new Lehmann writing for all too many years to come.

With conservativeness typical of one of the most highly respected publishing houses in New York, the release of this book was accompanied by no fanfare. It is not very difficult to conjecture how certain publishers would have heralded the publication of a new book by an author—the last four out of five of whose novels were book-club choices. All of the stories from *The Gipsy's Baby* were published in recent years in England in *New Writing* and two were published in that favorite of the Park Avenue set, *Town and Country*; they have not been published elsewhere.

Four out of five of these stories possibly do not quite have the stature of *The Ballad and the Source*. They also did not take eight years to write. All of them carry the imprint of Miss Lehmann's painstaking artistry. The title story is an attack on the English class consciousness, although in the typical Lehmann manner, this is neither mentioned nor directly alluded to. Every reader will pity the family down the lane and will be conscious of the

fact that Miss Lehmann does not write of an isolated instance. "The Red-Haired Miss Daintreys" gives the reader an insight into that which inspires the author's writing. I dare say there will be several surprises for those who feel they know the source from which springs such genius. "When the Waters Came" is a description of the coming of the thaw in England after the first winter of the last war. The striking relationship between the drowning of a chicken in the resultant flood as seen by a child and the death of British seamen on the high seas as a result of war as seen by a nation is told by this master of contrast. "Wonderful Holidays" is about children at play in war-torn England. Anyone who has read any of Miss Lehmann's books knows that in the depiction of children, she has few peers and certainly no master.

"A Dream of Winter" which concerns bees and honey and people and one tiny bird is the finest of the group. Like all of Miss Lehmann's writing, this story is highly integrated; and does not lend itself to being quoted. However, this excerpt—in which the dispossessed bees express their reaction to the disappointment of the mistress of the house at finding the honeycomb dry after the bee man had "taken the swarm" buried in the wall of her country house—is a noteworthy exception. The inner significance of this quotation I leave to the reader to decipher (Page 106.):

"We work for you. Our surplus is yours, there for the taking—vanished! You left it to accumulate, thinking; There's time; thinking; when I will.



You left it too late. What you took for the hum of growth and plenty is nothing, you see, but the buzz of an outworn machine running down. The workers have eaten up their fruits, there is nothing left for you. It's no use this time, my girl! Supplies are getting scarce for people like you. An end, soon, of getting more than their fair share for dwellers in country houses. Ripe gifts unearned out of traditional walls, no more. All the while your roof was being sealed up patiently, cunningly, with spreading plasters and waxy shrouds."

"A Dream of Winter" is Rosamond Lehmann at her best; no finer compliment could be paid any story.

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Each month a box of Life Savers is given to the person contributing the best joke of the month.



This Month's Winning Joke

Mother (on entering room): Well, I never!

Daughter: But, mother, you must have!

Submitted by:
—Marcia Norcross

Do you win the gals with your *smooth* line—then lose 'em with your *rough* breath? Cheer up, chum! You can be a *super solid sender*. Just get hep to luscious Life Savers. Those dandy, handy candies keep your breath so-o-o fresh!

* "Solid Sender" backwards



—Common Day—

(Continued from Page 8)

first. "He's just like a clown I saw once!"

And Sue Ellen joined in with laughter. She began to jump up and down shouting, "Just like a clown! Just like a clown!"

She was soon laughing almost hysterically, but in a moment, though, she wailed, "Make him stop, Tommy, it isn't funny any more."

She began to cry, but Tommy was laughing and failed to notice that Sue Ellen was pulling on his arm and pleading with him.

"Make him stop, Tommy!"

"He's really going to do it! I told you so! I knew it!"

Suddenly the back door opened and Mrs. Blackstone ran out.

"What are you two—" And she saw the man.

"Look, Mama, just like the clown we saw last summer!" Tommy yelled.

But she ignored him. All her attention was focused on the jerking figure that seemed cemented to the wire. With a slight scream she rushed back in the house. Tommy continued to laugh and dance about the yard, pulling with him Sue Ellen who now gave vent to loud, uncontrolled sobs.

In a few short moments, Mrs. Blackstone returned, yelling, "I've just called them and told them to shut off the power."

"Mama," Tommy continued to cry, "just like the clown we saw!"

Then she noticed the children. "Tommy, what are you laughing at? Stop it!"

She rushed across the yard and grabbed his shoulder with one hand and with the other slapped him across the face. Tommy backed away in amazement.

"Shame on you! Can't you see that man may be dying?"

Sue Ellen, now freed from Tommy's grasp, ran around to the other side of the house and home, shouting for her mother.

Tommy, bewildered, looked at his mother and saw that her eyes were blazing with anger. He put his hand over the spot where she had hit him.

"Tommy, why didn't you come in and tell me?"

As she spoke, she shook him, and he began to cry.

"You march right up to your room, young man. Shame on you!"

Turning and walking slowly to the back door, Tommy saw the man let go of the wire and roll over. He watched for a minute, and when the man didn't move or get up, he rushed, terrified, into the house and up to his room.

For a while he sat on the edge of the bed trembling and half-crying. Then he jumped up and ran to the mirror above his dresser in order to examine his face. He was sure that he could see the mark where his mother had struck him, and he began to cry much louder.

When the ambulance drove up, Tommy moved to the window which faced the road at the front of the house and he watched quietly. Two men got out of the ambulance and in a short time were carrying the repair man on a stretcher to the vehicle. He saw his mother and several neighbors following the injured man. Noiselessly he opened the window and knelt down with one ear close to the opening.

"My little Sue Ellen," he could hear Sue Ellen's mother saying, "is simply a nervous wreck. Why, her eyes looked like they were going to bulge right out!"

"If she's really in such a state, do you think she should be left alone?" asked Mrs. Blackstone.

As the ambulance drove off, Tommy

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sat down, blew his nose and began to look at the book on the table beside his bed. He wondered if his mother would spank him.

He could feel his eyes filling with tears when he heard her walking up the stairs. She opened his door slowly and seeing her face, he knew that she did not intend to punish him.

"Tommy, dear," she began, "I'm sorry Mommy hit you. But I was so frightened when I saw what had happened. And you were a naughty boy to laugh at the poor man."

Then she moved quickly across the room and took Tommy in her arms. She was half-sobbing.

"I know that you didn't understand, Tommy. And Mommy's sorry. But you must always tell Mommy right away when something happens that you don't understand."

She was pushing his hair back from his forehead and looking into his eyes. Tommy had ceased crying altogether and now stared back at her. He knew that she was going to kiss him. Almost imperceptibly he drew back his head. The eyes that stared into his belonged to a stranger.

THE END

—Past Tense—

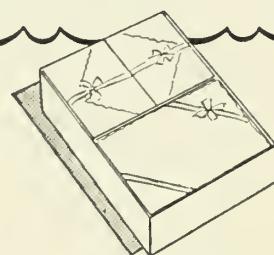
(Continued from Page 10)

ing over, and all those long, long months of never-ending boredom, never-to-end barrenness punctuated only by a rare and necessary drunk on Guam or Saipan or Ulithi.

These things he had not forgotten, nor the days off Okinawa when they brought the wounded men by small boat to his LST. So that on rough and windy days, when they could not lower the ramp, they had been forced to take the men in wire baskets aboard by crane, the boat plunging up and down beside the ship, so that even the act of fastening the hook to the basket became a dangerous one. And who

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could forget the sight of the wounded in baskets, being lifted high over the sea, up, up, up and twisting lazily in the wind and then around and down through the cargo hatch onto the tank deck.

One time they had a hundred wounded men in cots along that tank deck. The doctors worked in shifts all night, amputating, digging shrapnel and metal out of muscle and bone, cleaning up the wounds before sending them onto the hospital ships farther out. The ones that didn't make it were taken to the rear with a blanket placed lightly over their face to rest until that strong Fels Naptha smell would spread throughout the ship the sense and feel and fear of death.

That was all over now, and all of the days at sea, and he wondered how long it would be before the whole thing would blur and become blank, dwindle

and become a void, an absence, a three-years' leave from Time.

"How about it, bud?" He looked up to see the bartender standing before him, bottle in hand.

"OK, one more I guess. How many have I had?"

"I don't count 'em, brother. I just pour 'em."

The band was blaring away directly in front of him, and he watched the dancers swaying before him in various moods and attitudes. He didn't know how many drinks he had had, but he was feeling warm and excited inside, and when he felt this way, he liked to watch the girls dance, noticing the little movements they made, sizing each one up as a possible date, a potential bed-partner.

He paid for the drinks, got up off the stool, and made his way a trifle unsteadily to the stairway. He winked

at the checkroom girl who was a little sore because he hadn't checked his coat. Then he walked on down the stairs and out the door.

Outside it was cold again; the wind came shivering through the openings in his coat, sobering him up somewhat, and as he turned up 16th street toward the nightclub district, his mind was clearing. Walking, with his head down into the wind, staying in the lee of the buildings, he thought: All the strange years have passed, all the glory, drama, and wandering are gone—as of a match—in one bright flare, leaving us alone and desolate in the vast, unpeopled night, casting us wearied and unready upon the shores of civilization. And whither shall we go?

The lights of a little club off Chestnut street, a hangout for sailors and traveling girls, lured him inside. He stayed at the bar there for a long time, standing, and drinking shot after shot. Afterward, when he was feeling very high, he got in with a Bos'n's Mate who was sitting with two girls. The Bos'n's Mate had all his front teeth knocked out; he kept talking about the fights he had been in and would be in again later in the night, but Johnny kept him pacified long enough to get one of the girls away the second time he left the booth. The girl was happy-drunk, with a vanishing cream complexion that made him only slightly sick, and he finally flagged a cab and got her in. Inside the cab he got right to work, but she kept insisting that she had to make a train to Allentown, her head lolling drunkenly back and forth on the seat cushion. She was so nearly out he finally said to hell with it and told the cabbie to take them right to Reading Terminal. There he dragged her out, feeling sore, and watched her sway unsteadily into the building and up the stairs.

When he turned to pay the fare, the cabbie was laughing at him.

THE END

THE ARCHIVE, May, 1947

-Striving-

(Continued from Page 13)

gesture, and he imitated her action. Using her hands to talk was a habit of hers.

"All right," she said, and acknowledged her defeat by dropping the discussion.

Don't do anything I wouldn't do. He remembered the unintentional irony in the remarks made back at the drug store and, embarrassed, blew a short sniff of air out his nose. He realized, and not without chagrin, that he was coming to the point where he almost welcomed an argument. At least it kept the conversation going.

Casually, almost absently, she reached up and rubbed the side of her nose and then let her hand fall again. He noticed her motion and laughed softly but pointedly, perhaps more from the relief of finding an opening for conversation than anything else.

"You know what that means, don't you?" he asked.

She seemed to have been thinking about something else and didn't understand. At least she pretended that she didn't.

"What means?"

"Rubbing your nose like that," he explained.

"It doesn't mean anything, does it?"

"Oh, yes it does," he affirmed. "You sure you don't know?"

"No, I don't . . . really."

"Well," he said, sighing as if there

were nothing anyone could do about it, "they say it means you're going to kiss a fool."

He understood the full implication of what he had said almost immediately. And so did she. She raised her hand in his direction and slowly nodded her head.

"A fool, I believe you said?" she questioned with a triumphant smile.

There was nothing he could say to that. She had him, and now they were even.

But from far back in his mind, consciously unasked for, an answer suggested itself. The solution was really simple, he thought, and it fitted so well into the situation. No more dates. No good-night kiss. Perhaps that was the best way, he decided, just end everything all at once.

He began looking around, trying to find a new topic for conversation. A little dog sitting all alone under the street light ahead of them attracted his attention. In some way, he thought, the dog seemed overly important as he surveyed the dimly lit, blank-faced houses.

"See that dog?" he suddenly asked.

"Where? Oh, yes . . . What about him?"

"I wonder what he's thinking about?"

"Thinking about?" she asked with forced perplexity. "Dogs don't think."

"What do you mean, don't think? Of course they think."

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"Oh, I don't mean that they don't understand certain things," she argued, throwing her hand in the air to help explain herself. "I mean they don't . . . well, they don't contemplate. I guess that's the right word."

He swung his arm, imitating her again; and she, understanding his action, clasped her hands back of her.

"You don't think he's just sitting there doing nothing, do you?" he went on.

"Well," she said, "I really doubt if he's thinking about things—I mean wondering."

They walked on a few steps in silence.

"You've seen a dog dreaming, haven't you?" he asked, trying a new approach. "Well, if they can dream, they certainly can think—or contemplate, as you put it. I mean everybody who thinks, dreams . . . and vice versa."

"I don't," she said firmly.

"You don't what? Dream?" he asked dubiously.

"No."

"But everybody dreams—it's a scientific fact. You just don't remember them, that's all."

"But I don't dream at all," she repeated. "I'd know if I dreamed or not."

He didn't answer. There was no use continuing. On previous evenings these little conflicts had made him all tense inside and had depressed him because he could find no relief. Now, however, he didn't care, and he was amazed at his sudden lack of concern. But when he started to whistle, he began to wonder whether it was from relief or whether it was to help cover a now-growing feeling of anxiety.

There was her house, a big yellow thing surrounded by tall, uneven bushes that needed trimming. The walk was bordered by another hedge about three feet high. The porch light was on.

They stopped, and she stepped back

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into her walk a few paces. He didn't follow her as usual but stood at the edge of the bushes. The porch light shone full on his face, and he felt as if he were in a spotlight; but her face was hidden in shadow. His thoughts raced in aimless confusion like swirling leaves, and he couldn't think of anything to say. And now, of all times, he needed to say something, to do something. He began to pick the little leaves from the hedge and to tear them into small bits, smelling intermittently the fresh scent of the broken edges.

He felt the impulse shoot through his body to walk away, but he didn't. It was a singular and exciting sensation to come that close to doing something and then not do it—almost as if he had caught himself just before falling over a cliff.

But he wasn't able to stop the next impulse. It was spontaneous, and the words were out before he knew that he was saying them.

"How about the show next Saturday night?"

Instantly he felt as if his blood had become carbonated, and a cold pocket of air settled over him.

"Saturday?" she repeated.

"Yes," he answered. "I don't know what's on."

He finished lamely, a sinking feeling growing in him.

"I don't either," she said unconcernedly.

"Well, we can go and see," he offered.

"All right."

"About what time?" he asked, trying to be matter of fact.

"Same time, I guess . . . Around seven thirty."

"Well, good night," he said as nonchalantly as he could.

She only nodded her head, and he knew that she was trying desperately to understand what was happening.

He turned quickly and shuddered as he imagined her eyes boring into his

back, and an unwelcome fantasy of what she must be thinking swirled through his mind.

As he hurried away, he slammed his fist into his palm with a smack.

"Damn," he said.

THE END

-A Visit-

(Continued from Page 9)

Sure, I'll keep it. If you can't trust people, you can't trust 'em.

—Ain't it the truth? said Marie. She reached into her bosom and brought up a roll of bills. She gave them to Mrs Davis.

—It couldn't be in better hands, said Mrs Davis.

—No'm, said Marie. Not in the leas'. She got up to go. Mrs Davis put the money in her own bosom. They went out on the back porch.

—Well, said Mrs Davis, I hope you've married a good man.

—Yes'm, I has. Marie worked the toe of her shoe around.

—What's his name? asked Mrs Davis.

Marie Anderson worked her toe again. She smiled in embarrassment at Mrs Davis. Then she thought hard. Finally she spoke.

—I'd d'clare ef'n I knows.

—Well, said Mrs Davis, find out and let me know. And I'll keep your money safe.

—Yes'm, said Marie, and walked away.

Mrs Davis latched the screen door and went back to shelling peas. She would tell Mr Davis that Marie Anderson had married a man and didn't even know his name. But Mr Davis wouldn't listen. It would have nothing to do with eating, the evening paper, or going to bed.

THE END

-Scraps-

(Continued from Page 2)

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND . . .

Almost everyone is aware of the conflict of opinion concerning English and American motion pictures. Well, the same feelings, as would be supposed, are carried into the realms of literature.

It is interesting to read English reviews of American books. The *Times Literary Supplement* (London) reviewed Saroyan's *The Adventures of Wesley Jackson* (London, Faber & Faber) in quite a different manner from that of similar U. S. publications. Hurrying over the stock criticisms about Saroyan's sentimentality

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and "beautiful people," the review went on to say that "... all is explained to every one's satisfaction," and that it was "most entertaining."

In this country, *The A. of W. J.* was labeled "spite" writing, and only Saroyan's name demanded that it be reviewed. But remember, dear reader, those long, glowing accounts of London and how it was made out to be the best city in the world?

In the same publication, Mary Wilson Ross's *The Left Hand Is the Dreamer* received a thorough going over. Here in America Miss Ross's book drew as many compliments as it did reviews—which was quite a few. It is certainly considered to be one of the best of the season.

But the British magazine saw it differently. Filled with phrases such as "unvarying note of conscious cultivation, scattering the names of poets and painters" and "faint preciousness of feminine sentiment" to "immature cast of imagination," the review very thoroughly raked Miss Ross back and forth across the coals. The pay off came (and perhaps a reason, too, why the book was so treated) when it was summed up as a "somewhat demonstrative American novel."

SALESMANSHIP . . .

Yale University Press is working hard, it seems, to put over Liddell Hart's new book, *The Revolution in Warfare*. "Captain Hart's thesis," says Yale quite seriously, "is that total war was a mistake in the first place—the result of misinterpreting the work of Clausewitz—and the mistake has grown to proportions that threaten to destroy the world."

SHORT STUFF . . .

Bernard Clare, a newspaperman from Minneapolis, sued James T. Farrell for using his name to title Farrell's novel. It didn't work . . . Kathleen Winsor is working on a successor to guess what . . .

THE END

THE ARCHIVE, May, 1947



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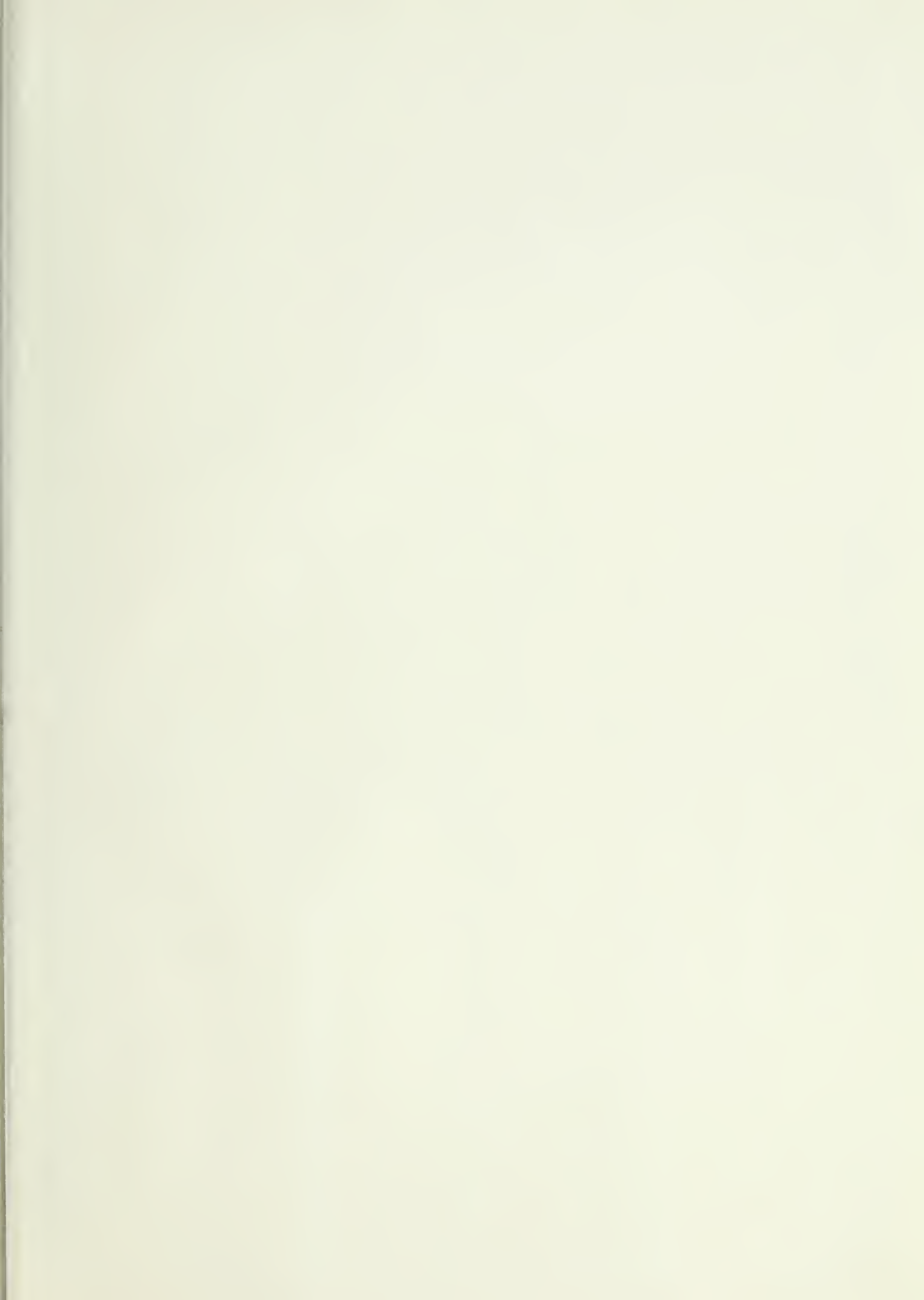
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